

at I commute the sentence, upon the statement of the that I committed the same.

I will say that I am duty as a Governor of a State should do, and I for the privilege afforded your honorable body.

TRADE MESSAGE.

In South America and we at Chamber of Commerce Tonight.

A message directly from America will be given tonight to be held by the Chamber.

Dr. Ernesto National commissioner from Republic to the Panama-Pacific has accepted an invitation.

He will come as the son, John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union, talk on trade relations with our countries and review the of the recent conference.

with the representatives of South American financial institutions.

is one of the ablest men and speaks English.

He is expected to explain the Pan-American interests which trade may be.

It is expected early today probably visit the harbors as a guest of the Chamber.

will arrive from San Francisco, Nelson, and will be met by the committee from the men are invited to dinner tonight, which will be informal.

ENS FIRE CHIEF.

Seeking Job Writes a Letter Saying He will Extend Family.

Archie Eley has received many threatening telegrams and one letter from a demanding a job on the spot. If the employment is the fanatic threatens to attack the Eley family, or absent children.

The threats cannot be to notify Chief Snively of harassment yesterday, and people have their backs near home have been ordered to watch on the place.

to the police in an effort writer, Chief Eley recognises the man's voice, telephone, and has no means to the identity of the author.

"Labor-Day" Picnic or Outing

ings to eat, fresh baked from the great white ovens, picnic delicacies Hamburger Delicacies for our Saturday night papers.

\$19.50

en and Misses

just around the corner news. Many of them are \$25.00 to \$30.00 a prominent place among

much in evidence. There style in several variations exist. Tallored, semi-tallored, styles are many. It's the giving diversity of style early in the season.

and gaudiness, every kind is represented. In November toward jauntiness many models.

brown and other subtle colors being strong.

Second Floor—Today)

ing New Fall at \$7.50

is completely captivated by the look of the combination and envelope-shaped hats Second Floor—Today)

ot, \$4.00

ing boot for women this with patent leather stay attributes of a high-class Hamburger's price for

Floor—Today)

ack Agate" ings, \$1.00

acking made that will Agate."

ely. You may get them plain black or white Main Floor—Today)

5c Each

bed cotton, light weight bed turn yellow when Main Floor—Today)

\$100

\$200

\$300

NET TO READERS. It is a mistake to jump at the wrong conclusion that all or the greatest part of the more important news is to be found on the first page. The news contains the full story of the day, the summary, then read the entire article.

and the article and then get all the news of the day.



2c

Liberty Under Law—Equal Rights—True Industrial Freedom

PRICE 2½ CENTS | Delivered to Subscribers | Yearly, \$1 Monthly, 75 Cents, postpaid | On Streets and News Stands, 5 Cents

PACIFIC ELECTRIC FREIGHT TRAIN LEAVES TRACK.

The Great War.

NEW DRIVE FOR RIGA.

Critical Point in the Operations.

Germans Capture Bridgehead at Lenniwada; may Cross Dvina River.

On the Other Side of it London Fears the Worst for the Czar.

Final Move to Drive Invaders from France is About to be Initiated.

(By ATLANTIC CABLE AND A.P.)

LONDON, Sept. 3, 10:10 p.m.—The Germans in their official report say that they have carried by the fortified bridgehead at Lenniwada on the Dvina River, between Friedrichstadt and Riga. This is considered for the Russians the most critical point on their whole front, for should the Germans succeed in crossing the Dvina, the Russians would be compelled to evacuate it and their position between the Dvina and Vilna and even southwest of the latter city would be jeopardized. However, the Germans do not yet seem to have crossed the river, which is being defended by a reinforced army commanded by Gen. Rausky, who repelled the previous German advance on the Dvina River in front of Warsaw. Military critics believe that the Germans will make a stubborn defense on the Dvina, the opinion being expressed that should they fall here, a German fleet would gain command.

(Continued on Second Page.)

London Boy Better Off.

The War is a Sort of a Boon to the Street Urchin—Is Better Dressed.

(By A.P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT)

LONDON, Aug. 22.—According to London police officials, war has been responsible for a marked improvement in the appearance of the London street urchin. Never before, it is said, has the average boy on the London streets been so well clad as today. This is attributed largely to the separation allowances received by the wives of soldiers at the front, and also to the fact that most employers have found it necessary to put their boy employees into uniform in order to keep them, so great is the popularity of the uniform, whether military or civil.

(By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN, BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 3.—President Wilson permitted it authoritatively to be made known today that he would not make any move for peace unless all the belligerents are favorably inclined to such action.

In making this public notice the President was actuated by the knowledge that any steps he might take at this time would arouse suspicion among the allies, lead to a sharp rebuff, and destroy his influence in connection with the termination of the war at a more opportune date in the future.

This does not mean and is not to be construed as an answer to the Pope, whose peace message was handed to Mr. Wilson yesterday by Cardinal Gibbons. As a matter of fact, Cardinal Gibbons quoted the President as saying that he had been deeply gratified by the communication from the Vatican.

AFRAID OF A VICE.

But it does mean that the President as the head of the American people does not propose to place his fingers in a vice. He knows the allies would be most unwilling to tolerate a proposal of peace unless all the belligerents are favorably inclined to such action.

These proposals include an agreement on the part of Germany to cede a part of German Africa to France for the cession by the latter of the port of Casablanca. The Paris government scornfully refused this feature of the German peace programme.

James Mooney, her father, and others offered rewards aggregating \$2000 at the time of the child's disappearance. Mooney and his wife died several years ago, but four sisters and a brother are here to welcome their long-lost sister back into the family fold.

Mrs. Kostadt, who has been trying to locate her family for some years, recently inserted an advertisement in a newspaper which attracted the attention of F. J. Arnold, brother-in-law of the missing Annie Mooney.

Mrs. Kostadt's identity was definitely established tonight by Mrs. Mary O'Neil, 70 years old, who had known Annie Mooney as a child. She notified the authorities of a peculiar birthmark and of the misshapen toe.

(By A.P. NIGHT WIRE.)

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3.—Because of conditions brought about by the European war, a committee representing the World's Sunday-school Association at its meeting here today decided to postpone indefinitely the convention of the organization, which was to have been held October 18, 1914, at Tokyo, Japan. The meeting was presided over by H. J. Heinz, of Pittsburgh, chairman of the committee.

(Continued on Second Page.)

Independent.

MRS. YOUNG REPUDIATES UNION SCHOOL AGITATOR.

(By DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 3.—Responding to threats of grand jury investigation, Mrs. Ella Furman, president of the Teachers' Federation, is also in for much trouble. The school board today adopted a resolution, giving her five days to disprove newspaper interviews in which she was quoted as having threatened the board. It is said the interviews amount to the rankiest sort of insubordination and may result in dismissal. Mrs. Furman holds a principalship in the schools.

The school board strengthened its hold today, naming Furman first down exclusively to the Teachers' Federation. The rule was amended so as to exempt members of labor unions who are teachers in technical schools. This will avert a threatened strike of 3000 of these teachers which would have stopped all operations in the schools. It is said the strike would be precipitated by a strike of janitors, engineers and other employees and who would have been supported by teamsters and others supplying coal and other necessities.

There are 3000 teachers in the public schools and only 400 of them are members of the federation.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

ric Slope.**Testament.**
THOMSON
BENEFICIARY.**hundred Thousand for**
Angeles Woman.**ed Last Will of Kell**
akes Her Sole Heir.**tion to Distribution by**
U. of C. Regents.**BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]****MEXICANS FIRE ON AMERICANS.****Aeroplane and Border Guard Showered with Bullets.****Troopers Shoot Back, but no One is Reported Hurt.****Carranza Formally Notified of Peace Negotiations.****BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]****BROWNSVILLE (Tex.) Sept. 3.—**
Mexicans on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande late today fired nearly a hundred shots at an American aeroplane flying over Brownsville and then turned their guns against a squad of American soldiers on guard at the Brownsville Electric Light plant. When the firing started, the soldiers got behind shelter and returned the fire. There were no casualties.**Lieutenant Joseph G. Morrissey and B. Q. Jones were in the aeroplane. This is the second time within two days that United States Army aeroplanes have been fired upon.****United States soldiers at Los Tularo ranch, twenty miles north of here, during the past forty-eight hours, have captured ten Mexicans, all of whom are believed to be members of raiding bands.****United States cavalry and infantry and portions of the 10th Cavalry, which tonight continued the search through the section of country eleven miles from here where two Americans were murdered yesterday.****The list of dead stood at six last night, though others probably have been killed and not reported.****CARRANZA NOTIFIED.****WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—Gen. Carranza was formally notified today by Secretary Lansing that the signers of the appeal for peace in Mexico, sent by the Pan-American conference, affid their names to the document in their official capacities as representatives of the Mexican government. The memorandum is laconic and did not go beyond this direct answer to the inquiry made by Gen. Carranza after he received the appeal.****State Department officials said they did not know whether or not the general would have on Gen. Carranza's pay the amount of the balance in his****WARSHPES ARE SIGHTED.****PTLE. Sept. 3.—The steam**
comes from San Francisco
last Wednesday off the coast
a two-finned Japanese
towing a supply ship. It is
said that they had been
in floating the stranded
Japanese Asama off the coast
and are bound for Macau.**MEANS SET FREE.****Women, Who Killed Man and His Husband, Is Found Free by a Jury.****BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]****Sept. 3.—A verdict of not guilty was returned today by a Superior Court in the trial of Mrs. Means for the murder of Tracy May 27. The jury sat seventeen hours.****Edward E. Means, husband of the deceased, Brazilian Minister to Mexico, is about to depart from the United States to Brazil, I will avail myself of the services of the American government who, with Secretary Lansing composed the conference, were out of town. While there was no doubt here as to the official character of the conferees, such diplomat was advised of the question only through newspaper notices of his death.****The answer of the conferees was lied by the representative of the University of California upon the university, of which he is a member, and the payment of the balance in his****receipt received.****PRAINS FOR CORDOBA.****President Wilson today sent the following telegram to the President of Brazil, commanding the services rendered to the United States government by the Brazilian Minister at Rio de Janeiro:****"As Your Excellency Don J. M. Cordeiro, Brazilian Minister to Mexico, is about to depart from the United States to Brazil, I will avail myself of the services of the American government who, with Secretary Lansing composed the conference, were out of town. While there was no doubt here as to the official character of the conferees, such diplomat was advised of the question only through newspaper notices of his death.****The answer of the conferees was lied by the representative of the University of California upon the university, of which he is a member, and the payment of the balance in his****receipt received.****RECEIVED BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]****Sept. 3.—A verdict of not guilty was returned today by a Superior Court in the trial of Mrs. Means for the murder of Tracy May 27. The jury sat seventeen hours.****Edward E. Means, husband of the deceased, Brazilian Minister to Mexico, is about to depart from the United States to Brazil, I will avail myself of the services of the American government who, with Secretary Lansing composed the conference, were out of town. While there was no doubt here as to the official character of the conferees, such diplomat was advised of the question only through newspaper notices of his death.****The answer of the conferees was lied by the representative of the University of California upon the university, of which he is a member, and the payment of the balance in his****receipt received.****THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON has twice made demands for the release of Fransia. The most recent representations, on August 27, were to have been of a vigorous character.****Fransia is a British subject, but was born in Mexico under employment by an American concern.****WHEAT ON HOP RANCH.****Sum of \$60,000, covered by insurance, sustained by E. Clemens Horst, five miles from Sacramento.****BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]****Sept. 3.—In a fire Aug. 28 there went from this port 27,500 pounds of hops. The loss was 1,500 tons of hops, 1,500 tons of dried hops, 66,172 gallons of beer, sum shipped from here to Europe. The origin of the fire has not been discovered.****Fransia received by the Horst ranch.****MONEY IS READY FOR COTTON MEN.****GOVERNMENT TAKES STEPS TO HANDLE THE CROP WITH DISPATCH.****[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]**
WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—Definite steps were taken today by the Federal Reserve Board and Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury Department to extend aid to cotton producers of the South, to clear the way for handling the fall crop without the uncertainty and difficulty experienced last year.**The board issued new regulations authorizing Federal reserve banks to give special rediscount rates to currency notes secured by ware house receipts for staple agricultural products, with the restriction that member banks which avail themselves of this rate must not charge more than 6 percent to the borrower.****Mr. McAdoo, former adjutant-general of West Virginia, who is wanted as a witness before the military court of inquiry investigating charges against members of the National Guard of Colorado, arrived here today from Denver. He said his recent refusal to testify before the military court there was not made in disregard to the law, but because he did not recognize the right of that tribunal to question him.****ELLIOTT AT CHARLESTON.****Former Adjutant-General of West Virginia Disputes Right of Military Tribunal to Question Him.****[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]****CHARLESTON (W. Va.) Sept. 3.—C. D. Elliott, former adjutant-general of West Virginia, who is wanted as a witness before the military court of inquiry investigating charges against members of the National Guard of Colorado, arrived here today from Denver. 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T. JOHNSON BLDG.**

SEPTEMBER 4, 1915.—[PART I]

Japan's

For the TINA

GOLFERS READY FOR TOURNE

Many Southerners are N at Del Monte.

Champions Favorites in Calcutta Pool.

Qualifying Round is to Played Today.

BY ALMA WHITAKER (SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

DEL MONTE, CAL.—The qual

ing round for the coast champion

opens on these Del Monte links S

unday morning; it holds m

Three former champions and the ho

or of the titles are here to contes

the laurels besides numerous hope

aspirants, who will fetch high pri

in the Calcutta pool tonight on the

prospects of reaping new glory. Ha

R. K. Davis, Jack Neville, E. S. Ar

—there are the handiest golf

aspirants, who have proved their s

and held tangible honors.

NEAR GREAT.

Then there are Roger D. Lapham

new of Burlingame, but until now

of Los Angeles. Vincent Whitney,

French, Morris Phillips of Redland

Jack Jones, E. H. Bagby, R. W. S

Jones, Bill Tamm, George Cline and

Bill Campbell, all of whom

certain local distinction at home which

may reasonably foster hopes of ex

celling performance here.

Arrington is going strong and ma

but, so far, the champion, Harry Davis and Jack Nevi

wears an air of comfortable confide

NAMES, NAMES.

There is a large Los Angeles con

tingent which includes Mr. and Mrs.

Robert Farquhar, Dr. and Mrs. Du

ley Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Du

ley, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Gamble, Mr. and

Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J.

Miles, Edward B. Tufts, John Venne

J. T. Tanner, A. A. French, E. S. Ar

—George Cline, Everett Seaver, V.

W. Campbell, W. W. Bacon, Mr. and

Mrs. L. C. Cheney, S. C. Dunlap,

James Long, Jones, A. W. Bur

miller, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Bur

miller, Artis Shaefer, Paul and Mrs. J.

Lionel Charles Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. J.

H. Gierlach, S. S. Parsons, Robert

Neustadt, Alexander MacDonald, Robert

Ferguson, A. T. Ferguson, and H. J.

and H. L. Dillon, all about twenty

more expected before the list

close tonight.

OTHERS.

And there is a very strong com

ponent from the north, every club

being represented by the majority of its

members. Besides, the stars al

ready mentioned, the veterans

player Charles E. Maude, who is a

considerable factor in the world,

and J. M. O'Keefe of San Jose,

who sprung a surprise in last year

The Crokers, pars et fils, and their

minime appendages, the Lamontagnes,

the Pommiers, the Ber

Spansback, and Miss Edith Chear-

er are all faithful to the meeting,

the latter expected to win back the

woman's championship, with no

trouble whatever the result.

Mrs. L. C. Cheney, Mrs. L. C.

Allen, who holds the title (former two

weeks) standing, will not compete.

The tennis players from the south

will not be numerous, but others

are expected to come Friday when

their contest opens. Miss Judith Fult

on, Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Miss

E. R. Gamble, and Miss Mildred Mc

Cullinan are the only southern entries so

far.

TENNIS TOURNEY TO BEGIN TODAY.

The city tennis tournament begins

at Exposition Park this morning. The

drawings for today's play are as fol

lows:

At 9 a.m., J. Conaty vs. C. B.

Nemeyer, A. Snodgrass vs. J. Grim

Dixon, R. Noble vs. Harriman, Frank

Downey vs. V. Dixon; 10:45, J. H.

Miles vs. H. Burton; 10:45, B. Chan

man vs. H. Schlotz vs. L. Kincaid;

J. Greive; 11:45, O. Marshall vs. T.

Weller, N. Schlotz vs. J. Greive; 12:45,

Wilson vs. J. Wilson; 1:45, W. Fer

derson vs. J. Wilson; 2:45, C. W.

McBride; 3:45, J. Wilson vs. C. W.

McBride; 4:45, R. Dindorf vs. C. W.

McBride; 5:45, T. Tommaga vs. C. W.

McBride; 6:45, C. W. McBride vs. C. W.

McBride; 7:45, C. W. McBride vs. C. W.

McBride; 8:45, C. W. McBride vs. C. W.

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Classified Liners.

To Let— Apartments Furnished.

The Beautiful Powers Apartments.

Will be open on or about September 1.

This house is unique in that it has the largest front rooms with each suite of ant in the city. Also dressing room with each apartment. Fine tennis court.

Location: corner Twenty-third and Normandie Streets facing south with east and west exposures giving every room in the house sunlight. Beautiful garden to the east with pencils, fountain, fountain, etc. This building faces the entrance to St. James Park. Everything is modern and up to date.

Phone: HOME 2355. Main 2168.

To Let— The Garforth Apartments.

Rock Building.

2607 West Sixth.

Two blocks from Westlake Park.

Rooms and double apartments.

Separation wall safe in each apartment.

Dressing rooms.

Nestly decorated.

Billiard room.

Sunday rates \$25 and up.

Wilshire 4600; Abner.

To Let— Scarborough Apartments.

No. 1010 Wilshire Boulevard.

The exclusive main rental.

Rooms, double, studio, etc.

Furnished.

Electric heat.

Balcony.

Sunday rates \$25 and up.

Wilshire 4600; Abner.

To Let— Modern Apartments.

\$150 per month.

Electric heat.

Balcony.

Sunday rates \$25 and up.

Wilshire 4600; Abner.

To Let— Apartments.

Attractive, unfurnished.

Rooms, double, studio, etc.

Furnished.

Electric heat.

Balcony.

Sunday rates \$25 and up.

Wilshire 4600; Abner.

To Let— Apartments.

Attractive, unfurnished.

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To Let— Apartments.

Attractive, unfurnished.

Ever-advancing Southern Metropolis.

Pictorial City Sheet (II.)

California and the Coast—10 Pages

XXIVth YEAR.

Prosperity.

TO BUILD BIG OFFICE BLOCK.

Project Held up Some Time Now Goes Ahead.

Kerckhoff Structure to be Erected at Once.

Handsome Design, Cost Four Hundred Thousand.

With plans drawn, contracts let and financial arrangements perfected, an important downtown structural enterprise that has been hanging fire only two years is all ready to go ahead. The building is the new Kerckhoff Block, projected by W. G. Kerckhoff for the site at the north-east corner of Sixth and Los Angeles streets, immediately adjoining on the west the Kerckhoff building.

The structure, which is to be of reinforced concrete and eight stories high, was planned by Morgan, Wall & Morgan, as was also the original Kerckhoff Building. The Sixth and Los Angeles streets will be widened, each larger area than its neighbor, 142x120 feet in ground dimension. Its cost will be approximately \$400,000.

The building will represent the last in office block construction and ownership and has been planned to fit the special requirements of the Kerckhoff, which will occupy the seven upper floors. It will have a handsome entrance and lobby of Alaska marble and all woodwork will be mahogany.

At the top of the building will be a statue of the famous Captain. At the request of the distinguished American plane pilot, the 18th and 19th insts., he is being held in abeyance until his arrival.

The other 50 per cent, said Supervisor Pridham, will be placed at work on county rock piles established in the north and east ends of the county, and they will be given so much a cubic yard for the rock they break for road work. He stated that the compensation will be the equivalent of from \$1.75 to \$2 per day. This will be "piece work," and of course the compensation will depend upon the dexterity of the rock breaker.

The address of Supervisor Pridham was filled with practical information about county affairs. He declared that the county had now 100 miles of county roads, better conservation of county water, better highways, elimination of grade crossings and the application of the best methods to the protection and care of the indigents and the unemployed.

"And one of these problems," said the speaker, "is sufficient to keep a competent board of directors busy."

ON FLOOD CONTROL.

In reviewing the situation regarding proposed flood control the speaker said that it is proposed to call an election for the issue of approximately \$16,000,000 in bonds for flood conservation, but that the problem is a very grave one. The question is itself not clear as to just what course to take.

Some members, said Mr. Pridham, believe that a system of retaining dams far back in the mountains would be the satisfactory system. He said that the county has expended about \$15,000 during the year in experiments on government lands, well back in the mountains, and that this has demonstrated to the satisfaction of some members of the board that this method is the best. He has had back the water and debris. He said that where these experiments were tried this year it was found that the debris did not get down into the water channels and that the water was so conserved that it was trickling down through the debris. The experiments were made on the part of the city of Los Angeles, and the results were excellent as to make it like that there is no delay in carrying out the enterprise. Dr. Edmonds has intended to make a speech next year, but has been informed by the present low cost of materials and labor to hasten his

(Continued on Second Page.)

Quarter Million.

FINE NEW APARTMENT HOUSE AT WESTLAKE.

WHAT work will be begun within a few weeks on one of the largest and finest apartment houses set projected in Los Angeles apparently practically assured as the sum of satisfactory bids received from local contractors covering the improvement. Plans for the structure, which is projected by J. H. Edwards, architect, who has built opposite Westlake Park, completed several days ago by Mr. Parkinson. Estimates based on it are declared are so nearly identical as to make it like that there is no delay in carrying out the enterprise. Dr. Edmonds has intended to make a speech next year, but has been informed by the present low cost of materials and labor to hasten his

N. B. Blackstone Co.

Store will be open today until 5:30 but closed Monday all day.

Children's School Hose

In less than two weeks school opens, so it's none too early to begin thinking about children's clothes, particularly their stockings. This season our lines are even more complete than ever; greater in variety, better in value.

Five ribbed silk hose for girls or boys; black, white or tan, double heel and toe, 25c.

Miss Fiber Silk Hose, they look and feel like silk and wear better. Lisle toe and heel, fine ribbed, 3 pairs for \$1.00.

Young Girls' Section

For the younger set we show new styled frocks in plain navy, or handsome plaids effect for all occasions. The styles are the most charming we have seen anywhere.

Sizes 8 to 14 years, prices \$6.50 to \$18.00.

And Coats for the auto or for school, light enough for now, heavy enough for chilly days. Full skirts, belt effects, high collars, pockets; fine tailoring. \$5.75 to \$18.00.

Children's Hats—The new small Tams, tailored and semi-tailored. 2 to 14 years. \$1.75 to \$5.00.

Knitwear for School

Children's Vests, 25c—Fine, light weight cotton vests in low neck, short or sleeveless styles; high neck and short or long sleeves. 25c

Drawers to match either lace trimmed or tight knee, pair. 25c

These garments are nicely finished and perfect fitting. All sizes for children.

Saturday Towel Specials

The towels we feature today are above the average in value, you'll not see them like soon again.

16x36-inch Huck Towels, colored borders, well hemmed ends. Dozen \$1.00

16x36-inch Huck Towels of extra heavy weight, hemmed ends. Dozen \$1.50

17x34-inch, hemstitched pure linen Huck Towels with plain space for monogram; dozen \$3.00

22x42-inch Bath Towels, either the heavy ribbed style or double loop Turkish, 3 for \$1.00

318-320-322 South Broadway

TO BANQUET TAFT.

Former President will be Guest of Chamber of Commerce—Will Also Speak at University.

Former President William Howard Taft will be the guest at a public luncheon at the Alexandria the 15th inst., according to arrangements completed yesterday by the Chamber of Commerce and concurred in by the distinguished statesman.

In the evening the former President will be the guest at dinner in honor of his fifty-eighth birthday at home of his brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. William A. Edwards, No. 3406 West Adams street.

According to word received yesterday by the chamber, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards will arrive on the 14th at 4:45 a.m., the 15th Inst. They will be met by a special committee of the chamber, headed by President Bullock, and escorted to the Edwards's home, where they will be guests during their stay.

Following the luncheon at the Alexandria, the former President will go to the University of Southern California, where he will deliver the opening address at 2:45 o'clock.

He will speak on the laws before the College of Liberal Arts building.

The other eight colleges will participate and the public is invited.

On the platform with Mr. Taft will be a number of leading citizens, together with the officers of the university.

Having done all sorts of other things with a want ad., he opined it would pay to advertise. Now, his machine is a good one, he started whereas the machine was of a type common in Southern California. He advertised for the particular brand of starter that adorned his car, and he told the court that hardly had he announced the next morning when King drove the car out to his house to sell it.

Russell said he recognized his car, called the police and had King arrested.

At the conclusion of the hearing King was held to the action of the Superior Court.

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The Harbor.
PITIFUL TALES OF SUFFERING.

Mexico's West Coast Starves Under Pillages.

Grain Crop is Failure and Importation Costly.

Better Classes Demanding Our Intervention.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE!

LOS ANGELES HARBOR, Sept. 1.—Pitiful tales of privation and suffering in Mexico were told today by passengers on the steamer Fort Bragg, which arrived from San Blas and Mazatlan. Many of the passengers expect to return when normal conditions are restored and are reluctant to criticize either of the factions fighting for control and say they fare as well as they can.

With the corn crop almost a total failure on account of drought and no money for imports Southern Mexico faces a desperate situation according to E. G. Carter, traffic manager of the California Steamship Navigation Company, which has the Fort Bragg under charter. Already there has been much suffering but the worst is yet to come. Added to drought and revolutionary disturbances the empires of the Huastecos, Railways and the Cárdenas are starving the people. Fort Bragg was held up ten days at Salina Cruz before she could get cargo and then the company had to hire its own stevedores. The poverty of the strikers, according to Mr. Carter, is almost insupportable to an American.

EXPORT DUTIES.

W. R. Dowdell, a commission merchant from Los Mochis, was compelled to leave the country because of a prohibitive export duty. He had been shipping tomatoes but the Carranza representative at Mazatlan placed an export duty of 25 cents per box gold against him and would not let American money. He was unable to pay and had to give up business.

"It seems to me that the end must be near," said he. "I don't see how the people can keep up the fighting much longer. We have no money to buy desirables, suffering and starvation. People have no money to import food and what little is left in the country is rapidly disappearing. The Indians are fast driving out the better class of Mexicans who now hope for intervention."

"Out in the country towns there is little left now and the Chinese storekeepers have nearly all been robbed by one band of soldiers or another and driven out. Conditions in the smaller cities are not so bad but the larger municipalities suffer by paying tribute to whichever side happens to be in control."

TEN YEARS MORE?

Other passengers seemed to think the disturbances might last much longer unless there is American intervention. Santiago Geddes, who has had at Guadalajara for longer than thirty years, said that the Mexicans can keep fighting for ten years. Guadalajara is among the more fortunate places on account of its size and influence although it has been captured and recaptured.

Miss Anna Bunting, school teacher, who is en route to England and she saw the city change hands six times in eight months. Each time the citizens witnessed pillage and murder and on the way to Mazatlan saw a railroad wreck where there lay the half-burned bodies of nearly 500 persons.

Henry Bunting, Sr., and his son, with their families are among the most prominent Americans in Mexico. They do not discuss conditions as young Americans exist to return as soon as his family is safe. They are in Los Angeles. They have been prominent in both Guadalajara and Mazatlan for years, owning both home and wholesale houses.

The Fort Bragg, having left twenty passengers, most of whom left the steamer home. After discharging a small amount of cargo she proceeded to San Francisco.

TRY CORONADO TENT CITY.—Advertisement.

Arrowhead steam and mud baths give relief to many ailments.—Advertisement.

VETERAN DIES OF A BROKEN HEART.

FAILS TO RALLY AFTER WIFE PASSES BEYOND; HE SOON FOLLOWS HER.

Finding life a joyous, dreary monotony without the comradeship of his wife, who died May 28, Charles W. Cole, 70-year-old veteran, 70 years old, who lived at No. 1157 East Twelfth street, died just before last of a broken heart.

Friends and relatives of the veteran state that with the body of his wife, who died May 28, Charles W. Cole, 70-year-old veteran, 70 years old, who lived at No. 1157 East Twelfth street, died just before last of a broken heart.

He sat for hours with the tears dropping from his eyes, murmuring over and over again the name of his beloved wife and all efforts of his family and friends failed to give comfort. Friends called and took him out in their automobiles but to no avail. He grew weaker steadily and the pain in his chest increased at most frequent intervals. Only when the journey was to the grave of his wife in Inglewood Cemetery would he seem to rally.

The funeral will be held Monday morning at 10 a.m. from the Daltons, 1220 Figueroa street. Interment will be in the Inglewood Cemetery, beside the grave of his wife.

Mr. Cole was born in New York in 1844. At the age of 18 he enlisted in Co. K, 1st U.S. Cavalry, and served in Illinois Volunteers, at De Kalb, Ill. Although wounded several times, and sent to a hospital twice, he rejoined the same regiment on each occasion and was discharged, a corporal, at the end of the Civil War.

Several years later he married Mary Ellen Daly, a Louisiana belle, and the two came to California, where for the past thirty years he conducted a rooming-house business. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Harry Gerlach, No. 1157 East Twelfth street.

Ask Trial.

(Continued from First Page.)

Want Lot? Then Explain This.

(Continued from First Page.)

be affected, should in any manner the fire department become weakened or its ability to cope with conditions be impaired."

The letter also says: "The experience of the insurance companies in Los Angeles and which experience covers a period of a number of years, has become unsatisfactory and naturally the companies would hesitate to consider their present liability, especially if disturbed affording by the closing of their fire houses. We therefore feel that it is proper to call your attention to the relationship that your fire department has not only to rate but to the question of liability as insurance interests. We respectfully submit that the lessening of the fire protection to your city with indifference and without signaling calling your attention to its ultimate effect upon the rate."

In bringing up the matter of insurance rates, we have the Fire Commission. Mayor Sebastian Frankenstein had said they believe the people should give the ordinance a fair trial. Chief Elley said that it would only fair to try it out for a year and his reports on the work of the two-platoon system showed that firemen are responding to calls while they are off duty.

THE RESOLUTION.

The resolution adopted by the Fire Commission is as follows:

Whereas, the voters of the city of Los Angeles at the recent municipal election stamped their approval by an overwhelming majority of the two-platoon ordinance submitted by members of the fire department.

And whereas, the question of such

ordinance having been discussed both favorably and unfavorably by the press and the public at large,

And whereas, it appears from

merit and demerit credits awarded

members for work and interest man-

fested since the inauguration of the two-platoon system that the efficiency of the department had at least tem-

porarily been increased.

Now, therefore be it resolved by the Board of Fire Commissioners of the city of Los Angeles, this day convening in regular session, that the public welfare will be well served by the adoption of the ordinance as presented by the two-platoon system until such time as a fair trial sufficiently demonstrates its practicability or impracticability.

As a member of the secretary of the Municipal League, said yesterday, the initiative petitions for the repeal of the two-platoon ordinance will be circulated next week.

TAKEN FROM

MEXICAN RUN.

PUBLICITY AND EXCESSIVE DEMANDS BY OWNERS END SERVICE OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Publicity and demands by the owners which are considered exorbitant have resulted in the withdrawal of the Prince Albert from the service of the Southwestern Steamship Company, which is owned by the Mexicans.

The boat has been plying between Mexican and California ports, bringing valuable cargoes of bullion, hides and other Mexican products to northern ports and returning heavily laden with supplies for the Mexicans.

Relations most notably resulted from the discovery aboard a cargo of ammunition and rifles consigned to Mexico and the boat was held on suspicion of filibustering. Customs officials, acting upon instructions received from Washington, permitted the boat to sail after the munitions of war had been unloaded.

The traffic in which the boat was engaged is said to have been regarded as so hazardous that, in addition to the ordinary marine insurance and a special war risk insurance carried, the owners of the ship insisted that an indemnity bond of \$110,000 be put up by the holders of the lease.

President Gibson of the Southwestern Steamship Company said last night that he expects to have two other ships on the run within four weeks. He said today in San Francisco to make arrangements to secure the services of one which will be placed on the southern run within a week or ten days.

The Southwestern Steamship Company is the only one that operates vessels to southern points from the local harbor and Mr. Gibson says he has carried shipments aggregating about \$250,000 from Los Angeles business houses to Mexico in the past three months. The running time from the outer harbor to Mazatlan is seventy-six hours.

RAID BAKERY BOXES.

Five young boys who like pies and cakes so much they have gotten up at 4 o'clock in the morning to pilfer the bakery boxes on the hill street, were apprehended. They are: Bennett Rabbit, No. 223 East Ninth street; Emmett Stewart, No. 1241 Birch street; Ernest Miller, Eighth and San Pedro streets; Raymond Lee, No. 111 East Ninth street; and Earl Vossom, No. 712 East Seventh street. Their mothers were not surprised when they learned of the practice. None of the children had been able to eat any breakfast and most of them were complaining of stomach aches.

Open till 10 p.m. Today.

Staub's
The Popular Price Show Store.
336 SO. BROADWAY

10% Discount
On All
Children's Shoes

A chance to save on School Footwear and have it in time for Labor Day! Sizes are complete. A reorganization of lines prompts this Sale and nothing is excluded. Such standard makes as Dugan & Hudson, C. H. Alden, Lattemann, etc. Boys, Girls and Infants may be fitted.

Open till 10 p.m. Today.

Staub's
The Popular Price Show Store.
336 SO. BROADWAY

Los Angeles' Own Show

BROADWAY AUTOMOBILE and FLOWER SHOW

A combined exhibition of Science, Utility and Beauty; showing the latest Motor Cars, Graceful and Useful Masterpieces from the World's leading Factories and the Glowing, Floral Blooms of California.

It will be the show of shows—
"The only down-town show."

BOSTON STORE BUILDING

Broadway, Opposite City Hall
October 23rd to October 30th.

WAIT FOR IT!

Ask Trial.

New Office Block.

(Continued from First Page.)

"Tangled."

WANT LOT? THEN EXPLAIN THIS.

(Continued from First Page.)

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SATURDAY MORNING.

Los Angeles Daily Times.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1915.—[PART II.] 3

Religious.

VICTORIES OF
SEVEN YEARS.Dr. Locke Gives Anniversary
Sermon Tomorrow.PROGRESS OF FIRST
METHODIST CHURCH.GENERAL NEWS OF THE LOCAL
RELIGIOUS FIELD.—there's its
imitated—its
economy.for ice cream
of delicious
chocolate is at
your protection
today.elli's
ocolateMy sealed cans.
ing the 3 lb. can.

CO. San Francisco

UPTURE

September, European
spies
all capture rapture performance
for how long standing or the
operation or injection and detection
of the secret service
in their offices, 2421 Market street, San
Francisco. Photo Broadway 4212. Photo
of a secret service.Free at the
Lots
ractMONICA.
etc.or Mere Spectator
evening, Sept. 3d.

Terms:

Twenty-five
per cent downthe balance payable
in 18 months in six
equal payments with
7% interest, payable
quarterly. Or if you
prefer you may pay
5% down and \$10
per month for 47
months, balance at
the end of 18 months
with 7% interest,
payable quarterly.the Pacific Elec-
t, which is only aambitious and pros-
pective foothills. It is
all improvements
the Palisades, Gillette
ever placed on the
as valuable as any
world.Sept. 6th
WARE, Auctioneer
ill StreetDIXIE SINGERS.
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL.The First Congregational Church
now morning Dr. Henry Churchill,
president of Oberlin College,
the baccalaureate sermon
preached before the gradu-
ation last May. His subject
was "Not Their Fault." In the
ceremony will be the conclusion
of the series he has been
here. A feature of the

service will be the singing of the Hampton Institute colored quartette, who represent the big industrial school at Hampton Roads in Virginia, which ex-President Taft is president of the board of trustees. 4000 young colored men and women equipped as teachers, farmers and skilled tradesmen. Booker T. Washington is a graduate.

Among other things, Hampton has developed the greatest choral work of its kind in this country. A nickel quartette of its best singers was invited to Ell in an engagement of two months at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. San Francisco. This quartette will be heard tomorrow evening at the First Congregational Church. Their programme will include some of the favorite old plantation songs, sung as only the negro can sing them, "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" and other melodies of Dixieland.

BIBLE INSTITUTE.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RALLY.

A great interdenominational gathering of young people will be held in Bible Institute auditorium next Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Lyons Club and the Fisher Club, to which all the young people of the city have a cordial invitation. The principal speakers will be Dr. R. A. Torrey, dean of the institute, who has just returned from the Foreign Missions Conference, and Dr. William Evans, associate dean, who has just arrived from the East to take up his new work.

There will be splendid music by a great choral union under the leadership of Prof. L. F. Peckham of the institute music department. The unquestioned eminence of the two leading members of the faculty who are announced to deliver addresses should attract the attention of every young person interested in the study of the scriptures, and it may be filled on this occasion. This is not only the largest auditorium in the city, but it is the largest occupied of the 4000 open chairs is within full view and hearing of the speaker. Young people are invited to come and participate in making this one of the greatest young people's meetings ever held in the city.

CHURCH NOTES.

WHAT HAPPENS TOMORROW.

The Hampton Jubilee Singers, the plantation quartette, will sing at the Y.M.C.A. at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from a two-months engagement at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. While at the exposition they gave two concerts daily at the big Palace of Education, under the auspices of the United States government, and were heard by a large audience.

Representatives of the Sunday schools of the various denominations in the city will gather at the Bazaar-Philathes City Union meeting, to be held at the First Christian Church, Eighth and Hope streets, at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning. The members of the various societies will be present at this pre-election meeting.

Rev. A. E. Michel, pastor of the Trinity German Lutheran Church, Eleventh and Cherry streets, will preach in the evening on "Saving Faith." In the evening his sermon will be in English on "Importance of the Lord's Supper."

In the East Side Emanuel Lutheran church, 11th and Flower streets, will be held at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning in German and at 11:15 o'clock in English on "The Contrast between Christianity and Non-Christianity."

In the evening he will preach in English on "Our Young People's Society Will be a Blessing to the Church as Long as it is Governed by the Spirit of Christ."

Rev. G. H. Smukal, pastor of the St. John's German Lutheran Church, Dakota and East Second streets, will be held at 10 o'clock in German. In the evening the sermon will be in English on "Millennium."

Tomorrow morning Rev. J. W. Thiele, pastor of the Vernon German Lutheran Christ Church, will preach on "Bringing up the Children in the Nurture and Admonition of the Lord."

Tomorrow afternoon in the Bethany English Lutheran Church, Hollywood boulevard and Vine street, Rev. G. H. Smukal will preach in German on "The Presence of God." At 7:30 p.m. he will give an address to the youth of the Bethany English Lutheran Church, 11th and Flower streets, on "The End of the World."

"Condemnation" will be the subject discussed at 11 a.m. tomorrow at the Christian Yoga (Christian Unity) Center, fifth floor of the Luckenbach Building, 11th and South Hill streets. "To Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make You Free."

Rev. James A. Francis will preach tomorrow, both morning and evening, at the First Baptist Church; morning service, "The Coming and Curse of Non-specific forms of Christianity"; evening service, "The Glory of the Common," next Sabbath evening; and then, in order, "The Central Theme of the Exposition." "The Most Impressive Thing I Saw at the World's Fair" and "The End of the World." Next Sabbath morning's topic will be "Great Works That Shall Do You Good."

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This is the third of a series of addresses to be given by the branch, the purpose of which is to introduce to the Los Angeles public from time to time the best trained men of the negro race.

At the Immanuel Presbyterian Church Rev. A. B. Prichard will preach tomorrow, both morning and evening, his subject being in the morning, "The Cave of Adullam." The Lord's Supper will be observed in the evening. At the Vermont Avenue branch, Rev. Otis G. Dale will preach.

The noted evangelist, Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, will preach at the Westlake Presbyterian Church tomorrow morning. Mrs. Edward Lloyd will sing the offering solo. "A Home" by Lustard, a local composer. Organist Kingsley will give as solo to the morning service one of his own compositions. There will be a solo to the morning service one of his own compositions. The First Christian Church, the children 14 years of age meet at 11 a.m. in a separate auditorium, and a sermon suited to the understanding of the children is delivered by the pastor. There is also a kindergarten for children up to 6 years of age.

Mr. George H. Remus, the big choir will sing a recitative and aria, "We Shall Abide the Day of His Glory" and "Messianic," and from Prof. J. B. Poulin will sing favorite anthems and solos. The organ will be "From the Land of Jordan" by Gounod, and the quartet will sing Marston's "I'm a Pilgrim."

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TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.
CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.

(At Home:) The securing of a "temporary loan" estimated to be \$100,000,000 by Great Britain caused exchange rates to strengthen and for the time being the financial crisis in foreign affairs seems over. It is said that England will ask for an additional credit of \$500,000,000, which it is expected, will tide her over in this country for some time. Reports from all sections are that the improvement in business is sustained, though the present season is generally one of slackness. An increased fall business is anticipated by manufacturers.

(Abroad:) Gold in the German bank increased \$965,500 during the past week. (For details see financial pages.)

THE LADY DECIDED.
After having one week of rest, one week of rehearsals and one week of playing in Los Angeles, William H. Crane, America's happiest exponent of bright comedy, has decided to make his home at the close of the present season. Mr. Crane has been a grand actor these past fifty-two years and he ought to make just as good a citizen the next fifty-two. We refuse to give him credit, however, for the idea of coming here to live. He was accompanied on this trip by his wife and it is Mrs. Crane who has nominated and elected Los Angeles as their home.

PREPARE FOR DEFENSE.
The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce hit the keynote of the kind of military preparation that should be maintained in the United States when it passed a resolution resolving that the ideal of America is and should be peace—and that we should prepare to keep peace, even if we have to fight for it. Defense is all that America needs; adequate defense is all that Americans are asking for. And in spite of the good opinion that the pacifists have of themselves, we do not believe that they are such agreeable gentlemen as to be able by their conversation and courtesy to ward off the army of an invader.

JUST QUOTE.
There is no reliable information as to what terms of peace have been suggested by Pope Benedict, or what terms would be likely to prove acceptable to the combatants, but, in the absence of any decisive victory on either side, it could not well be claimed that either side has a right to claim the terms of a victor.

Under the circumstances, money indemnity is out of the question. Each power must bear its own financial burden and stagger under it as best it may. Germany and Russia may, without sacrifice of pride or prestige, consent to the re-creation of the nationality of Poland. England may return to Germany the possessions in East Africa, which the latter surrendered to her, and if Austria and Italy cannot agree with respect to a mutual revision and reformation of their frontiers, they may agree to disagree. As for Turkey—well, nobody cares what may happen to Turkey.

The fairest plan of peace would be an all-around return to the status quo ante bellum.

In other words, let all of the combatants quit fighting, bury their dead, pension their wounded and go to work to restore their shattered industries and pay their debts—or repudiate them—according to their means and inclination.

LABOR UNIONS AND THE SCHOOLS.
A "Federation of Public School Teachers," otherwise a plain teachers' labor union, affiliated with the group of unions that includes the dynamiting crews of the structural iron and steel workers and over all of which Sam Gompers presides, has been started in Chicago and already there's hell to pay. The union was organized ostensibly to obtain higher salaries for the school teachers who belong to it. Salaries have been increased since the union was organized, but the record shows the union had nothing to do with getting the increase, which was promised by the school board before Gompers and his agitators organized the thing for which they apologize by calling it a "federation" instead of a union.

The union meets once a week and talks nothing but trouble. Its agitators have so wrought upon the nerves of the teachers as to cause a condition of hysteria calculated to disqualify them for their real work. This in turn inspired Member Leob of the Chicago school board to father a resolution (which was adopted) to discharge all teachers who refuse to withdraw from the Gompers union. The teachers have thirty days from last Wednesday night in which to make the great decision whether they are to be loyal to the schools or loyal to Gompers and his agitators.

Thus the situation is as bad as bad can be. The teaching force is demoralized. Vicious prejudices have been aroused. The labor-union bosses who attempt, by means of strikes, boycotts and the bomb, to dominate the business of employers of labor are now trying to tyrannize over the body and the soul of the public school system in the second greatest city in the western hemisphere. But if the school board of Chicago stands firm by the Leob resolution the labor-union tyrants will be balked.

This endeavor of labor unions to dominate the educational system of a great city is one of the boldest and most menacing moves yet attempted by these impudent organizations. The times believe it will fail; and not only that, it will serve to kindle fresh resentment in the public mind against such interference with the rights of the great body of the people.

LIGHT CHANCES FOR PEACE.
S Germany's alleged peace terms, as announced by Cardinal Gibbons, seem moderate. They practically amount to restoration of the status quo in Europe with the exception of a free Poland, an undivided predominance for Austria-Hungary in the Balkan region and territorial concessions to Germany in Africa. This would argue a sincere desire for peace on the part of the Teutons. At the same time these terms may have been formulated, knowing the allies will refuse to accept them. For there is little hope of bringing the belligerents into line for practical peace talk till the allies have obtained some military advantages to offset the victories of the Teutons. At present they have nothing to dicker with.

The notion that any European power by overwhelming force will ever be in a position to dictate peace terms may be placed in the discard. At present the deadlock is not sufficiently pronounced to warrant a cessation of hostilities through mutual exhaustion. At any rate the good services of this country are always at the disposal of the European nations in any feasible plan to bring order out of chaos.

So far the only victory worth while since the war started is the moral victory won for humanity by the United States. Perhaps, too, Germany has shown her courage at its best in frankly admitting the justice of our stand. To ask the allies to show the same moral courage in agreeing to discuss peace while still smarting from military reverses is to expect a display of Christian spirit the world hardly seems to possess.

Knowing the temper of the allies, President Wilson apparently is unwilling to take the initiative in the proposed appeal to the belligerents to accept mediation. We fear the well-mean and heartfelt efforts of the Pope to bring about peace at this time will prove futile.

OUR RELATIONS WITH HAITI.
In taking hold of Haiti, the Washington administration has caught a Tartar. President Wilson thought he would have no difficulty in handling the Haitian rumpus, but the situation has become somewhat alarming—another thorn in the flesh of Uncle Sam.

For years both Haiti and Santo Domingo were tossed like shuttlecocks between the battlefields of England, France and Spain. In 1804 Santo Domingo proclaimed its independence and elected Desaix as Governor for life. He immediately proclaimed himself Emperor and in 1806 was assassinated. The Spaniards regained their lost colony and rechristened it Santo Domingo. In 1810 Gen. Christophe proclaimed himself King with the title of Henry I. In 1820 he committed suicide. In 1821 Santo Domingo proclaimed its independence. It was attacked by Haiti and was conquered by Gen. Boyer, who was proclaimed as President of the whole island and remained in power until 1842, when he was ousted by a revolution and compelled to fly the country. The Spaniards made an attempt in 1861 to regain Santo Domingo as a colony, but failed, and since 1863 it has remained an independent republic.

In 1870 the Baes-Babcock treaty was negotiated by the administration of President Grant, the result of which would have been the acquisition of Santo Domingo by the United States, that would probably have been followed by the annexation of the entire island. But Senators Sumner and Schurz bitterly opposed the ratification of our State Department may be accepted by those in authority and power."

Haiti presents an exceedingly difficult problem to deal with. After the annihilation of the whites early in the last century there was for a time a mulatto government succeeded by black rule, and since then there has been continued revolutions, assassination and plundering. It would be a godsend to the people of the island to apply to their government a Platt amendment, guarantee them against revolutions, and protect and help them in the handling of their indebtedness and public finance.

As a result of the revolution late in July ex-President Zamor and 180 other political prisoners were executed by government officials; then President Guillaume Sam and a number of supporters were put to death by the revolutionists.

Only one President of Haiti ever served out his term, and he was re-elected and murdered during his second term. During the past four years the affairs of the country have been directed, or misdirected, by eight Presidents. Three of the eight were killed, three others saved themselves by flight, one died an apparently natural death, and the eighth is still in office. The aim of all insurrectionists in Haiti is the control of the customs revenue, a matter of nearly \$5,000,000 annually. More than half of this should be paid out as interest on the public debt; and last year German, French and British warships—acting separately, and on different occasions—saw that Haiti's financial obligations to Europe were not overlooked.

The Haitian "general" in the executive chair controls the expenditure of the remaining \$2,000,000. It is not recorded that any portion of this sum is devoted to the public improvements which the unfortunate

republic so much needs.

The coat of arms of Haiti should bear the motto of ancient Platon—"Base is the slave who pays." With more than double the population and but six-tenths the territory of her neighbor, Santo Domingo, Haiti has a public debt of \$50,000,000, while Santo Domingo owes but \$14,000,000. Haiti stands proudly pre-eminent among all the nations of Latin America for not paying its debts. It has owed France \$6,000,000 since 1825 and for many years has discontinued paying interest.

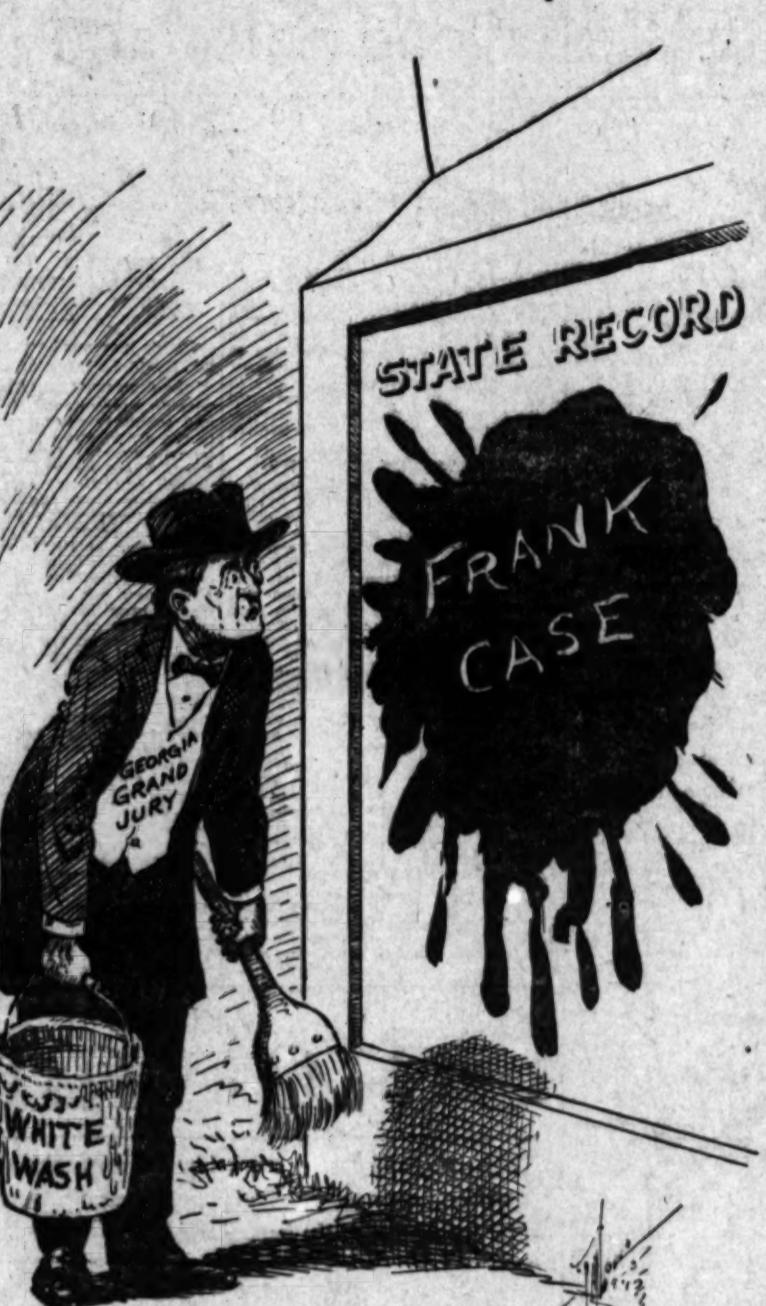
Revolution after revolution has almost destroyed the sugar industry of the island. The total production of both Haiti and Santo Domingo at last advices was one-half that of the Philippines, one-fifth that of Hawaii, one-third that of either Porto Rico or Louisiana, and one-fifteenth that of Cuba.

The American warship Washington arrived recently in Port au Prince, soon after a mob had violated the French Legation and murdered the Haitian President, who had taken refuge there. American sailors and marines were landed to prevent further bloodshed. Two of these were killed by snipers. Rear-Admiral Caperton then assumed control, disarmed the people and brought about the election by the National Assembly of Sudre Dartiguenave as President. He will probably remain in office as long as the Washington is anchored in the harbor of Port au Prince.

The Review of Reviews says:

"It has been hoped that some day a Haitian government might be convinced of the desirability of having the United States either supervise the republic's financial affairs, as is being done for Santo Domingo, or undertake the larger task that was per-

Can't Cover It Up.



CONSCIENTIOUS CONFESSIONS.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

"Kiss but never tell" is a proverb replete with discretion and gallantry. But it is a dictum that frets many consciences. Or so we must presume from a marked tendency to confess all on the part of both sexes.

There have been a collection of news items in the daily papers to this effect lately. The case of a certain gentleman who had been consoling somebody else's neglected wife, you may remember. After several weeks of intimate consolation he appears to have suffered from pangs of conscience which successfully urged him to visit the lady's husband and make a clean breast of it. Husband acted on the information, hence our hearing of the whole affair via the divorce court news.

Then there was the young lady who had been accepting the attentions of a visiting baseball star. He failed to proclaim the fact that he was attached elsewhere, but a good friend duly warned the lady. Righteous indignation and a clear conscience lit the way. She lost no time in writing full details and explanations to absent spouse.

Then there was another lady whose pennacles included music company other than her own better half, who likewise had a spouse of his own at home. When the pangs of conscience began to gnaw, the lady radiated confessions over two households—with the usual results.

Now we are led to understand that open confession is good for the soul—and we hope it is. We are also assured that truth will out and that it is preferable our duty to assist at the outing.

Ignorance is no bliss, but the aim of civilization is to dispel ignorance. What the eye doth not see and the ear doth not hear, the heart doth not grieve, but a good conscience scorns concern for grief.

And there is an awful fascination about confessing—if there is no immediate danger to one's person likely to ensue. Righteous persons often suffer from a perfect passion for confession—at other people's expense. Having few sins of their own, they hasten to make the very most of what they have and establish their righteousness by getting in first with the confession. And it makes them so interesting. There are so many righteous people whose only chance of creating a mild sensation is through sinful confession.

But perhaps, just as a matter of good sportsmanship, you know, we might pause to reconsider the whole question of righteous confession. Circumstances do alter cases—just a bit. Of course it would take a great deal of the glamour off confessing if we only confessed such sins as we are likely to suffer for personally and exclusively. Especially those connected with the tender exchange of sentiment.

A good many of us hold an instinctive faith to this effect. We sacrifice romance and improper eclat by holding our peace, when confession would involve too many heartaches for other people. Actually, confession is a luxury, and one should not be too indulgent.

On those occasions when we feel that we must confess or burst, it would frequently be the nobler way to lock ourselves in the cellar and whisper it to the cockroaches.

And, really, confession is a two-edged knife, very dangerous to handle. There was the case recently tried in San Francisco, where several young men testified that a certain husband had accompanied them on a highly-dubious escapade. It was through their conscientious confession that his wife first heard of the affair and brought the divorce proceedings. Divorce proceedings often follow confessions—and it is almost more unpleasant when they don't. But somehow, while reading that case, we were conscious of a rebellion against righteousness. It was doubtless highly creditable of the young men to confess, and yet, well, we had a sympathetic understanding of the illogical and ungrateful attitude of the wife when she declared her contempt and utter distaste for these masculine friends of her recalcitrant spouse.

Masculinity is rather more prone to confess than femininity. You see, there are so many more sins they can afford to confess. Get a collection of wives in confidential mood and you will find that pretty well all of them were the recipients of romantic masculine confessions prior to the final, bitter step. That may or may not be good for the masculine soul—it certainly obviates future reminiscences and looks a little like "playing safe." With husbands at a premium, quite nice girls seem prepared to overlook the past and trust in the future.

An English parson wrote a play a few years ago called "Should a Woman Tell?" He managed to show what awful havoc a feminine confession can cause under similar circumstances. Saunce for the goose is so very saucy for the gander. The parson certainly drew the unmoral conclusion that, under the present standards, madame would be wise to indefinitely postpone anything in the nature of a confession.

But we are on very delicate ground and it ill becomes the unrighteous to lay down any laws on the subject.

Still, a certain compromise with conscience might be in order. When in doubt, don't confess. We might do worse than follow Somerset Maugham's lucid dictum.

"Never sin. But if you must sin, never repent. And, oh, if you must confess, never confess!"

A Kielous German says that the British soldiers will not retreat even when overpowered, because they are so drunk with alcohol, so muscle-bound and of a low standard of living and so lazy that they prefer to die in the trenches rather than undergo the fatigue of running away.

Not bad for bitter-hate humor!

A minister at Pasadena says that college students are turning out fools as graduates.

In name of the colleges we solemnly aver the fools were not originated in the places of learning—they merely were not educated.

We are obliged to admit that in little learning some men receive in college only emphasizes the fact that they tools to begin with.

A Georgia grand jury has decided the Frank Lynchers are unknown. Georgia is not a state of mind, but the state of mind in which some Georgians find themselves is not an impenetrable mystery.

They have evidently decided not to damage either family or party funds by covering this unfortunate episode beyond the grave of Leo Frank.

"They are content and more about keeping the peace of the land than avenging the law of the past."

RIPPLING RHYMES.

SHABBY GENTEL.

How poignant is the lot of those who would conceal financial woes, and try to make their neighbors think their fortunes are not on the blink! They live on crusts and cabbage soup, and have no comforts in their coop, they have to save and skimp and pinch, still slipping backward inch by inch; in want's hard lessons they are schooled—and think they have the neighbors fooled! Their front is brave, but all in vain: in vain the pinching and the pain that's sharper than a serpent's tooth—the neighbors always know the truth. The neighbors say, "They are so poor the morrow's grub is never sure, and yet you'd think them millionaires, the way they put on foolish airs. They are so proud that they would die before they'd take an offered pie, or we would send them things to eat—they'd throw such handouts in the street." How happy are the abject droves, who huddle round their empty stoves, and make no secret of their poverty, but loudly clamor for relief, compared with haughty folks like these, who try to hide their miseries!

WALT MASON.

Senator J. Ham Lewis is mentioned as a likely successor to Thomas Riley Marshall on the Democratic national ticket. J. Ham's pink whiskers would add a color to the campaign.

Pen Points: By the Staff

One of the ways not to eat a watermelon is the harmonica fashion.

Greece has promised to jump into the long pan. Probably will be used to keep Turkey.

The chiropodists of this city will organize an association for protection. But the other people will foot the bill.

When it comes to capturing American tankers, the police of Los Angeles are not bad imitation wasps of the sea.

The United States is raising bumper crops of all kinds this season, and we may later relieve the distress of the world.

It is now understood that the European war and the New York constitutional convention will knock off at about the time.

A few lilacs and the honeysuckle are in their second bloom, quite happily on a season. It is as if the lilacs were talking in their sleep.

When Gens. Mackensen and Von Hindenburg meet Gen. Winter there will be no meeting. The latter is the real commander in Russia.

Among the very newest are the rose trimmings, which sprays or in single flowers by the various shades in present.

All new trimmings in open bands, edges, appliques, etc., are also shown.

It seems unnecessary to state that first quality only, since the Coulter's.

New Velvets
Black Chiffon Velvets, our

Clearance of Suits, Dress

Very few garments of which will well repay anyone indeed!

The Coats
—are in goldines of rose, p

there are also a few Wool Coats

SATURDAY MORNING.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1915.—[PART II.]

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the ship yourself will

When taken by the nation

shaken.

World predicted that Eng-

at war with the United States

Aw, well, our vacances

need some exercise.

our army posts are not to be

by not use them for giving

young men. They might

worse use.

is so determinedly behind

the war trouble that

to endorse his golf playing

strong test of friendship.

have been warned to be care-

use of sugar because

soft. Sure enough, there has

swelling in the cup of the

date.

estimates a population of

this country at the end of

Jim will not be here to see

of elbow room should lie

real estate.

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country are complaining that

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the peace of the future

the law of the past.

ART OF A WOMAN.

sunshine and sto-.

weetness and trust;

beauty and glory;

darkness and dust-

and of loving

woman contains,

great sweetness and sorrows;

passions and pains.

Blossoms like a garden

sweet blossom life knows,

face of the ages,

rough violet and rose-

the darkness and doubt-

the storm swept the skies,

the tossed in the tempest,

a dark rain lies.

tasted tender.

the rains and the hate

with infinite shadows

against infinite fate.

true and so loving,

gentle and sweet,

life sweeping its gamut

of life in its heat.

charming and travell-

aching and cross,

y, then tomorrow

the grief of some loss;

battle and thunder,

owers and of shine,

the rest that is mine!

—[Cincinnati Enquirer]

Making a Notable Saturday With Good Sales and News of Fine Fall Fashions

Store Open Till 5:30 Today

The holidays are over — and thousands of workers have returned to their places with a better liking of each other and a finer appreciation of their customers, who have aided in making possible the days of rest and change during the summer.

Comprehensive Announcement

New Dress Trimmings

Imported, of course—despite the difficulty of securing them—and quite the prettiest you will have an opportunity to make selection from, we are sure.

Among the very newest and cleverest are the rose trimmings, which may be had in sprays or in single flowers by the yard, in all the various shades in present demand.

All new trimmings in opalescent and jet bands, edges, appliques, tassels, ornaments, etc., are also shown.

It seems unnecessary to state that all are of first quality only, since they come from Coulter's.

New Velvets for Fall

Black Chiffon Velvets, our own import-

tation. From \$4.50 to \$8.00 a yard. *Black Velvet Brocades*, imported goods, at \$6.50 and \$10. *Velvet Brocades* on chiffon, in evening shades, \$6.50. All of these materials are imported, and represent the highest qualities obtainable.

New Imported Gloves

Are here from Grenoble, France; novelties with contrasting fourchettes, made from finest kid, in finest fashion, and in all sizes.

New Wash Materials

In both the sturdy goods for school wear, and the softer and sheerer fabrics for formal occasions. The assortment is particularly complete even thus early.

PEOPLE who want the best of merchandise at the fairest prices will find at Coulter's a sales organization that will aid them courteously and efficiently and make their visit a pleasure to be remembered.

We value "satisfaction" in every purchase just as highly as we value the quality of the merchandise we sell.

The sooner you discover that it pays to buy the best—and that the best costs little, if any, more than so-called "bargains" from "seconds" and inferior qualities—the sooner you will avail yourselves of Coulter merchandise and Coulter service.

Store Closed All Day Monday

Labor Day—our announcement in Tuesday's papers will contain news of such interest that there will in all probability be two days' business in one. We urge you to read these very carefully—they will justify your perusal.

of Fashions for the Autumn

New Woolen Materials For Fall

In every new weave and coloring—chief among them in favor is broadcloth, in dark colors or black, at prices from \$1.50 to \$6.00 a yard.

Peau de Souris is a soft chiffon finish cloth which will enjoy great popularity as a material for suits and skirts; at \$3.50.

Scotch Mixed and Plaid Suitings will again be in favor for costumes or separate skirts; \$2 to \$3 a yard.

Fine French Serges, in all colors, are obtainable from 85c to \$2 a yard.

For College Girls

We offer a novel dress—the Dreswells—in navy or black; it is made of fine serge and sells at \$17.50.

Wonderful Values in Coats for Girls of 6 to 14 Years at \$5

Mothers who have girls of school age to be outfitted, will do well to look at these particular five dollar garments, for we have never seen their equals at the price!

They are obtainable in zibeline mixtures or plaids, with patch pockets and belts; or in plain materials in garnet, navy, greens and browns.

Wool Dresses

—for school wear are here in all-black serge, for convent usage: one style has pleats with belt, yoke and collar, in Peter Thompson style, for girls of six to fourteen, at

Another shows a belted Middy with separate skirt, in black or navy; sizes 12 to 16, at

Separate Skirts —without waists, in a variety of materials and styles, at

(Children's Wear; Second Floor)

Miscellaneous Special Items

15c Guaranteed Tooth Brushes 5c

10c Pure Toilet Tissue (Beats All brand,) in either roll or flat, each

50c Wizard Polishing Mops, fully treated and complete with handle

5c Turkish Knit Wash Cloths: 8 for

With every purchase of any 10c bar of Toilet, Bath or Laundry Soap we will include one 5c wash cloth without extra charge.

15c Win Hairpin Cabinets, two for

5c Invisible Wire Hairpin Cabinets

3 for 10c

5c Pin Sheets, 240 count 3 for 10c

5c Safety Pins, twelve to a card

3 for 10c

10c Pearl Buttons, assorted sizes, card

(Six for 25c.)

15c to 25c guaranteed Dress Shields, odd lots in sizes 3 and 4, for quick clearance offered at pair

(Notions; South Aisle)

\$1.50 to \$2 Hand Bags for 85c

Clearance of odd and incomplete assortments of many desirable kinds:

\$1.50 to \$2.00 handbags now

\$85c \$1.50 genuine leather Collar Bags

One-fourth reduction on all

Automobile Restaurants, fitted for

2, 4, 5 and 6 people, now \$5 to

\$3.50, cut

Odd lots of women's Novelty Bags, in all leather, silk and leather combinations and some all silk, assorted colors and black; these were formerly \$3.50 to \$7.50, but will be closed out in

SATURDAY MORNING.

Cheaters.

Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top—Los Angeles County News

who gather for a camp in the San Joaquin Saturday, Sunday and Monday. The camp site is all ready and 20 to 170 men, comprising the entire company of South Africa, will go into camp early morning.

TTERS TO
"THE TIMES."LAYS BLAME
UPON TARIFF.

*For Business is Unhealthy
Except for Few.*

*Republicans Sure to Win,
Says Cincinnati Visitor.*

*Noted Chicago Woman Resting
in Pasadena Home.*

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE

PASADENA, Sept. 3.—Until the Republican party is in power and we have some new tariff laws this country cannot look for real prosperity.

This was the statement made last night by George Puchta, Republican candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati, who was a guest last night of John M. Thomas at the Simkinson Hotel.

"President Wilson has done remarkably well in handling the situation of the peace propaganda, keeping us out of war and at peace with the nations.

His proclamation of neutrality was a wise one, but it did not settle the question of the State Department.

For Mr. Wilson's part, when he came to the Democratic party, it is different from the Republican party in its policy of national affairs.

It is great benefit to all driving cars in the city or out, and most important when turning a corner, to get out of the lane of the car and turn to the rear, as many people driving auto-drive cars do. It is far better to look to the rear and the move in toward the curb so as to increase the room to the right. This is the only way to avoid accidents of this type, and if you follow my suggestion, you would not have been hit by a truck hauling grain when you pulled over left and the rear wheel pull over to the rear, thinking that you were to the left as you have suggested that way the smash-up would not occur.

You turn directly in front of your car, by all means use your head, crossing wet corners, especially important ones. Personally, I have five accidents due to passing the crossing at too high a speed, although they were in excess of twenty miles per hour.

Remember, the crossing limit is half of that.

The driven cars for six years have never been arrested in the speed or traffic laws.

DOUGLAS PHILLIPS.

4 Park View avenue.

TEETH CAUSE
TONGUE CANCER.

*FOR OPERATOR SUFFERS
BECAUSE HE HATES
TO OFFEND.*

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE

NA, Sept. 3.—Because he wants to offend the dentists who set of false teeth and presented him with "The H. Marshall," the elevator in the Pomona Building, wore the uncomfortable molar and incessantly caused him to develop a sore tongue. It is alleged that the "young" elevator "queen" who is an ex-Corps member, had occasion to tell the patients of the dental building whether the tooth was out or in, and in return was given some of the dentists' needles and made him a fixture.

HER FOR A REST.

Mrs. Sarah E. Raymond Fitzwilliam of Chicago, widely known as a public speaker, historian and prominent educator, having been superintendental of public schools in Illinois, Ill., for many years, is staying at a hotel in Pasadena, at the time when Los Angeles was a town of 10,000 inhabitants.

Yesterday, before reaching Pasadena, she motored about the Angelus, which was a continual "happy hunting ground." Her husband, F. J. Barnes, a business man, The sale price is given at \$25,000.

Buildings estimated at \$15,000 and including outdoor and indoor studios, an administration building, dining hall and dressing-rooms will be built at considerable expense, statements made by officers of the company, of whom R. M. Francisco is fiscal agent.

It is believed the Monrovia Film Company will produce "The Argonauts" of '49," which it is believed to be the greatest California film ever photographed. Henry Kahlberg, producer of the Mission Play, and Edward L. Grafton, were here last night and outlined the plot of "The Argonauts," which is founded upon the eighth chapter of John S. McGroarty's "History of California."

FILMS IN SCHOOL.

To be exhibited in the schools of the American Legion, the Charter Art Institute, Municipal Art League, State Historical Society and Colony of New England Women.

In San Francisco Mrs. Fitzwilliam was the recipient of many honors but did not stay in Pasadena solely for rest and quiet, and the renewal of old friendships.

HOME-GROWN BANANAS.

Grove Avenue, which boasts the title of the "most beautiful street in the world," is trying to acquire something else besides millions.

A wonderful bunch of bananas has just been brought to a shop on the corner of Main and Grove Avenue and will be packed and sent today to Mrs. Updegraff, who is in San Jose.

The fruit is solid and Dr. Updegraff has been told that it is perfect for general diet. In fact, it is said that his wife might eat it, as the home product is go-

ing to show that she has put a gift tooth in the

interlaments

BROADWAY, BETWEEN
FIRST AND SECOND
LAST TIMES

Campbell

TANQUERAY."

15. SEATS SELLING.

Wednesday and Saturday.

Anglin

standard of Vaudeville

1 DAILY, 10-35-50c; house 10c.

for Matinee.

WORBLANDA, THE

and their ponies; JACKSON &

camper. Last week, WILLARD

Worblanda News View

Continuous from 11 A.M.

Prices 15c, 25c; Large 50c.

SMALLEY in

AL '99

The play you'll never forget

All That Was

Daily 2:30; Evenings 4:30, 8:30.

Educational

night Sun

SCREAMING COMEDY.

SEATS—EVENINGS 7:30.

RED RAVE MONEY.

Main St., 2nd Fl., 10c.

Cost, 1 P.M., 10c.

PIRATIC Dancer.

Leading a big van-

ity.

Friday Week

10c.

tonight 10c.

6:30.

Long Beach, 25 Cents, Sundays.

Every Sunday the Long Beach News presents

cost, 8:30. Long Beach, 25c p.m.

Cost, 10c.

Long Beach, 25c.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Market.
TRUS
OTATIONS.

[REPLACEMENT]

Boston Market.
WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

Sept. 2.—Soy caro, 54¢.

d. Pt. Co. 2.85

T. T. Co. 4.25

S. T. Co. 2.80

LEMONS. 1.50

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Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the Courthouse.

FAILS TO LIVE ON LOVE ALONE.

SAYS HER HUSBAND HAD NO MONEY OR WORK.

But She Bore Poverty and did not Venture into the Divorce Court Until He was Arrested on a Charge of Attacking Nurse and Beating Her.

Mrs. Carrie M. Hill, a slip of a girl, failed, as others have, to live on love alone. She came into the divorce court yesterday to tell her simple tale of desertion and non-support, but failed to win a decree "because the testimony of herself, her mother and her father was not sufficient. The court granted her time to bring in supplementary testimony.

Mrs. Carrie Walk of Downey was 18 when she married Eugene C. Hill. She admitted that he was not working when he wooed her, and did not work after they embarked in the matrimonial canoe. He was receiving an allowance of \$25 a month, she said, and they went into apartments costing \$27.50 a month.

"How did you expect to live?" asked the court, figuring the debts at \$12.50.

"By economizing, and his father to help us out," she replied. "But after we were married the allowance was shut off."

Love does not pay bills, neither does it appear hunger. The matrimonial couple headed over and over again into their weekly, and Mrs. Hill returned to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Walk of Downey.

"When did you last see your husband?" she was asked.

In the County Jail.

Very many men are borne, but not the disgrace of a husband jailed. Mr. Hill's arrest followed an assault on Miss Hazel Burleigh, a nurse, who was called out in an emergency case, August 11, 1914. It was late at night, when she alighted from a car on the western street, she was sent to locate the apartment-house where her services were needed, she asked the way of a young man.

He told her he lived at the apartment-house and showed her the lights at Number 10. She was surprised to find him a dot and more, suddenly seizing her, she alleged, he choked her cries with a handkerchief and brutally struck her. When she lost consciousness he fled. Pedestrians later discovered her staggering along Main street, and the police chief. The laundry mark on the handkerchief became a clew and E. C. Hill was arrested. He was subsequently released on probation.

Miss Burleigh fled for safety, damages, asking \$250 for actual suffering and \$5000 exemplary damages.

WILL TRY AGAIN.

PLAN REMARRIAGE.

Sam Davidovits, head barber at the Natch House, made two mistakes in New York and one in Los Angeles. He was in the former city when he married his second wife, and when he returned to the last, he and his wife were married again. The story deals with a lad of 17 fresh from Russia and Miss Sadie Kravick of New York, 24 years old.

Sam told the court that he knew another two months or when he married him, his mother, uncle and aunt he consented. He said they forced him to marry the girl.

"None says we will get married. I was only a short time in the country and could not speak the language," he asserted. "They forced me to go to New York for breach of promise. We were married. I lived with her ten days and then went to my cousin's house. She did not want me any more."

For ten days, he said, he went by the name of Sam Davis, and he testified that he told Sadie his true name and age.

In 1912 Sam came to California. He met Elsie Silverman and they were married March 15, 1914. One day Mr. Davidovits' mother brought her a copy of a Jewish paper published in New York. It contained the story of Sam's marriage to Rose and of his going to leave her.

"I left him right away," testified Mrs. Davidovits.

"You got tired of your wife, didn't you?" the court asked Sam.

"No, I didn't."

"Would you marry him again?" the wife was asked.

"Yes, I will marry him again," was her reply.

"Will marry her," said Sam.

As a default case is pending here in the case of the New York marriage until the 17th inst. As soon as the decree is entered Sam and Elsie will be remarried.

TWAS BABY DOLL!

RISE CUT OUT WIFE.

Showing the dereliction of her husband, Reuben Edward Armfield, by deposition and the testimony of Miss Mary Howard, sparkplug blindfold friend, Mrs. Bertha Armstrong, a former member of the Armstrong Baby Doll Company, was granted a decree of divorce yesterday and alimony of \$150 a month for two years.

The court added:

"She will have some of his money as Jessie Astor."

Jessie Astor, a member of the Armstrong company, was named as co-respondent. Miss Hill, one of the "Baby Dolls," testified that she had been staying at Mrs. Astor's hotel to ask her to go swimming, and saw Mr. Armfield leave the room. She said that Miss Astor wore her night robe. She had frequently seen Mr. Armstrong in Miss Astor's dressing room in the theaters.

"A flagrant case of misconduct," commented the court.

The Armfields were married in Portland, Or., in 1910, and separated in Fresno in 1914. Mr. Armfield is the uncle of Miss Mand Armfield, who some months ago filed a suit for breach of promise suit against Bryant H. Howard, the San Diego clubman.

GARBAGE AIRED.

COURT BATTLE ON IT.

The garbage proposition involving the Southern California Hot Dogs Association and the V. D. Reduction Company was thrashed out before Judge Rogers Tuesday morning. Meantime, the court ordered the temporary restraining order to remain in effect until that time. A strenuous protest was made by Attorney Alvin D. Johnson, counsel for the V. D. Reduction Company, who complained that his client's equipment was tied up.

The story covered by the suit involved the claim of the V. D. Reduction Company that the Pacific Reduction Company to handle the garbage at \$1 cents a ton. The corporation took care of all but 150 tons a day. The V. D. people agreed to relieve the city by taking the excess. The garbage was paid at

a handsome profit to Japanese hog raisers.

When the new contract was made with the Southern California Hog Raiser's Association, the V. D. people if it was asserted, would not pay anything. Tom Topham, attorney for the association, bid \$1 a ton, and the association put up a \$200 bond to deliver the garbage to the hog pens. Delivery was made on a spur track which the V. D. people claim is in their own, and which the association claims is the property of the Pacific Electric.

The V. D. concern attempted to prevent the handling of cars at the switch, and the association filed suit for an injunction to prevent interference.

CEMENT FIGHT DOWN TO ONE CLAUSE.

The controversy in the injunction suit of the Riverside Portland Cement Company to restrain the city of Los Angeles from entering into a contract with the county to furnish 7500 barrels of cement from the Monolith plant narrowed down before Judge Wellborn yesterday to the construction of a clause in the contract. This clause provides that "such deliveries shall be made out of any surplus products of the cementing party's plant at Monolith, Cal., not needed for second party's immediate use."

The court stated that "if the language of that clause could be construed to mean that there was some question as to the ability of the county to perform the contract, and delay the cement in accordance with the advertisement for bids, notably that the cement might be required for some other purpose, the injunction would be upheld." The court also ruled that the "cementing party" in the clause refers to the Public Utilities Board.

A. C. Bradley, superintendent of the northern division; F. L. Annable, general superintendent, and J. McMillan, general manager, testified yesterday before the Utilities Board, presenting the case of the cementing party.

General Manager McMillan told the board that an ordinance abolishing the tower men along Main street and giving the police power authorizing drivers all street car movement would assist in relieving the congestion.

President Shoup of the Pacific Electric Railway Company assured the Public Utilities Board yesterday that within six days he will have a committee to inspect the elevated track construction from the rear of the Pacific Electric Building to San Pedro street. In the meantime, the hearing on traffic congestion before the Utilities Board will continue.

The First "Tin Tag."

Councilwoman Lindsey, advocate of the "tin-tag" ordinance, was tagged yesterday when she received through the mail a handsome metal plate, with a plate-glass front, bearing her name and address.

The plate was sent by a San Bernardino manufacturer "for advertising purposes."

"I'm going right home and nail it up over my door," said Mrs. Lindsey as she left the Council chamber.

MORE SCHOOLS?

Mrs. Katherine D. Prather went into the court yesterday in a suit to compel the trustees of the Palms school district to establish two schools in accordance with a resolution adopted by the board last June. She alleges that the board received bids for the buildings, but neglected to accept any, and in consequence there will be no additional facilities at the beginning of the school year.

Mrs. Prather claims the board has funds available for the new schools. She applied for a writ of mandate and set up that her children will be deprived of school privileges by reason of the neglect of the board.

ACTION IN MCALLEN CASE.

The threatened action by the suit to oust Thomas McAleer from the office of Registrar of Voters was taken yesterday when Atty. Gen. Webb gave his consent, and joined his name with John Beardsey, A. B. Shaw, Jr., and David Evans, as counsel for David B. Lyons appointed.

DUSTER SUIT.

After a trial of three hours, Dr. Johnson, president of the Municipal Charities Commission, for an executive secretary at \$150 a month, was given a \$100 appropriation which will be signed by Councilwoman Lindsey, chairman of the committee, and Councilman Topham will oppose it.

The committee hearing yesterday developed into a general attack on Dr. Johnson and the Charities Commission, in which personal and official grievances against Dr. Johnson were aired generally. Mrs. M. M. Johnson said she understood that Dr. Johnson intended to have Mrs. Nedra, wife of Nedra, May, appointed for organizing a charity card party at a local hotel without a permit from the

INCORPORATIONS.

Leader Manufacturing Company, Incorporators C. A. Nicholas, W. M. Beiderman, capital stock \$100,000; F. G. Beiderman, \$40,000; Planer Machine Company, Incorporators B. Z. Vilson, D. W. Natz, George E. Clarke, Rufus R. Bowden and Myrtle Vilson, capital stock \$100,000, subscribed \$6.

MOTHER CHARGE.

After she had married Christopher J. Reynolds March 23, 1914, Mrs. Nona Reynolds alleges in an annulment suit filed yesterday that she discovered his true name is Christopher J. Chapman, and that he had a wife living from whom he was separated legally.

Mr. Chapman is said to be living in the northern part of the State.

After this discovery, Mrs. Reynolds says she left her husband. She claims the man is dishonest and his maiden name, Nona Coop, restored.

The suit was filed by Attorney James R. Choate, who says the defendant is employed in one of the local iron works.

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THE HAMBURGER STORY GIRL.

Always your friend,

"THE HAMBURGER STORY GIRL."

At the City Hall.

RAILWAY TO RAISE FUNDS.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HOPES TO ELEVATE TRACKS.

President Shoup to Report on Finances for Terminal Improvements Within Sixty Days and Hearing Before Utilities Board is Continued.

President Shoup of the Pacific Electric Railway Company assured the Public Utilities Board yesterday that within six days he will have a sample of the desired union which the firemen will wear while working around the warehouses. They will cost about \$1.25 a suit.

CITY WILL SUE FIRE DAMAGED.

The Fire Commission yesterday asked the City Attorney to bring suit for damages against the Pacific Electric Railway because of a collision between an automobile and a Pacific Electric freight train at Twenty-ninth and Central avenue Tuesday morning. The report of Capt. Tolerton was to the effect that the freight train was running only five miles an hour.

The Fire Commission was informed by the Public Utilities Board that although passenger trains may pass at four miles an hour, the company is liable for damage in case of collision.

ON THE KROONLAND.

War Veteran and President of Insurance Company En Route to This City.

Gen. R. Dale Benson, president of the Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company and director of many trust companies and railroads, is due here the 13th inst. on the liner Kroonland, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Benson, and son, R. L. Hill, director of the automobile hose wagon, was unable to stop although he was running only five miles an hour.

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MORE ENFORCE.

The Kroonland is due here on the morning of the 13th inst. en route to New York on its return trip the 26th inst. Former President and Mrs. William Howard Taft are among those who have taken reservations for the east-bound trip.

SUFFRAGE LEADER HERE.

Active Spirit in Planned Convention of Women Voters to En Route to San Francisco.

A prominent national figure in the fight for equal suffrage, Miss Elsie Hill, with her father, Congressman E. J. Hill of Connecticut, is visiting relatives in Los Angeles and will leave tomorrow for San Francisco, arriving on the 14th.

The change is induced by Mayor Sebastian, who looked over perspective drawings presented by the City Electrician.

JUDGES CASE REFERRED.

In a recent case of the Police Commission, recommending amendment to the traffic ordinance with special reference to overcrowding jitney buses received by the Council yesterday and referred to the Public Safety Committee. The changes asked by the Police Commission proposed that it will be unlawful to ride on the fenders or running board of any automobile or car carrying passengers for hire.

The Police Commission's report suggesting changes in the new bill-board ordinance also went to the Public Safety Committee.

Municipalograms.

The Council yesterday directed the Board of Public Works to provide for a weekly bus service for all laborers in the street department.

Councilman Topham, who leaves on his vacation next week, will visit Chi-

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at the Western Union for Ralph H. Cameron, Mrs. J. A. L. Carson, Miss Emma F. Kaufman, R. H. Kleinman, Ruth Leech, G. A. McAleer, J. C. Pentold, Mrs. Elvira Teich and Vance Wolverton.

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PLANT THESE SWEET PEAS NOW
H. & S. New Winter Flowering Spencer Type

A magnificent strain of Winter flowering Sweet Peas, equal in length of stem and size of flower to the best late varieties. Flowers borne three and often four to the stem, with the beautiful waved form characteristic of the late Spencer sorts. Colors from pure white to dark crimson with the intervening shades of pink, rose, salmon, lavender, scarlet, etc.

Sow in early Autumn for Winter flowering, and in October for a succession of bloom preceding the late sorts. One-half an ounce of seed. Price 25c.

SWEET PEA—Mrs. William Simms. A delicate shade of salmon pink. Exquisite under artificial light. Per packet \$1.00.

SWEET PEA—Mont Blanc. The earliest pure white in cultivation. Sown in August. Driven snow. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Flamingo. Rich, lustrous crimson. The best of its shade in the early flowering varieties. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Florence Denzer. A little later in blooming than the variety Mont Blanc. Pure white in color. Being late, it extends the flowering season several weeks. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Le Marquis. A lovely shade of deep violet blue. It offers a splendid contrast to the light colored sorts. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Earliest of all. One of the oldest of the early Sweet Peas and still one of the best. Pure white and rich rose. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Mrs. A. Wallace. In separate color sorts there is nothing better than this beautiful lavender colored variety. Per packet 15c.

\$1.00 SPECIAL OFFER \$1.00

The above prices are our regular catalogue prices. For this week we will mail you one package of each of the above separate named varieties, and a half-ounce package of our new, giant orchid-flowering strain for \$1.00. Our regular catalogue price on these, if purchased separately, would be \$1.30 for the set.

\$5.00

Old Days
MAY NOVELTY ROSES!
ALL NOTABLY SMART,
WINTER CLOUDS ARE
WHICH ARE IN
WEAR LONG AND WELL

Prices, \$8.50
IN NOVELTY COLOURS ARE
LARGE AND WHICH ARE IN
WEAR LONG AND WELL

Old Days
MAY NOVELTY ROSES!
ALL NOTABLY SMART,
WINTER CLOUDS ARE
WHICH ARE IN
WEAR LONG AND WELL

Magnificent Novelty Roses

Should you be interested in adding some exceptionally fine novelty Roses to the collection which you already have, we call your attention to the following six superb sorts. These varieties have not been offered in Southern California before except by ourselves. We have had them on trial for the past two years at our trial grounds, subjecting them to rigid tests to determine their value for planting in California gardens. We have found them to be of excellent character and quality, distinct in colors, free blooming etc. If you want something good try them.

MRS. WALLACE H. ROWE—A superb flower of wonderful size and substance. The color is a splendid shade of deep pink. It is ideal in shape both in bud and expanded bloom. The petals are of thick velvety texture. Among recent novelties which we have tried out we regard this as one of the finest and one we can recommend to every lover of fine Roses.

Price each \$1.00

EARL OF GOSFORD—One of the finest dark crimson Roses ever introduced. A strong vigorous grower not unlike Ulrich Brunner in habit of growth, and well furnished at all seasons with glorious dark crimson flowers. It is intensely fragrant, free of mildew and a rose which will prove a worthy addition to any garden.

Price each \$1.00

GRANGE COLOMBE—This elegant free blooming variety recently introduced from France marks a great advance in light colored Roses. The buds are long and pointed with petals of enormous width and substance. The color is a delightful shade of crimson on yellow shading lighter at the tips of the petals, and merging at the base into a creamy white. It is not very double but is absolutely unsurpassed in the bud form as cut flower.

Price each \$1.00

OPHELIA—A new English Rose of superlative beauty and worth. It is one of the most remarkably free blooming varieties in all of the new ones which we have. The buds are ideal as to shape, being long

and pointed, produced on the ends of long stems with the crops of flowers following each other in constant succession during its blooming period. This variety has made its appearance in the Eastern cut flower market and has captivated the general public with its beauty.

Price each \$1.00

MAD. EDOUARD HERMOTT—A sensational Rose which won the \$500 trophy given by the London Daily Mail at the great International Horticultural Exposition held in London two seasons ago. The color is absolutely novel, being a superb shade of coral red shaded with golden yellow, and passing as the flower ages to rosy scarlet and shrimp pink. We have had this magnificent novelty under test for some time to determine its value for Southern California. It is all that is claimed for it in merit. The flowers stand out distinct from anything you have ever had in your collection. We have only a very limited number of plants to offer at the present time, but these are strong two year old balled stock, and will give you an abundance of flowers this coming Autumn.

Price each \$1.00

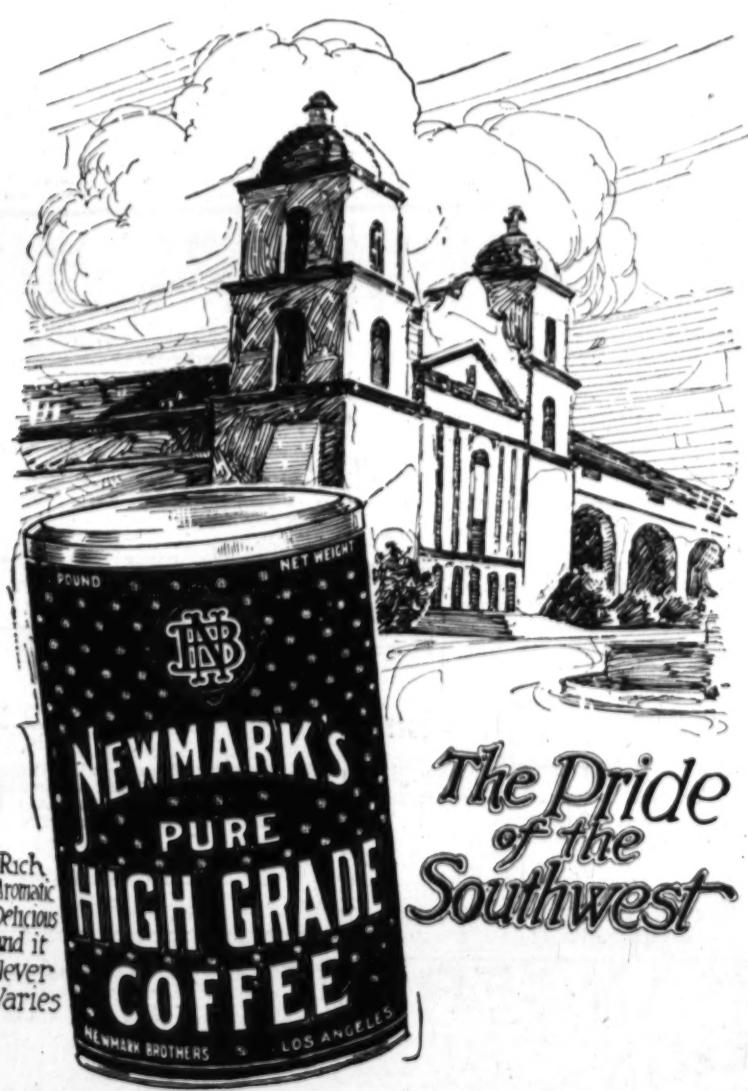
MRS. GEO. SHAWYER—Probably one of the largest and most striking pink Roses yet introduced. The buds are simply perfect as to form, mammoth in size, expanding to glorious blooms of splendid form and substance. Remarkably free for such a large Rose. One of the strongest growers we have yet found.

Price each 75c

Howard & Smith
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NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
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SPECIAL OFFER.

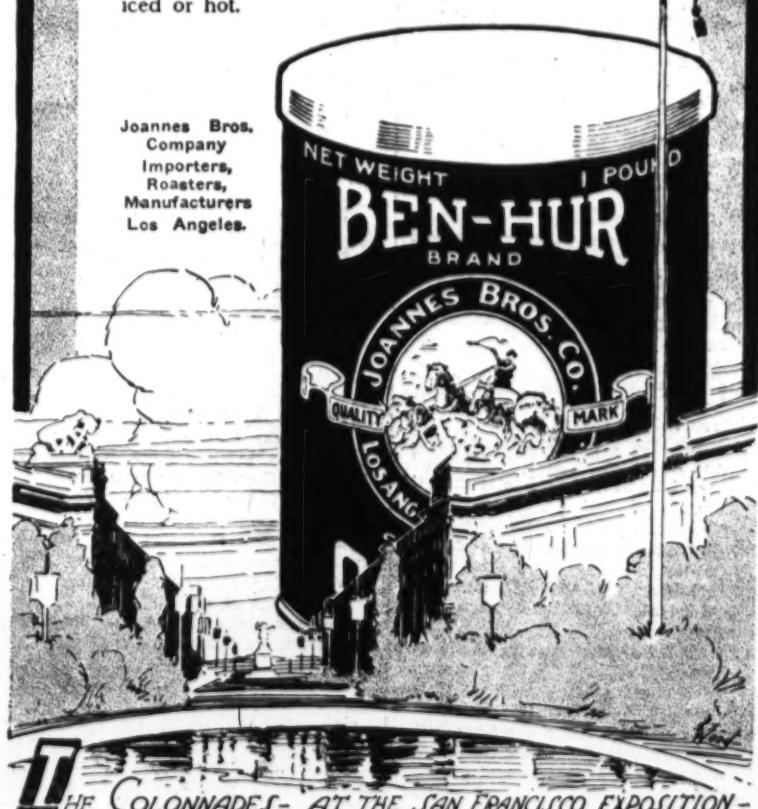
One strong, balled plant of each of the above six varieties for \$5.00. Do not overlook this offer. They are especially fine.



—for Your Auto Party

For your noon-day lunch a Thermos filled with iced Coffee. And for the outdoor supper your Thermos filled with steaming hot Ben Hur. It is steel cut, chaffless, dustless and a perfect beverage whether served iced or hot.

Joannes Bros.
Company
Importers,
Roasters,
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Los Angeles.



THE COLONNADES - AT THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION -

Amid the Young Turks.

By Eugene Brown.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY (THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

18th Year—New Series. Single Copies, by mail or at
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Jan. 6, 1912; May 31, 1912; March 27, 1915.

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information, brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

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Californian in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is devoted to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 100,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

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To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable; otherwise the return is not guaranteed. Enclosed as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1873.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Average Week-end Output, exceeding 100,000.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

THEY say that more visitors will come out West this winter than have yet arrived during the fair year. It would be gratifying to have both fairs continue until next spring, but Los Angeles will be here just the same whether they remain open or closed.

A LOS ANGELES immigration inspector has for the third time refused the important post of deputy Vice-Consul at Shanghai. There doesn't seem to be money enough to tempt Mr. Nardini to swap Southern California for China, even temporarily.

SARAH BERNHARDT has made her first public appearance since the amputation of her leg. Los Angeles is particularly glad of her recovery, because it was from an automobile accident near Santa Monica that her trouble originated.

LOS ANGELES people who have been to the exposition at San Francisco are almost jealous of Canada. The Canadians have a wonderful agricultural and fruit exhibit. It looks as if their apples could not be beaten in all the world.

WHEN Dustin Farnum was posed in a big picture called "The Iron Strain" they found plenty of Alaskan scenery for him within fifteen miles of Los Angeles. Southern California is nothing if not versatile.

IT is the luck of Los Angeles to have a large colony of Scandinavians. When one sees the exhibit that Sweden makes in steel and in art he begins to realize what splendid people the Scandinavians are.

Adam's Profession.

"THE earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and He has given it to man and to the sons of men as a perpetual possession. It is the inheritance of humanity. All the wealth in the world has come from the earth, and yet it is still teeming with wealth. There are the facts.

"The world owes every man a living." This is another fact. But one that Weary Willie, Dusty Dennis, Ragged Robin, Lazy Larry, Hungry Joe, nor any of that tribe catches the full meaning of. The world owes every son of man a living, and has never Welch'd on her obligations nor ever been a debtor to any human being for a single minute.

The earth owes every man a living and is at all times ready to pay her debt. But between two men a note made to secure a loan of money stipulates a particular place where the money is to be paid, and unless the creditor is on hand when the note falls due the debtor is under no obligation to go hunt him up.

That's the way with the world and its debts. It teems with wealth, but the creditor has to come and collect his debts. The world is a thing with neither hands to gather her crops, a basket to carry them in, feet to walk with, nor any other way of delivering goods. This wealth is there for every man who will to gather it, and the man who does not collect his debts has only himself to blame.

The savage lives like the beast of the field, and is simply a beast of prey. The half-civilized man just scratches the top of the ground and does not put his hands deep enough to collect the debt of wealth the earth is ready to pay. The civilized man makes the earth give up her treasures in abundant measure by cunningly-devised schemes, by great skill, patience, perseverance and enterprise.

The Lord who made the earth and the fulness thereof made men, and He made them with certain traits of character called human nature. These traits are as fundamental as the earth itself. It has been understood from the beginning among men as it has among the beasts of prey that what a man gets by his own enterprise and industry is his to enjoy. That is one of the underlying principles of human nature. The earth teems with wealth, and no man and no generation of men can exhaust it or use all that is collectable. That gloomy old philosopher Malthus many years ago cut short his morning meal, his mid-day dinner and his evening supper, under the impression that man was increasing too rapidly and that the human race must starve before many years because of the inability of the earth to pay her debts by supplying every man with the living she owed him.

The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before has an absolute right to both blades. When Mr. Bessemer invented a new way of making steel, the invention was worth first and last to the inventor \$50,000,000, and he had a right to every cent of it, because his brother men had been enriched by his invention by billions of dollars.

In little more than half a century the United States government, through the Department of Agriculture, has spent more than \$70,000,000 teaching American farmers how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. "Twelve hundred boys in the summer of 1914 added \$20,000,000 to the productive wealth of the State of Ohio." They had raised "the average yield of corn per acre from thirty-five bushels to eighty-one bushels." Jerry Moore, a boy in South Carolina, raised 228 bushels of corn on one acre of land. This was in 1910, and within three years "the corn crop of South Carolina jumped from 17,000,000 bushels a year to 50,000,000 bushels a year." The present champion for corn-growing is a boy

named Walker Lee Dunston, who in 1913 raised 232 bushels of corn on one acre at a cost of a little less than 20 cents a bushel. So the good work goes on, in corn-growing, hog-raising, and many other branches of agriculture.

We rise to ask, who has a right to this increased corn production—the boy by whose skill and industry it was brought about, or Lazy Larry or Hungry Joe who never turned a sod nor dropped a grain of corn into the ground? We pause for a reply. Where is Mr. Malthus and his theory of men starving through the welching of the earth to pay every man a living for which she is indebted to him? Again we pause for a reply, and will keep on pausing for ages to come.

Two Expositions.

IT was a great undertaking for the State of California to face the problem of financing not one world fair but two at the same time. The State is on the outer edge of the population and wealth of the country, as well as geographically.

Fortune favors the brave, and the courage of the people of the State has been amply justified. The fairs have been a great advantage to the State this year and will be of more advantage as the years pass by. They have furnished an opportunity to not thousands but millions of people to acquire a liberal education in the arts and industries of the world, and really to see more of these than if they had taken a tour around the globe.

There is a proverb which says "all the world loves a lover," and whether that is true or not, all the world loves to see courage get its own reward. The United States will rejoice greatly when it is learned all over the country that California fairs are proving an abundant success. Nearly two months of the year had passed before San Francisco opened her fair gates, and four months of the year remain. In the six months in which the Panama-Pacific Exposition has been in operation in San Francisco the gate receipts and other revenues have enabled the managers to pay off every cent of their obligations excepting the last installment, and this is to be paid off within the next month or in less time. The city undertook the payment of more than \$1,000,000, and by the middle of September the managers will be able to hold a jubilee and burn their notes, contracts or whatever form of paper represented the obligation shouldered by that courageous people.

It is the western spirit that dared the stupendous task, and it is the American spirit that has justified the courage of the Californians.

The War and After.

NO man can have a sore toe and not be uncomfortable in every fiber of his body. A pimple on a man's nose often makes his heart sick. So it is with war among the human race. No two nations can get into a quarrel, nor one nation into civil war, without affecting every member of the whole family of nations.

The greatest war that ever cursed humanity has been raging in Europe now for thirteen months. It involves more people, larger armies, with more numerous and larger cannon, and in every way with larger expense in blood and money, than any war that ever the human race suffered from. And the whole world is affected by this struggle. Every nation on earth feels it, and many of them are suffering more than Job with all his boils.

The question uppermost in the minds of all intelligent men today is how long the war will last, what other nations will be engaged in it, and what will be its effects on the industries and commerce of the world when it is over. England's debt today amounts to \$9,000,000,000, and if the war lasts

another year it may be \$15,000,000,000. The debts of the countries generally engaged in the war must run to \$15,000,000,000 now, and if the war lasts another year they may reach \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000,000.

How they are going to pay it nobody can foresee. The people in all the countries are pouring every dollar of treasure they have into the war budget, enthusiastically, if not cheerfully. Governments are impersonal things and have nothing to pay with and therefore can not pay. The people must tax themselves, and the beggar having nothing to pay taxes on will bear none of the burden. In other words the creditors who are giving this money to the government must pay it back to themselves during the next half-century. Possibly it will take them a century to do it. It is just taking it out of one pocket and putting it back into the other.

Great Britain's natural gain in normal times measured by the excess of exports over imports amounts to about \$2,000,000,000. At this rate she could pay off her debt, even if the war should last another year and her obligations should amount to as much as we have guessed, by using all her natural gain in a matter of seven or eight years. Of course this will not be done, nor will it be possible. If the debt of Great Britain is reduced in twenty-five years to where it was when the war began it will be a wonder.

The question is as to the effect the war is going to have in changing the currents of commerce and the centers of industry. In our opinion the effect in this line will be very small. Industries center where population is thickest, and commerce goes and comes to and from the most populous nations in proportion to their wealth. The great mass of population and the great accumulations of wealth will still lie close to the shores of Western Europe, and there the industries will center, and there the commerce will come and go.

There will be some shifting of the commerce of the world and of the industries of it by the war, but not radical. For the first five months of the war all commerce and industries were in chaos, but since then things have adjusted themselves, and while the United States is gaining in commerce largely, it is not radical. The American for August gives statistics for the first six months of the current year showing the trend of trade in and out of this country. The imports from January to June showed a falling off of from nearly 60 per cent. to 64½ per cent. The exports showed increases each month of from 133 per cent. to 150 per cent. This between our country and European countries.

Our trade with South America showed a decrease of nearly 95 per cent. one month to an increase of 153 per cent. another month, the general trend being a large increase. The exports of these countries showed a decrease of nearly 77 per cent. to an increase of 181 per cent. Here again the general trend was a great increase.

From Asia the imports showed decreases of nearly 62 per cent. to an increase of 125 per cent., the general trend being below normal. The exports showed from a little over 89 per cent. decrease to 188 per cent. increase, the general trend being a large increase.

From Oceanica the imports for the worst month showed a falling off of nearly 43 per cent., and for the best month an increase of 164 per cent., most of the months showing a handsome increase. The exports to this section of the world showed at the worst a falling off of a little more than 86 per cent., and for the best an increase of 128 per cent., one month being normal and four showing increases. The same conditions prevail through Africa in the main as in Oceanica.

South American trade shows the greatest changes. From Argentine the imports for the six months in 1914

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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

Are We Ready?

While we're longing for redemption,
From the life that seem to be,
We should purify our thought-home,
For the Guest we long to see.

Do we tell the flesh that irks us
'Tis a fleeting, mortal sense;
And believe God's Word, once uttered,
Has all-power, Omnipotence?

Have we truly tried to live as
Jesus taught upon the Mount?
Do we daily work steadfastly—
One by one our mercies count?

Have we lost self-condemnation?
Looked at thought and not at deed?
Do we really trust our Father
To supply our every need?

Do we thrust out thoughts that hinder;
Voice no error; have no fear?
Stand expectant—He is coming!
Lo! The Healing Thought is here.

ALICE HARRIMAN.

Complete Works of Caesar.

When Caesar took an eastward ride and grabbed the Gauls of Rome,
What was the first thing that he did to make them feel at home?
Did he increase the people's loads and liberty forbid?
No; he dug in and built good roads—that's what old Caesar did.

Did Caesar put the iron heel upon the foe-man's breast?
Or did he try to make them feel that Roman rule was best?
What did he do, to make them glad he came their lands amid?
He built good roads in place of bad—that's what old Caesar did.

He built good roads from hill to hill, good roads from vale to vale;
He ran a good roads movement till old Rome got all the kale.
He told the folks to buy a home, build roads their ruts to rid,
Until all roads led up to Rome—that's what old Caesar did.

If any town would make itself the center of the map,
Where folks would come and settle down and live in plenty's lap,
If any town its own abodes of poverty would rid,
Let it go out and build good roads—just as old Caesar did.

—[From the town report of Stockbridge, Mass.]

Battle Sleep.

Somewhere, O sun, some corner there must be
Thou visitest where down the strand
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea
From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard bloom the roof trees stand.
The brown sheep graze along the bay,
And through the apple boughs above the sand
The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day
To the low arch of twilight's close,
And, just as night about the moon grows gray,

One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scathless wing

Forever moving through the fiery hall,
To flame seared lids the cooling vision bring,
And let some soul go seaward with that sail.

—[Edith Wharton, in the Century.]

The Pedomania.

A man with a spirit and foot like a cork,
Walked down from Vancouver, B. C., to New York.
He had never a roof but his battered old hat,
But he gets five thousand dollars for hiking like that,
Which is pretty good pay for an overland stroll
With a city like Gotham the Gay for a goal:
But hereafter, no doubt, when he travels so far
He will sit at the wheel of a racy new car.
But Dora, the debutante fair, whose delight
Is to kick up her little French heels every night,
And trip through the maze of the maxixe all day
Between cocktails and tea in her pot cabaret,
Who tangoes her number two slippers to shreds
While other folks sleep in their comfortable beds.
Whose life is a fox trot from dansante to ball,
Dances double the distance for nothing at all.
—[Minna Irving, in New York Sun.]

A City Smithy.

Outside my office window ledge
That skirts a narrow street,
Where shabby walls of ancient brick
And dangling clotheslines meet,
A sooty vulcan plies his sledge
On anvil at a farrier trick.

The distant roar of urban din
Assails the patient ears,
The children's cry, a stray dog's bark,
And all the sounds one hears
At ebb and flow, as waves roll in,
Until the day grows dark.

And yet that smithy's iron chant
Struck with a craftsman's art
Brings memory of a village green
That lures the wandering heart
With a fair vision of a haunt
Youth's idleness has seen.
—[Findlay Sackett, in New York Sun.]

At General Grant's Tomb.
Upon the river's silver tide
The warships, stern and gray
At anchor patiently abide
The word to go or stay.

Perchance within the marble tomb
Where stately columns soar,
A spirit troubleth in the gloom
For the old days once more.

Perchance a warrior lying cold
With sword in mailed hand,
Sees what dark clouds of doubt enfold
His well beloved land.

Soldier, from chariots of the sun
Still may thy spirit lead,
And may thy mantle fall upon
One worthy to succeed!

Let not the vision pass away,
Nor thy strong influence cease,
Till, foul wrong righted, we may say
With thee, "Let us have peace!"
—[M. E. Buehler, in New York Sun.]

[Kansas City Journal:] "I heard you caught a forty-pound catfish in your gillnet."
"We did."
"Make much of a fuss?"

"Tore the net all to shred. For a while we thought we had snared a submarine."

[Houston Post:] "Why so sad and downcast?"
"My wife has threatened to leave me."
"Cheer up; women are always threatening something like that, but they hardly ever do it."

"That's what I was thinking."

HUMOR.

[Buffalo Express:] "Is this a first-class postoffice?" inquired the stranger.
"It's as good as you'll find in these parts," retorted the native with justifiable local pride.

[Judge:] "Them are nice folks you waited on, Mamie, ain't they?"
"No, no, dear! Appearances is deceitful. They didn't have no charge account. Paid cash for everything."

[New York Globe:] Magician: I can read minds.
Engineer: You ken? Ken you read mine?
Magician: Certainly.
Engineer: Why don't you hit me, then?

[New York Sun:] Girl (reading letter from brother at the front:) John says a bullet went right through his hat without touching him.

Old Lady: What a blessing he had his hat on, dear.

[London Mail:] Teacher: Yes, the ruler of Russia is called the Czar. Now, what is the ruler of Germany called?

Young Bill: Please, miss, I know what my father called him, but I don't like to tell you.

[Punch:] Goldsmith: Would you like any name or motto engraved on it, sir?

Customer (who has chosen an engagement ring:) Ye-yes-um, Augustus to Irene.
And ah—look here, don't ah—look here, don't ah—cut Irene very deep.

[Philadelphia Record:] "What's your idea of an honest man?"

"An honest man," replied Mr. Kimp, "is one who likes the same music in private that he says he likes when his wife is giving a musical evening."

[Browning's Magazine:] "Where're you living now, Podgers?"

"Nowhere. Boarding at the same old place."

[Judge:] Hokus: Closefist claims that when charity is needed he is always the first to put his hand in his pocket.

Pokus: Yes, and he keeps it there till the danger is over.

[Buffalo Express:] "Jiggs has a hoard of useless information."

"In what respect?"

"He is considered an authority on international law."

[Chicago News:] Miss Sweetleigh: Me marry you? Why, you're old enough to be my father.

Mr. Oldtime: Far from it. But I'll admit that you seem young enough to be my daughter.

[Lehigh Burr:] She: Why do they paint the inside of a chicken coop?

He: To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood.

Oxweld Welding and Cutting Supplies

Our rods, wire and fluxes are the VERY BEST obtainable for the price and quality.

GET A TRIAL ORDER.

Oxweld Acetylene Company
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CANCERS

& TUMORS cured. Written **Guarantee.**
No knife, no pain, no pay until cured.
\$1000 if I fail. 120-PAGE BOOK
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CONTINUOUS FLOW PAPER TUBE

GOODLUM MURTEEA.

Saturday, September 4, 1915.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

AMONG THE MANY WHO HAD UNWILLINGLY

GIVEN \$10,000. JOURNAL.

REWARD OF \$6000 FOR HIS CAPTURE. L. W. HILL

SEARCHED A COMMUNION TOWNSHIP, CALIFORNIA

TO LOCATE THE SUSPECTED ROBBERS.

SEARCHED THE BOUNDARIES OF CALIFORNIA

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[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Joaquin Murrieta.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY)

reward of \$5000 for his capture, "I will give \$10,000, Joaquin."

Among the many who had unavailingly sought to capture Joaquin was Harry Love of Los Angeles, an express messenger of the Mexican War. Finally, in May of 1853, he secured a commission from the State to capture the bandit chief, and promptly he set upon the long trail with a small number of picked men, among them, Lieut. Byrnes. Stealthily the experienced Love trailed. Joaquin had had traitors with him. Pancho Daniel, he whom they hung in Los Angeles several years later, had deserted with a woman of the band and they, fearing for their lives, had told much that should aid in the capture of the famous outlaw. For months Capt. Love followed a trail that carried him to San Jose, then down the Coast through the Benito Valley country and, finally, across Salinas Valley to the mountains on the eastern side. Here he saw Mexican horsemen streaming through the untraveled passes, who told him they were going to capture mustangs in the Tulare region. And Love followed until he came to the Arroyo Cantoosa, where she saw a great array of horsemen gathered. At last he had reached the back of his man, but, in the face of numbers, he rode aloof and waited. Soon he saw that the bandits, for these men were that he felt certain, separated—some going to the north and a few to the south, and, dispatching some of the rangers to the northern trail, he followed the south.

Three months before that three men had stopped one evening at a ranch house in the Salinas Valley. They had demanded refreshments, which were cheerfully given. They were asked if they had seen the famous Joaquin. One of them said: "I am that Joaquin, and no man shall take me alive."

Joaquin kept his word. Love came upon the bandits' camp one July morning by following a distant circle of rising smoke. Ere the alarm of the lookout, who saw them from the brow of a hilltop, could prepare them for resistance, Love and his rangers rode between the desperadoes and their horses. One of them, an elegant fellow with diamonds on his fingers, was washing down a superb bay horse with a pan of water. Love asked one of them where they were going and he responded, "To Los Angeles."

Another of the band gave another reply on being asked the same question. At this the man washing down the horse said, "I command here; address yourself to me!"

It was Joaquin at bay. At the same instant Lieut. Byrnes, who knew the bandit leader, came up and, Joaquin, knowing he would be recognized, swung with a bound to the bare back of the horse beside him. With a great bound the animal was off like the wind. A short distance away he leaped over a precipice twelve feet high, violently throwing his rider, who, however, in an instant was again upon the rising animal's back. Joaquin would have again had his liberty, for he was fast getting beyond reach of the pursuing rangers when a well-aimed bullet killed the horse from under him. Afoot the race was futile, and as three shots from the rangers' pistols entered his body he sank to the ground. As the blood left his features he raised his hand. "It is enough; the work is done," and he passed out.

They brought his head to San Francisco that it might be shown that this greatest of outlaws had been done to death at last, but there were those who long afterward vowed Joaquin still lived.

Life.

Have I yearned and suffered and called in vain?

"What is your own you cannot lose," Sang the roses out in the rain.

I, the lover of life, have missed the Light! "The Light is above, above and within you," Sang the stars of the misty night.

Though I search the Light it is night and I die

"They cannot die—the children of Light," Sang the hills to the far blue sky.

I suffer and out of my pain I cry!

"There is not that can harm the Spirit of Life

Sang the winds in the storm clouds high.

—[Clara Moorman, in September Nautilus.

Yaqui Indian Outbreaks.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.)

A telephone warning was sent to all the outlying ranches and the telephone receiver was left hanging so that those at the company headquarters at Esperanza could hear the mele, but the Indians shrewdly cut the wire before making the attack. However, the Bronchos didn't anticipate the fusillade that welcomed them. Well-directed rifle fire came from all points of the ranch, and after a few hours of spirited fighting, the band withdrew, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. Sheldon and Jones escaped injury but several of their peons were killed.

This reception undoubtedly kindled a desire for vengeance in the Yaqui nation, but no further attacks upon the settlers were again made until May 10, when reports were received in the valley that the Indians were again on the warpath and had crossed the Yaqui River at a place called Torim. A telephone warning was immediately sent through the settlement, scattered over three hundred thousand acres of land, and all methodically prepared for an attack. The Hammond ranch reported the band as it passed through but it made a wide detour of the scene of the previous fight and then continued on its way into the lower valley.

Deaths of Donivan and Wilson.

Two Americans, J. J. Donivan and Charles Wilson, receiving the warning decided they would make an effort to recover a plow that had been left some distance away. The mission apparently had been successfully accomplished and the two men came bouncing homeward over the rough road when a volley of bullets greeted them as they passed an old, vacated, adobe ranch-house situated about ten feet from the road. Donivan fell from the wagon. The mule team leaped forward on the dead gallop, swaying the wagon from side to side. Crash! Into a telephone pole went the wagon throwing Wilson into the roadside. When found, both bodies had been mutilated and the clothes had been stripped from Wilson and carried off.

An appeal was immediately sent for military assistance, and a small detachment of Mexican soldiers was ordered up from Fundicion. The soldiers were augmented by a company of Americans and the entire party started on the trail of the Indians. About four miles had been covered when the expedition ran into an ambush. Three Mexican officers and ten men were killed and twelve wounded of the 130 soldiers, and of the American contingent, W. A. Fay was killed. The remainder of the party withdrew to the small town of Yaqui, where another appeal was made to the military authorities for help, but the soldiers refused to operate against the Indians—remaining at a point twenty miles away.

The Americans were offered a safe escort to a place of safety out of the valley by the Villa military commander, but they refused absolutely to leave their farms. The day following this attack the Indians left the valley, leaving behind the remains of twenty warriors.

Showing their determination to destroy everything completely, the savages on June 11 again entered the American settlement and attacked the abandoned town of Yaqui, burning all the buildings, carrying off as much telephone wire as they could gather together after chopping down and burning all the telephone poles in the vicinity.

This rapid series of outrages caused the Governor of Sonora to start in motion the squeaking wheels of his military machine, but as most of his troops are Yaqui Indians, the settlers do not expect much relief.

Resolute Americans.

The farmers on the outlying districts, with few exceptions, abandoned their homes immediately following the numerous raids and withdrew to the more thickly populated section of the valley, where the company permitted them to occupy other blocks of land. The exceptions were Jones and Sheldon, on block ninety, four miles to the nearest neighbor, and another American named H. F. Bruss, who lives five miles to the nearest neighbor.

Bruss is the type of man that you would expect Daniel Boone to have been—absolutely fearless and a typical frontiersman. Like the other foreign settlers in the valley, his home is virtually an arsenal. Rifles are kept in racks on the wall ready for instant use, and a row of short-barreled shotguns rest near at hand. When asked what the shotguns were for, the reply was quickly forth-

coming: "Oh! We will use them when they make the final rush."

All the adobe houses in the American settlement are fitted with loop-holes and most of them are equipped with a loop-hole observation tower over which is hung branches of trees to obscure the holes from an approaching enemy.

When asked what preparations had been made to prevent a surprise attack by night, Bruss said:

"You see, I've found they don't like to operate at night, but as a precaution, I've rigged up a shotgun signal with a trap-line, knee high, running along in that part of the block that I expect they will attack from."

"I had a good scare one night, though," he said as he took the cigar from his mouth and rammed his thumbs, chest high, under his suspenders, and his eyes sparkled with glee. "The shotgun signal brought me to with a jump, and I grabbed my rifle and prepared for business."

"The night was blacker than pitch and I just peered out through the loop-holes, imagining I could see all the Bronchos of the nation. My every nerve was keyed up, but there wasn't another sound. So after a bit, I started out to investigate and what do you suppose I found?"

"Well," he said, "one of my darned old milk cows crossed the line and I found her lying there all tangled up in the fool thing."

One ranchhouse, that of Mr. Grigsby, has a barricade constructed of bags of wheat piled high, with loose grain thrown in behind upon which to stretch out and fire. This, like the other farms, showed every evidence of being prepared, not only to repel an attack, but to withstand a siege.

Without exception, all of the foreign settlers state positively that under no circumstances will they leave their property, but will make a determined stand and fight to the last; and this they state without bluster or brag, but with a determination that is evinced by their every action.

The principal complaint against the Mexican State appears to be the fact that the troops are not permitted to take the offensive against the Indians, due to fear or other causes. But when it is taken into consideration that practically the entire army of Sonora is composed of Yaqui Indians their lack of spirit when operating against men of their own nation can better be appreciated.

The Troubles of the Railroads.

The foreign settlers are not alone experiencing serious losses at the hands of the Indians. The Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico, although a Mexican corporation, is actually a part and continuation of the American system of the same name, and runs from Nogales, Ariz., south through the States of Sonora and Sinaloa, into the territory of Tepic, and is projected to eventually run on to Guadalajara, Jalisco, the richest State of the Mexican republic.

At Empalme, a town built on the outskirts of Guaymas, the railroad company has erected an extensive plant with yards and shops, representing an outlay of \$10,000,000, and intended to take care of all the rolling stock of the Mexican system.

Under the Diaz regime little trouble was experienced from the Yaquis, but during the present revolution, the Indians have burned bridges, ambushed work trains, cut telegraph lines and committed depredations of a similar nature, when least expected. These attacks, the Indians claim, are merely part of their campaign to eventually drive the foreigners from the tribe lands, especially the rich Yaqui Valley, where the company contemplated extending a spur into the agricultural belt now being developed by the American settlement.

The necessity for maintaining open lines of communication has compelled the controlling military factions to afford the railroad more protection than has been given the foreign settlers, but this has been, as a rule, inadequate, as the lack of funds and organization has made it impossible for the factions to carry on a systematic campaign.

This year, finding but little active opposition, the Indians have become bolder in their tactics. The first casualty occurred February 25, when Jean Cameron, an American lineman, returning to Empalme alone on a small gasoline work car, was run into a siding unexpectedly at the village of Corral in the Yaqui Valley. Thinking that the switch had been thrown by some section-hand, Cameron ran back on the main line and then went forward to set the switch, but before he could accomplish this, a volley was fired from the thick chaparral. The

clothes were stripped from the body and the car rolled into the ditch and burned.

Since then, railroad men have ceased to operate singly and the military authorities have sent out guards on all of the work trains. These guards, however, have, like the rest of the troops, lacked spirit. A work train was attacked at a small town in the valley June 15 and two Americans were wounded and of the train guard two were killed and eleven wounded. One of the Americans wounded, W. E. Bach, who served as a sergeant in the American cavalry during the operations of our army against the Apaches in Arizona, in speaking of the attack, said, as he gesticulated with his bandaged right hand, which had been shattered by a Yaqui bullet:

"The soldiers simply lacked nerve and the Lieutenant in charge lay flat on the car floor, behind a pile of iron rails, plumb scared to death, and during the entire fight he never uttered a sound."

Relief Train Attacked.

On Sunday, June 20, a relief train, with a guard of eighty soldiers, was sent out from Empalme to rescue a construction party that had been cut off while repairing a bridge across the Yaqui River near Corral. No opposition was encountered until a brickyard on the outskirts of the Indian village of Jori was approached. By good fortune, five warriors showed their heads from behind a pile of bricks that had been thrown up to form a breastwork. The train was immediately stopped and the guard disembarked. Seeing this, the Indians swarmed on to the track and a lively battle followed, as the train backed off to a safe distance, leaving the soldiers to show their metal.

Twenty-seven of the guard were killed, twenty-four wounded and twenty-two reported missing. The Indians then withdrew and after picking up the wounded and the few remaining members of the guard, the train returned to Empalme, abandoning the expedition.

Admiral Howard made his appearance with a strong expeditionary force of marines and bluejackets aboard the cruiser Colorado at Guaymas, on the evening of this attack, but since his arrival the Indians have either withdrawn to the mountains or are apparently peaceful citizens.

After an interview with the admiral, the military commandant of Guaymas dispatched a relief train with a guard of 250 soldiers and rescued the construction gang, but the train was not molested. A garrison was also sent into the valley to protect the settlers and again peace and quiet reigns, but for how long, is a question highly problematical.

To Admiral Thomas Benton Howard, commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, has fallen the duty of pacifying the Indians in the most diplomatic manner possible and, besides his years of experience, he is equipped for the task with a 15,000-ton cruiser and a regiment of marines and bluejackets; but the present is but the latest of many Indian questions along the West Coast of Mexico and the cessation of hostilities upon the admiral's arrival in the troubled district would indicate his coming had been heralded to all the tribe.

The Yaqui is a highly sensitive creature and ability is required in handling him. Fair and square treatment must be given and consideration shown, but firmness must be ever evident.

During the attack on Mazatlan when so many of the Indians were wounded, the medical force of the flagship was landed for the sake of humanity. Wounds were dressed and medical necessities were supplied to hundreds of warriors. This, apparently, was highly appreciated, for after the capture of the city the chief of the Indians sent word to the admiral requesting an interview. A time was promptly set and the chief appeared unaccompanied aboard the flagship, and to the admiral set forth the ambitions of the Yaqui nation.

This friendly interview proved of real value, for when a second expedition of 700 Indians was sent to the French mining town of Santa Rosalia, Lower California, immediately after the Indian mutiny at that place, the same Indian chief found Admiral Howard in port to welcome him. A conference was arranged and after a thorough discussion, the chief decided that the logical procedure would be to abandon operations in Lower California, and to the surprise of the populace, the army of warriors set sail for Guaymas next morning and since that sixteenth day of October, 1914, Santa Rosalia has enjoyed a period of peace and quiet.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

[Saturday, September 4, 1912.]



DEAR FRIENDS, your Eagle has never been able to decide in a manner satisfactory to his own mind how long you have been on this earth. According to the cosmogony of Moses, or rather of Bishop Ussher, accepted by nearly everybody until quite recently, our stay on earth is not more than 6000 years. But nobody any longer believes in the Mosaic cosmogony, alias Ussher's chronology, any more than they do in Milton's theology, including his hierarchy of heaven. This, by the way, is responsible for as much, if not more, of your conception of the Christian religion as the Bible itself is.

Going into the records of the rocks you have never been able to decide satisfactorily for yourselves the age of the earth. Archaeologists, especially those very learned in Egyptian lore, tell us that there are civilizations buried under the sands of the Nile successively, the lowest one yet reached indicating the existence of man at least 10,000 years ago. The geologists put the age of man at hundreds of thousands of years at least, and running up into millions of years.

For the Eagle's purpose at this time it is unnecessary to solve these puzzles, and reach any definite conclusion. It is accepted by all whose intelligence entitles them to any consideration whatsoever that you have been on the earth at least 10,000 years. That is quite long enough as a basis for the thoughts in the Eagle's mind.

Conceding that you have been here 10,000 years, surely you ought to have learned how to think clearly, how to reason to proper conclusions and not go very far astray.

You have reached this stage of thought on many subjects, but you are as far away as the brute creation in other lines of thought. You are just as illogical as children, some of you as much so as puppies, kittens, calves, or even geese of tender years. Do not misunderstand the Eagle. He never "knocks" his superiors, primarily for the reason that he admires you humans with all but an unlimited admiration. Note, all but, not quite. Whenever he expresses any criticism adverse to you it is always done kindly and for your own good. Let your Eagle say that he is often perfectly amazed at your utter lack of clear reasoning or the power of consecutive thought leading you to just and fair conclusions. You are as blind as kittens 3 days old.

Down in Georgia the other day a mob, made crazy by race prejudice and misled by some influence or other, took a wretch out of jail and lynched him. This is the trouble. When prejudice or passion gets into your mind it acts on you like strong drink and puts your reasoning powers to sleep or drives them out into limitless space where they are no good.

The lynching of Leo Frank was bad enough. Every man engaged in it was guilty of murder. They were well-known citizens and it is no guess but a practical certainty that hundreds, if not thousands, of men and women in the community know just who the murderers are. They will never be discovered to justice and never be punished, for the reason that the whole community is bereft of reason in the matter, and peace officers, the judiciary and the executive officers of the community do not want to find out, and would not if they could. This is not all through prejudice. A good deal of it comes from cowardly, despicable lack of courage that does not dare to face public opinion, although the cowards know that public opinion is utterly wrong.

Your Eagle says the murder of Leo Frank was bad enough. But what awful aberration of mind must have taken possession of that whole community to permit the dredging of the tree on which the murder was committed to the community and the building of a cement wall around that tree to commemorate forever the horrible deed. Even if the perpetrators of this murder

were in part justified by having facts that would establish in absolute certainty the guilt of their victim, yet it would have been better for the community, better for the people of all the United States, and better for the aggregation of humanity, to let the memory of the deed die out and pass into oblivion as quickly as possible. It reminds the Eagle of a remark made ages ago by an Eagle type of man and preserved in the Scriptures, which runs thus: "Whose glory is in their shame."

It may be said that the community guilty of this act were not the highest types of humanity. Perhaps they were not. But let the Eagle remind you, friends, that it was not done by a lot of poor, ignorant negroes, nor poor foreigners, uneducated and lacking the high civilization you Americans boast of. They were, at the least, just average typical Americans.

But the best of you, the most exalted among you, those who have had the most advantages of school, education, of experience of life, often show perfectly amazing lack of the power of right reasoning, clear thinking, analytical reflection, such as lead you to just conclusions. No one will excuse Col. Roosevelt's aberration of mind on the ground of his being in any way degenerate, much less would the colonel plead such a condition of mind as an excuse for any act he might commit. Words, to be sure, are not acts, but they show the trend of thought just as clearly as if they were. Think you that Col. Roosevelt was right the other day, when, like the fiend on the burning mountain in the pit, after Satan and his angels had been thrust out of heaven, rising up and saying, "My voice is still for war," he clamored for an instant declaration of war against Germany? The Eagle is always for peace when peace can be had with honor, and not otherwise. Your Eagle, fellow-Americans, sees that our country may have to fight with some of those engaged in the war in Europe, or may have to go into Mexico to pacify that war-torn country. But he is for doing this as the last extremity, after the most careful consideration of the subject and after every step has been taken, short of sacrificing the honor of the country, to avoid war.

Your Eagle flatters himself that Col. Roosevelt knew what he was doing when

he criticised the President for not calling Congress together before breakfast to declare war on Germany. He thinks the influence that produced aberration of mind in the colonel's brain was the idea of bringing himself forward prominently in a way that he vainly thought would please his countrymen and advance his own political chances for the year 1916. Col. Roosevelt is a good deal like the Irishman, Maloney, in the song, who "forgot that he was dead." The American people are behind the President, almost to a man, in his reasonable, commendable efforts to preserve the peace of the country with all nations. If it comes to a breach of the peace between this country and any other they will be behind the President, to a man, on the firing line.

Then to compare small things with great, there is a fellow who wrote a letter to The Times the other day, calling all newspapers and newspapermen liars because they print perhaps flamboyant articles of the glorious climate of California. This chap, in his aberration of mind, produced by disappointment in his own ambitions, confessing that he was from Chicago, seriously called for a man from the Windy City. His experience was just this one summer, when we have not had one excessively warm day, not a shower of rain nor a puff of wind of any severity, with one day following another in calmness, quietness and general clearness. His complaint seems to have been that the climate here was too cool in summer.

He has got a bunch of articles from the papers to take back to Chicago to have them printed to set the people's minds right as to the huge joke about the Southern California climate. He forgets that there are 3,000,000 people in California who have been here as many years or as many months as he has been weeks, who are here because of the climate, and who are continually writing back to friends "in the States" lauding the climate.

Yours,

The Eagle

THE LANCER

WE SHALL MISS our charming and courteous police force. But it will soon be sheer wasteful extravagance to keep them. Once the city is happily and thoroughly tagged and every citizen is under the necessity of doing his name credit, we shall all be so good that even the nicest of policemen will be an affront to our morals.

Perhaps our police department has not seen it in this light yet, but can they really afford to make us a moral city? Even Los Angeles would hesitate to keep them for purely decorative purposes.

On the whole we think the Arkansas method of identification is better. The Town Council of Hermitage has just passed an ordinance which provides that any negro found intoxicated shall be ducked in the blue vat at the dye works.

Of course the dye works people invariably inform us that we cannot dye blue over brown—we know this to our sorrow, for we had fondly supposed that we could issue forth in a new fall navy suit in this simple and inexpensive manner—but Hermitage feels that the change of complexion will suffice, even if it doesn't turn out a seally rich ultramarine.

But the majority of our own sinning population is of another color. We might dye our immoralists a bright vermillion. If this plan were conscientiously carried out, the police would have a flaming testimonial of our need of them, and the punishment would gallantly and sympathetically fit the crime.

Many a sinner, who is amiably satisfied to pay a lordly fine, or even do a spell in the city jail, would hesitate to jeopardize his complexion to that extent. The plan would do away with the necessity for jails and prove quite a saving to the taxpayer. At present the average man will fret and fuss horribly over a mere carmine nose. With the certainty that his whole person would take on that hue, his self-control would receive considerable moral support.

Scarlet sinners! The idea appeals to our artistic instinct. Then we really should know who's who. The tag idea could never be half so illuminating. Its authors seem to think that the mere name of the proprietor over a door will inform any sweet maiden as to the morals of the house she is visiting. But really, you know, what's in a name?

We, ourselves, are quite bright and intelligent but we frankly admit that "Thomas J. Smith" neatly engraved on a tin tag over a door would not convey any idea of the morals of its inmates to our observant perspicacity. How then could it inform a fair and innocent maiden?

But, if, on the other hand, we duly marked every sinner we caught by changing his complexion to radiant hue, it would simplify matters considerably. A child could pick them out. We might do much worse than develop the Arkansas idea.

A Dollar a Room.

IN THE meantime we see an enterprising gentleman is offering to clear any room of bed bugs, roaches or other unsanitary vermin for a dollar a room. He seems to anticipate a roaring trade, which is impolite of him. Still, he tickles our vanity by assuming that none of us really like these things.

It's a matter of taste, however. I once shared a room with a Boer farmer—and sat up killing 'em all night. He was very annoyed with me. After I had gained his permission to exterminate them with carbolic acid, he said I could jolly well occupy the room to myself, as he frankly missed their company. He had been used to them all his life and felt cold and lonesome without them. The entire family marveled at

my taste, and I heard afterward that it was one of the first things they told of me.

The Boer farmer is much more hospitable than he is given credit for. But he frankly admits that a hygienic guest gets his goat.

"Big fleas have other fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em
And little fleas lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum."

And, of course, those of us who believe in the transmigration of souls can never be quite sure he won't be a flea in the next evolution. If we have expended our surplus wealth in the extermination of fleas it would be but poetic justice that we should suffer a like fate.

Those Ammunition Workers.

IT IS DREADFUL to think that the same innocent and industrious hand that makes a corset could, with equal facility, make a shrapnel bomb. Yet it seems that it is so. For when the corset-makers went on strike last week it transpired that, owing to shortage of corset hands, so many of the girls having gone over to the ammunition factory, those that remained had to work harder, and felt justified in demanding higher pay.

And the girls declared that the ammunition making was much pleasanter work, not nearly so hard, and really quite attractive. They conveyed the impression that they would all go over bodily to the ammunition factory if their demands were not granted.

A nice state of affairs, when such an intimate thing as madame's corset is in competition with shrapnel. And in France we hear that the artificial flower makers are all engaged on ammunition work now—a far cry from rosebuds to cordite.

But how about the women's peace movement and the feminist assertion that all women naturally abhor war? From all accounts they seem to be tumbling over one another to take a hand. England, Germany, France and these United States must have millions of women engaged on the deadly task—and reveling in it.

Why not Christabel?

AND THE quality of the ammunition seems to be the only thing that is above reproach in the conduct of the war. If they could only get enough of it the belligerents would be happy.

But the quality of the leadership, especially in England, leaves everything to be desired. Columns are filled in the English papers crying out for a great organizer, decisive, unswerving, unashamed. They accuse the present government over there, including the iron Kitchener, with feeble ineffectiveness, muddle, chaos.

Now there is no question that Christabel Pankhurst is a great organizer, decisive and unashamed. She succeeded in organizing nigh upon a couple of million women, supposed hitherto to have been unorganizable, and showed such appalling strategical ability that she made woman's suffrage the one live issue in Great Britain for several years, in spite of the concerted opposition of masculinity and Parliament.

There is nothing like her genius for mischief and orderly irritation in power in Great Britain today, and if the aim of a belligerent is to harass the enemy, we can't think of anyone more capable of organized unpleasantness than Christabel. Frankly militant and diabolically well posted on international law as her oft-quoted editorials prove, who knows but what she might not prove a modern Joan of Arc. Joan, knowing nothing of war, saved France. Christabel may be called upon to save England yet. And she could be relied upon to give them a run for their money.

Last a Long Time.

[Baltimore Star:] Mrs. Murphy's husband was extremely ill, so she called the doctor and then anxiously inquired as to the sufferer's state.

"I am sorry to say, madam," replied the doctor gravely, "that your husband is dying by inches."

"Well, Doctor," said Mrs. Murphy, with an air of resignation, "wan good thing is my poor husband is six feet, three in his socks, so he'll last some time yet."

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

WARM WEATHER REFRESHMENT

Fruit a Good Basis.

[New York Sun:] Fruit may make the basis of many meals in warm weather. It is used in its natural state with stems and plenty of foliage and sent to the table in quaint silver baskets, or bowls of blue and white china or Japanese ware by those who study out the coolest and most inviting effects for the home table. If kept in a refrigerator some time before serving fruit is cool enough for most tastes, but in very warm weather many persons like ice placed in direct contact with grapes, peaches and plums.

Icing Hurts Flavor.

Others object to the icing of fruit very strongly and say that cantaloupes are spoiled if ice touches the interior in the manner in which melons are usually sent to the table. Raspberries are better without either icing or washing when their condition is dry and perfect. This applies to strawberries, also, when they are selected and carefully boxed and to other fruits that come in the special cartons and boxes that keep them free from grit or soil. But in the case of the less expensive wares, which, in too many cases are displayed outside shops and on stands, washing is necessary.

THE CHILDREN.

How the Teeth Come.

[Today's Magazine:] The two lower center teeth are the heralds of the ones to follow. The next to become manifest, between the eighth and twelfth months, are the four upper center teeth. Between the twelfth and eighteenth months the other two lower and the four front double teeth appear. Then, between the eighteenth and twenty-fourth months, come the four canine teeth, the two upper being called the eye teeth, and the two lower the stomach teeth. Finally the four back double teeth pierce the gums. Therefore, at one year a baby usually has six teeth; at a year and a half, twelve teeth; at two years, sixteen teeth, and the entire twenty at the age of two and a half.

Common Mistakes.

The common idea that the molars that come through on either side of both jaws at 6 or 7 years of age are also temporary teeth, is a serious mistake. These are permanent teeth, and since they are generally the first to decay they should be closely watched, and promptly filled at the very first indication of trouble. Modern dentistry lays great stress upon the fact that it is essential that decay in even the temporary teeth should be checked with temporary fillings of cement, for otherwise the shape of the dental arches is so materially altered as seriously to interfere with the symmetrical and healthy development of the permanent teeth. It is also known that the habit of thumb or finger sucking definitely injures the shape of the arch.

THE COUNTRY HOME.

Design to Fit Site.

[Building Age:] A type of house that is suitable for almost any suburban locality is the frame house, with the exterior walls of clapboards or shingles. In building a frame house, however, it is necessary to have a design that is fitted for the site. With either clapboards or shingles, an exposed foundation of brick or stone is correct. Solid concrete, as well as the stucco finish on a wooden frame, also lend themselves to certain styles of architectural work.

Concrete and Shingles.

Another attractive combination is the first story of concrete or stucco with an upper story of shingles. A good combination is a dark red stucco lower story with green or weathered shingles above. The roof of this type of house should be tile and should be of a sloping and rambling construction so as to bring into play all the color in the roof material to offset the upper story of the house.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Gelatine Instead of Eggs.

[Indianapolis News:] When eggs are high one hesitates to make white cake, especially if she does not care to use up the Kitchen Shower for Brides.

Kitchen utensils are looked upon as a minor item of household expenditure, when, as a matter of plain fact, they are exceedingly expensive if good, desirable ware is purchased. The bride who has a kitchen shower given in her honor is exceedingly lucky, for she will be saved a good many dollars by the thoughtfulness of her hostess. The duty and pleasure of giving a bride a shower fall on the shoulders of her young girl friends, and such a party should be made a very happy and merry occasion. Originally must mark the entertainment, and a clever girl can sometimes think out a very ingenious method of giving such a party. Of course the shower idea must be uppermost, and for this reason an umbrella upturned is often used as a form of decoration. The gifts are put into this receptacle and in some novel method its contents are showered upon the bride.

NEEDLE NOTES.

Nosegay Pincushion.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Here at last is a pincushion that is really pretty! None of your ribbon-embroidered, ribbon-threaded eyelets about this dainty accessory for the dressing table. It is exactly like the old-fashioned nosegay that is coming back to its own with hoops and flowered taffetas, but instead of the central posy there is tucked a wee, silk-covered cushion that will hold as many pins as any respectable button and hook sewing lady could use in a year. And such a simple little article to make.

The "Frillier" the Better.

A small bran-filled cushion for the center, a stout wire run through this, then a ring of roses about the cushion, then a frill of fine lace—the frillier the better. The wire stems of the roses may be wound around the central wire and the whole thing wound with pink ribbon or silver braid, a loop being left near the top for hanging on dressing table or bureau. Blue-headed pins, in groups of five, suggest an inner wreath of forget-me-nots on the pin cushion itself. Commencing operations with cushions about the size of a small walnut will result in the daintiest nosegays, which, as favors for the shower luncheon, will prove both useful and attractive.

PACKING POINTS.

When Moving Rugs.

[The Mother's Magazine:] In packing rugs, when moving, I always sprinkle with powdered alum and fold a few moth balls in when rolling them. Then, if not used immediately, as is sometimes the case, there is no danger of their being destroyed by pests.

Placing Books in Cases.

To pack books in small packing cases stand the parcels on end with the edges next to the sides of the cases and the back of the bindings pointed inward, and pack them with crumpled newspapers to ease the pressure on the round part of the books, which may otherwise be pressed flat. Line the case with wrapping paper. Lay a thickness of wrapping paper over the top and fasten on the cover with screws in preference to nails. Or if nails are used take care to see that they do not slip and injure the contents.

Both Were Needed.

[Baltimore Star:] A druggist lately received a hurried call from a small girl, who desired to purchase some liniment and some cement.

"Linament and cement?" repeated the pharmacist, puzzled by the unique order.

"Going to use 'em at the same time?"

"Yes," promptly replied the youngster.

"Ma she hit pa with a pitcher."

FOR THE VERANDA.

To Steady Chinese Lanterns.

[Pictorial Review:] When using Chinese lanterns for decorative purposes, put a few handfuls of sand in the bowl-shaped bottom, around the candle. This will keep the lanterns from swaying and also tend to prevent their catching fire.

Ornamental Screen.

For piazza use an ornamental screen is invaluable, as it can be placed to shield the tea-making apparatus from the breeze and its reverse side can be fitted with hooks for holding of teacups. All projections must, however, be limited to the outer panels, as otherwise the screen would not fold easily and thereby would lose one of its chief advantages.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[New York Press:] Condensed milk is cheaper and as good as fresh milk for the making of cocoa, puddings and ice cream.

A small piece of camphor in the water in which cut flowers are put will make them last much longer.

If stockings are turned inside out when they are put with the general laundry, they will not be linty.

The efficient housekeeper knows that sharp knives save time, patience and give better results than dull ones.

When iodine is spilled on the sheets or clothing, simply soak the article in water for twenty-four hours.

A delicious drink for hot weather is made by squeezing the juice of two limes into one bottle of ginger ale.

To prevent milk from curdling when used with tomato, mix a little bicarbonate of soda before mixing the two.

A slice of potato is an excellent thing to clean white oilcloth which has become disfigured by hot cooking utensils.

There is economy in stocking the pantry with groceries that can be bought when the stores offer a few cents' reduction.

If the wire mattress becomes rusty, try rubbing it with paraffine; then dry thoroughly and give both sides a coat of black lacquer.

If a layer of sawdust is placed on the floor before laying the oilcloth, it will make a much softer tread and increase the life of the cloth.

Raisins will stone much more easily if they are placed in the oven until they are heated through. They can then be easily split and the stones removed.

CIVILIZATION AND PROLONGED LIFE.

D ESPITE the fact that the present

modest middle class communi-

cates among the people in much greater length of life,

however, civilized man

lives longer than savage.

It does in some measure

reduce the amount of salt

in the individual.

However, even at mea-

surely after 60, much better.

Moreover longer

life is not only

among civilized men

but also among the

people in the middle

class.

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is a good deal like life before. However, he criticised the President for not calling Congress to declare war on Germany. He thinks the business men in particular by having facts that would establish in advance certainly the war before it began was the idea of bringing the country into a war.

LOS ANGELES TIMES
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 4, 1915.



California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

It's on the Way.

YES, prosperity is on the way. It has been on the way for some time, and with each revolving week it draws nearer. The vanguard is here already, and by all signs the main army is not far behind. Money is flowing into the United States from about every quarter in streams larger and richer than have ever fertilized business in the country before. It is really somewhat difficult to keep up with the figures from week to week. When the Federal reserve system went into effect last November it reduced materially the actual reserves of the national banks. It also reduced the reserve requirement. On June 23, 1915, the national banks of the country held the largest reserve ever held at one time in the history of the country. The reserves amounted to \$1,840,000,000. This was \$778,000,000 more than the national banks are required to hold by law. Bankers estimate this surplus reserve as sufficient to justify on a conservative basis an expansion of credit or of further loaning power of \$2,000,000,000, perhaps \$3,000,000,000.

Not only the money is there and the bankers see the opportunity, but they are becoming vastly more liberal in their treatment of the business of the country. For the week ended August 26 the bank clearings in the United States amounted to \$3,146,700,000, a little less than the week before, but a vast increase over the same week last year, when the clearings were \$2,066,915,000. We are comparing one bad year with another here, but when the clearings fall below \$3,000,000,000, conditions are not good in the United States. If things were normal they would be at least \$3,500,000 a week.

Los Angeles banks are inclined to treat business of a legitimate sort very liberally. The Bank of Italy the other day reported it had set aside half a million dollars to encourage home building in the city. This is legitimate and conservative. It is a very different policy from that of lending money indiscriminately to encourage speculation in real estate, whether in raw property or in new improvements. That the main army of prosperity is not with us yet is indicated by the fact that for the week ended August 28 the bank clearings were not so great as for the corresponding week in 1914 or in 1913. Bank clearings in this city at the present time, if business of every kind were normal, would never fall below \$20,000,000, and would run to \$25,000,000 in unusually flush weeks. But there is no use taking a gloomy view of the matter. Things are improving in this direction steadily and rapidly.

The Convention City.

IT IS a good many years since Los Angeles started out on the programme of making herself the convention city of the country. The city has made good progress in this, and will make more in the future. On account of the two expositions going on in the State this year it is a very fruitful one for the whole Coast in conventions. There is a reason for this, for all the world wants to see the Pacific Coast from the Straits of Fuca and farther up into Alaska, down to the Silver Gate at San Diego and farther south into old Mexico. In visiting the Pacific Coast at any point the tourist sees the whole of his own country, the most impressive natural scenery on the globe, taking it all in all. He has a chance of traveling in the most luxurious way in the world, of living at the best hotels, and when Sunday comes, if he is religious, of worshiping in his own church the same as if he were at home. If there are children in the family and the stay is to be prolonged, there are the best schools, public and private, in the world for the youngsters to continue their studies as if they were at home. The tourist hears his own language and no other, lives under his own laws, is among his own people and practically at home.

These facts are pretty well appreciated by all the American people, more so this year than they have been in the past, but will be better appreciated next year and then more so the year after, pretty nearly world without end. All the cities of the Coast reaped benefits during the year in

the way of conventions, but Los Angeles led them all. During the months of June and July a total of 17,412 delegates came to this city to attend various conventions. Seattle was second, with a roll of 14,972.

The meeting of the Elks brought the biggest crowd to Los Angeles, 10,271. The convention of the National Federation of Musical Clubs brought 5000 delegates. The meeting of the Baraca-Philathaea brought 1641 and the National Editorial Association 500. At Seattle the Shriners ran the Elks at Los Angeles close, with 9472 delegates, and in the same city the Knights of Columbus drew together 5500 persons, and the Fraternal Order of Eagles, which met in Spokane, had 5000 delegates.

Concrete Signs.

HERE are concrete signs of this improvement in business resulting from the liberal disposition on the part of the banks to encourage legitimate dealings in land as well as to finance legitimate dealings in all branches of business. During August the Mortgage Guarantee Company of this city loosened up marvelously in lending money, amounting to \$800,000, partly on city and partly on country property. A large loan on 6000 acres lying in Los Angeles and Ventura counties amounts to \$125,000. This is part of the old Rancho el Conejo, and the property is appraised by the company at \$360,000. A second loan made by the company is on a tract of 1990 acres in Riverside county near Corona, a part of the old Rancho Jurupa. This loan amounted to \$150,000. The beauty of it is that it is understood by the creditor in both instances that the money would go into immediate use in developing the two properties.

On August 25, at Riverside there was recorded a deed transferring 1875 acres of the Jurupa ranch to a new owner at a consideration of \$350,000. It lies along the western side of the city and along the Santa Ana River, and was acquired by a Los Angeles company, all riparian water rights going with the land. A surmise is thrown out that the Cudahy interests are back of the deal.

Let it be so Ordered.

THOSE interested in the industry are very active just now to see that nothing but standard grapes and raisins are shipped from the State during the season. A new law has increased the tax on brandies used in the fortification of wines, and this will reduce the amount of defective grapes used in that way. This naturally creates some fear that second-grade grapes may seek an outlet abroad for table use. Some also may be used in the raisin pack. It is seen that to do this would affect the eastern markets for California table grapes and for raisins, to the great detriment of the industry as a whole. This is a policy the writer has advocated as a newspaper man in his career here of thirty years. Of course the temptation is great for the poor fellow, whose crop is not up to standard, to get it out of the State and get something for it. The Times never is an advocate of too much governmental interference with the business of the individual citizen, but that is one thing, and the permitting of the shipment of defective fruits, which will bear down the whole market, is quite another thing. It is quite competent for the State to establish reasonable standards for all fruits, and to insist that the label covers the right grade. In this way no person is wantonly injured in his interests, and neither can any person injure his neighbor by shipping fruit sure to depress the prices for the whole crop.

A Good Programme.

E VERYBODY at Monrovia who is anybody seems to be heart and soul in on the programme for uniform planting of street trees in the city. The Park Commission, the City Engineer, the women's clubs and the Chamber of Commerce have made a combination for this purpose. If there is any citizen of Monrovia who is outside of the categories catalogued above, set him down as a nobody and drum him out of town. It is a marvel to those who know the con-

dition of streets in other cities to see the audity of the streets in many California cities. It is a double shame to neglect this work in California. There is no dead season here, but every day in the year, spring, summer, autumn and winter, dry season and wet season, everything vegetable is growing, or will grow if given an opportunity. Street trees will put on more growth upward, larger spread of branches, show more foliage and produce more shade in a year here than in from two to five years elsewhere. We need the shade here more than they do elsewhere, too, for we have more bright days, and while the sun does not often get to the burning-glass degree it is quite hot enough many times during the year, and some times in every month of the year, to make a nice patch of shade very grateful to man and beast. St. Louis is beautiful because of its street trees, and the little town of Peekskill, on the Hudson, is beautified with many street trees. They add to the health of the people as well as their comfort.

Is this Citizen Correct?

M R. R. BRINSMEAD has favored The Times with a well-considered, well-written article on the quality of oranges supplied to the people of the city of Los Angeles. The intention of the article was excellent, and undoubtedly there is a great deal of truth in what is said therein. At the same time it appears to the writer of this article to incur the risk of creating a false impression abroad, and perhaps it is doing an injury to the orange growers and to a certain class of orange consumers.

The writer uses a great many oranges during the proper season, and it has been often remarked in his household during the past spring that we are getting better oranges day by day than we ever enjoyed before, and at a much lower price. We buy our fruit from peddlers at the door, sometimes Chinese, sometimes persons of other races, and from February to June of this year we got oranges of the 176 size and even larger for from 10 cents to 15 cents a dozen. They were simply delicious. It is true that sometimes the peddlers offered inferior fruit for a little less, but no one was compelled to buy it.

So much for the fastidious who were able to gratify their tastes in buying only good fruit. Many times peddlers came to the door offering a good-sized bucket of pretty good oranges for 5 cents. Mr. Brinsmead sets out that the highways were encumbered in a mild way with auto trucks hauling this inferior fruit to the city, that little or nothing was paid the growers, and that it was palmed off on the consumers. It will be freely conceded here that it is a pity we have no way of working up our cull orange crop into by-products adequate to take care of all that might be offered. Until this is done the growers should be able to sell their crops, even though they be not standard, and get some revenue to help defray the large expenses of cultivating their groves. Then there is the interest in the indigent population of the city, who undoubtedly are often glad to get a pail of oranges, even if they are not up to standard, for a nickel or a dime. Many people in Southern California are wise enough not to eat the oranges, but to squeeze the juice out and drink it. Many of our people have learned this is an excellent beverage for children to be given a cup of in bed in the morning and several times a day. The inferior fruit answers to this purpose about as well as fancy stock.

Let it be Done.

WE COMMEND with all our heart, and without any reserve, the proposition raised by some wise person to make the instructive, interesting and inspiring exposition at San Francisco a permanent institution. The California building contains a magnificent display of California products, and the suggestion is that this be used as a nucleus for the State's exploitation throughout the world. It is thought that the exhibit might remain undisturbed in the California building until either the counties of the State or the State Legislature provide a permanent home for it.

Would it not be a good thing to preserve some of the buildings on the exposition grounds permanently, and to make a nucleus there of a museum for the exposition of objects of art, antiquities and other things that would interest tourists? We have a very ancient civilization here, and fossil remains of marvelous interest. The museums of Europe attract more tourists than the natural scenery of that continent. We are to be the playground of the continent from this time on. Europe will be a mighty uncomfortable place for Americans not only while the war lasts but for some time thereafter, and undoubtedly the trend of tourist traffic will be toward the Coast. Art critics, architects, antiquarians and everybody are charmed with the beauty of the buildings erected for the San Francisco exposition, and it seems a blunder worse than a crime to wipe them out of existence at one fell swoop on the first of next year.

Go in and Get It.

T HE FRENCH, who are very witty and wise too, have a proverb that runs thus: Appetite comes with eating. It is so with other things than that which goes into the inner man to sustain his natural life. Witness San Francisco, which might be supposed to have had a surfeit of conventions during the current year. The proverb concerning the horse leech's daughter, who always cried for more, seems to apply in this respect to our friends in the Bay City. They are going hotfoot after more conventions for 1916, and one of those is the jumbo order. It is of no less ambition than to get the big G.O.P. elephant out there next June. The Republican convention of 1916 will be memorable, interesting and epoch-making. There is no doubt that the two great American citizens who pull the two big plums out of the political pie will respectively preside over the destinies of the United States and the United States Senate for the next four years, barring an act of Providence. Then the State of California needs this great gathering of the great American party to wrest the State from the vicious forces of the great Bull Moose. The ill-begotten, prematurely-born political offspring of malice and wickedness is dead elsewhere, but it is very much alive and kicking like the very bull of Bashan in California.

Notes of Progress.

T HE Orange county Highway Commission has about all its work done in the county. Of \$1,270,000 there is a surplus of \$240,000 on hand.

The American Beet Sugar Company of Oxnard has leased 5400 acres of land in the San Fernando Valley to be set to beets.

The first year's business in the Panama Canal, on the anniversary of the opening, August 15, showed receipts in tolls of \$5,216,149, representing the passage of 1317 ocean-going vessels of a gross tonnage of 6,494,673.

The Southern Pacific has made a second cut in rates on California wines shipped in barrels to the East from 55 cents to 45 cents a hundredweight, in carload lots of 60,000 pounds minimum. Last year there were shipped to the eastern markets from the State 8245 barrels of wine, containing 412,240 gallons.

Burbank has sold \$25,000 worth of school bonds to build a new grammar school.

Congressman Kettner shows a progressive disposition in suggesting the necessity of protective duty on lemons from abroad, in order to encourage the lemon industry in California.

Culver City is to have another new industry in the Beardsley Electric Automobile Company.

A New York physician has purchased, at a reported consideration of \$12,500, a handsome residence at 420 South St. Andrews place, while a Denver business man has secured a similar investment in a ten-room house at 336 South Kenmore avenue at \$15,000.

The Hanover Company, makers of Venetian blinds, have secured a site on Raymond avenue for a factory.

For Daughter and Maid.
For Wife and Mother.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN

FOR THE VERANDA

HERBES A LA

WARM WEATHER REFRESHMENT

“Home, Sweet Home” -

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Civilization and Prolonged Life.

DESPITE the fact that the present modes of living in civilized communities undoubtedly shorten life, particularly after 45, the average length of life among civilized people is much greater than among savages. Moreover, civilized man "holds his age" much better. He not only appears to be younger for his years than the lower type of savage, but the state of his anatomical organs prove that he is actually so. The Australian native, for example, shows the same age changes at 45 that the European does at 65.

The explanation of this difference lies in civilized man's immunity to food poisons, due to the variety of his diet. Throughout the ages he has been sampling all manner of foodstuffs, and countless numbers have been killed by these experiments. But those who survived, and their descendants, gradually acquired immunity, until today civilized man is less susceptible to food poisons than any savage or animal. If the Australian savage were to eat and drink the food and liquids consumed regularly by an American as routine diet, he would quickly succumb to the unaccustomed poisons.

Energy and Longevity.

But food-poisons are not the only factors curtailing longevity. Inactivity of the brain cells with the resultant lack of energy tend to shorten life and, conversely, the opposite condition tends to lengthen it. "Longevity usually goes with much energy and power of work, which are qualities displayed by and necessary for famous men," says Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the celebrated English physician. "So we find that a large proportion of famous people live to be old, and can usually do work in their later years. Recent examples like Spencer and Meredith, Kelvin and Galton, Lister and Booth, can be multiplied to any extent."

We hear a great deal these days about men "working themselves to death." In point of fact, the danger from "rusting out" is far greater than from shortening one's life by excessive energy.

Controlling Your Weight.

Generally speaking, most persons over 35 years of age fall into one of two classes: (1) Those who think themselves too fat and wish to be thinner; and (2) those who think themselves too thin and wish to be fatter. Of these two conditions, the first appears to be the more prevalent, more easily controlled, and to a far greater extent dependent upon the will power, than the latter. It is a relatively simple matter to lessen the weight of the fat person, whereas it is often impossible to add to the weight of the person who is "naturally thin."

Fat reduction is largely a matter of intelligent and persistent dieting, aided by a little judicious medication in certain instances. Some practical suggestions made recently by Dr. Beverly Robinson are easily carried out, and produce the desired effects in most instances. "Potatoes are fattening for many," says Dr. Robinson, "and to be deprived of them is a sacrifice, but a needed one. In my judgment, well boiled rice, with very little butter or gravy, takes their place with great advantage. Fresh bread should not be eaten; toast, crisp and brown, or zwieback, must take its place.

"A moderate amount of roast or broiled meat, mutton or beef, is proper; so is poultry. Many of the green vegetables, well cooked and seasonable, are healthy and proper food. So are eggs—two in the morning, two at night. If milk is taken, it should be fermented as in kumiss or matzoon. A light dry wine, such as Moselle or Hock or Bordeaux, is permitted. Brandy and whisky and above all, beer should be forbidden, except some times to aid a sluggish digestion or to promote sleep.

"Water is preferably to be drunk between meals. Tea or coffee at breakfast and tea in the evening, freshly made, not strong, with very little sugar or milk, in small quantity, may be permitted.

Medicines That Reduce Fat.

"Personally, I have found two remedies of unquestioned value in reducing flesh and that, too, without causing injury to the pa-

tient. One is the phosphate of sodium, given at bedtime in teaspoonful doses in a little water. The other is the solution of the hypophosphites of calcium and sodium, ten grains to the dose, given at mealtime, as a general tonic to the nervous system. It does in some unexplained way, tend to reduce the amount of fat in the individual. The phosphate of sodium is particularly indicated in persons whose livers are engorged by numerous dinners and indulgence in rich wines and pure alcoholic drinks.

"I would urge strongly in many instances the use, after meals and at bedtime, of the Bulgarian culture in tablet form, to be taken two at a dose. I am confident in many cases of obesity, the increase in fat is due in a degree, more or less important, to fermentative processes going on constantly in the bowels and from which poisonous results are constantly derived. Corpulence is, as I view it, certainly a morbid condition not infrequently, and here we have a clear indication for remedial treatment."

Chronic Deafness Increasing.

It is a curious commentary on our twentieth century enlightenment in medical and hygienic matters, that one of the oldest and most distressing afflictions, deafness, is increasing. Moreover, this condition is just as incurable now as it was a century ago.

At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association in San Francisco, Dr. D. Harold Walker pointed out that some of the popular hygienic fads of the present time tend to increase the amount of deafness. "One of the most important actors in early life," said Dr. Walker, in referring to the cause of deafness, "is the belief that a child cannot live too much in the open. In the strenuous climate of the East much harm results from the modern method of putting babies and small children out of doors to sleep, in all kinds of weather. If, for the past generations, we were accustomed to live in the open for the entire twenty-four hours, no harm would follow, but sleeping in the damp, cold winds of the winter and spending the waking period in a room generally overheated, establishes conditions most favorable for trouble in the future. The child often lies on its back, with its head low; a position which favors mouth breathing, congestion of the turbinates, development of adenoid tissue and infection of the eustachian tube by gravity. I have often noticed in a certain hospital where children are obliged to remain in the recumbent position because of orthopedic apparatus, that the number of aural affections is very large, unquestionably due to the unnatural position."

Too Much Fresh Air.

"Ill effects from sleeping in the open in all kinds of weather are as marked in the adult as in the child. Persons who at night have the extreme fresh-air habit, often are obliged to spend their days in close offices, or in badly-ventilated and overheated rooms; they wonder why the nose is usually closed and breathing difficult. When one sleeps the circulation is at its lowest ebb. The body is recumbent, and during respiration the nasal mucous membrane and the turbinal tissue hypertrophy in order to warm the abnormally cold, damp air. After a time the swelling becomes permanent, and a chronic passive congestion and a hypertrophic rhinitis (chronic catarrh) results. We should have plenty of fresh air, but it is not necessary to sleep in a wind to get it. The head should be protected from drafts and a pillow used. Our forefathers used pillows, and high ones; it is to be remembered that they had fine figures and flat backs."

It should be remembered, also, that sleeping in the recumbent position, like standing in the erect one, is a human trait of comparatively recent development. Our remote ancestors, living in the open, or lurking about caves, slept mostly in the sitting posture, just as the bushmen and the apes do at present. When, therefore, the habit of sleeping in the prone position was acquired, certain marked physiological changes must have taken place, particularly changes in the circulation in the head. We are paying the penalty of these changes in catarrh, earaches, deafness, and a dozen other maladies unknown to our remote ancestors.

Vaccines and Eczema.

Since the introduction of vaccines it has been more and more evident that certain stubborn cases of eczema, which resisted all ordinary methods of treatment, sometimes yielded to specially made vaccines. Recently, Dr. L. S. Medalla of Boston has reported the results of about fifty cases treated in this manner. The exact number treated was 51, and the results are summarized as follows: Cured, 43 patients; improved, 6 patients; no improvement, 1; results unknown, 1.

Undoubtedly these figures show a higher percentage of recoveries than can be obtained by any of the older methods of treatment, and Dr. Medalla's method of treatment is, therefore, of more than passing interest. It consists essentially in determining the germ that is causing the eczema in each case, making a vaccine from that particular germ and using it to cure the patient. In the series of cases it was found, for example, that about half were caused by a certain kind of germ, the others being the result of the action of several bacteria in combination.

The treatment consisted in obtaining some of the germs from the pustules, scales or crusts in the skin, and developing the vaccine from these in the laboratory. The usual method of making such vaccines consists in cultivating the germs in test tubes, then killing them with heat, and, after certain manipulations, using the dead germs and their products as hypodermic injections. In the vaccines used by Dr. Medalla, six thousand million germs or over were given at a single dose; but his results seem to have justified the means.

The Brain as a Phonograph.

The brain system has been likened to a telephone system. From another viewpoint it is even more closely comparable to a phonograph.

But the brain is a far more sensitive and universal recorder of impressions than the phonograph, because the latter takes note only of the sound waves, whereas the brain makes permanent record of every sensation that comes to it—not alone of sound waves, but of the impressions that are registered as sensations of touch, of taste, of smell and of sight.

Each individual cell is a tiny storage battery that accumulates energy and the cells are grouped together by connecting fibrils. From earliest infancy, vibrations of various kinds are being sent into the brain centers along the various nerve paths and channels of action are being worn smooth as it were, so that particular types of action in response of these specific impulses become more and more easy and "natural." This is what we really mean when we say that certain habits of thinking and acting are being established.

It is all-important for the individual that the channels of nervous action thus early established should be those that result in right rather than in wrong action.—[Adding Years to Your Life.]

Madstones.

A reader makes the following inquiry about "madstones": "Will you kindly inform me if there is such a thing as a genuine madstone? I have one, guaranteed to me from southern people, to be genuine. I have had no opportunity to use it for either snake bite or dog bite. It is supposed to be boiled in milk before applying to the bite."

Belief in the virtue of the "madstone" for curing the bites of insects and reptiles and

preventing hydrophobia is a reminiscence of ancient superstition. It is simply a "hang-over" from the days when the causes of diseases were unknown—when most diseases were supposed to be caused by evil spirits or other equally intangible things. We know now that the poisoning from insect and snake bites is due to a toxin injected into the blood, and that hydrophobia is the result of a germ.

There is just one way in which the application of a madstone might be beneficial. If it were boiled in milk and applied to the wound made by a mad dog, piping hot, it might cauterize the tissues and thus destroy the germs. Otherwise it could have no possible effect, except in the mind of the victim. But there are several other methods of cauterizing and disinfecting a wound that are simpler, better and less painful. The tincture of iodine, or pure alcohol, or dilute carbolic acid are the modern substitutes that are much more effective than even a thoroughly boiled madstone.

Malpractice.

About one thousand years ago Sadi wrote: "A man had sore eyes. He went to a horse doctor, who applied to his eyes what he used for his horses. The man became blind. He took the case before the judge, who said: 'No damages; if this fellow were not an ass he would not have gone to a farrier.'"

LEWIS HOWELL ROGERS Discovers the Mainspring of Life

GRANDE THE VITAL NERVE

and without asking, is awarded a DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA OF HONOR BY STATE OF NEW JERSEY CHIROPRACTOR'S ASSOCIATION. This greatest discovery of the century shows that "Good health is good circulation only," and nothing more is required in any sickness or supposed incurable disease. Consumption, Typhoid Fever, Paralysis, Disease of the Heart, Diabetes, Rheumatism, like a dream. (All can do it.) Everybody, without cost, can reach the Electric Center of their own body without a moment's delay and obtain relief from the numerous ills of life, as recorded of the age of mystery, but grossly withheld for speculation by the most civilized nations.

Mr. Rogers finds this ancient practice to be strictly natural and used daily by California Indians, also by the sturdy Japs, who are models of health and the women strong like men. The Times Printing Co. has printed the full method with free trial in 16-page booklet, which will be sent free to all who are interested in the subject of health. Read the wonderbook. Address Mr. Rogers, 368 Ave. G, Los Angeles, Cal.

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits BRAIN AND BRAWN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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Saturday, September 4, 1915.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The New World of Brazil. By Frank G. Carpenter.



The Republic of Brazil showing the States.



São Paulo raises three-fourths of the world's coffee.

A Mighty Nation.

FOURTH LARGEST COUNTRY ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

GREAT PLATEAUS FIT FOR WHITE MEN—BIG RIVERS AND THEIR WATER POWERS—THE AMAZON AND ITS 20,000 MILES OF NAVIGATION—3,000,000 ACRES OF COFFEE AND 2,000,000 SQUARE MILES OF TIMBER—MOUNTAINS OF IRON FOR OUR STEEL TRUST—OVER ONE BILLION DOLLARS OF FOREIGN CAPITAL ALREADY INVESTED.

From Our Own Correspondent.

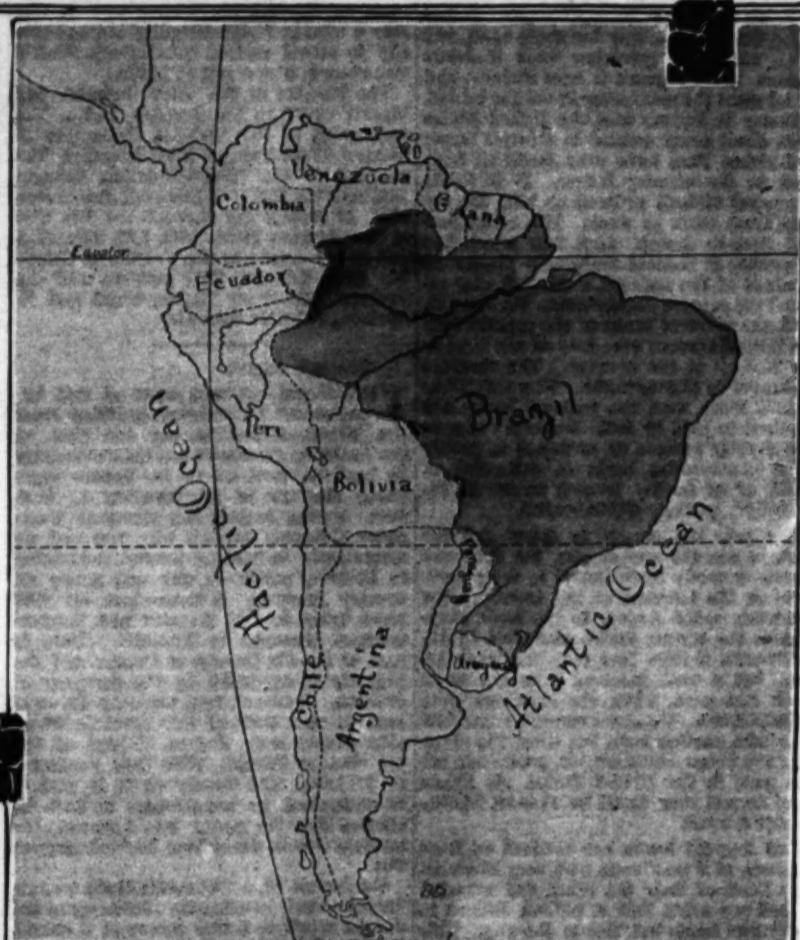
RO DE JANEIRO (Brazil).—The new world of Brazil! I write of one of the mightiest countries on earth and of one of the least known. Brazil has an individuality of its own and it is a world in extent. It is so large and so rich that it could feed the whole human race and have exports enough left to load an aerial fleet for the planets of Mars. If Brazil were as thickly populated as Italy she would have more people than the continent of Asia. If she had as many people to the square mile as France her inhabitants would be one-third more than those of all Europe, and if as many as Germany the number would be equal to all the people of our hemisphere and Europe, Africa and Australia, leaving 200,000,000 to spare. If she were as well settled as Belgium at the time the war began, her population would be more than 2,000,000,000, or

more than all the people on earth, with enough added to equal every man, woman and child now on the continent of Europe.

This gives you some idea of Brazil's possibilities.

Now look at the size of the country compared with that of certain lands we know well. I might give it in figures, but figures slide off the back of the intellect as water slides off the traditional duck. In equal square miles the number is more than 3,200,000. This means that Brazil is greater than the United States, excluding Alaska. It is fifteen times as big as Germany or France, thirteen times the size of Italy and about 290 times as big as Belgium. It has more land than all Australia and Oceania. It is eight times as large as Argentina and one and a half times the size of Russia in Europe. Brazil touches every country in South America except Chile. It has almost half of all the land on the continent, and more than half of the lands fitted for population. The country is so wide from east to west that if it were laid on the United States it would extend from New York to far beyond Denver, and its Atlantic Coast line would equal the distance between Boston and San Francisco, with 500 miles and more added thereto. It is longer from north to south than from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles, and its climate includes those of the tropical, semi-tropical and temperate zones.

The common idea of Brazil comes from



Map of South America showing size of Brazil. This country covers about one-half the continent.

the Amazon Valley. Many look upon it as a low plain, hot and unhealthy. The truth is the most of the country is made up of highlands, and more than half of it is an elevated plateau, the mean altitude of which is just about that of our Appalachian Mountains. The plateau is 2000 or 3000 feet above the sea, with peaks here and there that run up to 7000 feet and one that reaches 9000, or higher than any peak on the eastern side of our country. Brazil has four different ranges of mountains. There are some at the north between the Amazon and the Orinoco. There are the Andes at the west, and also the several ranges that run through the eastern part of the country. The latter come close to the sea and you jump from the tropical lowlands to a climate that is fitted for white men. There are vast tracts which are similar to California or our Southern States. Take the port of Santos, which, until the new sanitary work was inaugurated, was so unhealthy that it became known as the white man's grave. Santos lies on the sea in a land of bananas, pineapples and sugar plantations. You can take a train there and in two hours be on the plateau of São Paulo, whose climate is as fine as that of Los Angeles.

Brazil is one of the best watered lands under the sky. It has small regions of drought, but there are no great deserts like our highlands of the west, the Sahara and Kalibari in Africa, or like Gobi, Arabia and the Plateau of Iran. The Plateau of Brazil is cut by great river systems, and as to the Amazon. Its waters carry much of the floods that fall from the heavens. Two-thirds of the main streams of the Amazon run through Brazil, and the country has other mighty streams, the names of which we hardly know. The waterways of the Amazon alone are long enough, if stretched end to end, to reach around the world, and its navigable length, if laid upon the United States, would form a mighty canal from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate. The Amazon has 1100 tributaries in addition to the River of Doubt, which Theodore Roosevelt has exposed to the world. The main stream and the tributaries have over 30,000 miles of navigable waterways. If you could confine them in

one canal, starting at San Francisco, they would go clear around the world and leave nothing over to reach on to China.

Great Rivers.

But the Amazon is only one of the rivers. Brazil has a score of others outside the Amazon basin, the length of which, added together, would give a total waterway amounting to 50,000 miles. It has some rivers a thousand miles long, the names of which are not known to the man on the street. The Paraguay is longer than from New York to Chicago, and the Araguaia would reach from Chicago to New Orleans. The Parana, which is a part of the Brazilian system, is as long as from Boston to Salt Lake, and the Rio São Francisco has a length of 1820 miles, and you may ride upon it in steamships for days. Some of these rivers have mighty waterfalls. The São Francisco has one drop of 268 feet, or 100 feet more than that of Niagara. The Iguazu Falls are said to surpass those of Zambezi in South Africa, and in the State of São Paulo alone there are 2,000,000 horse power in the yet undeveloped cascades. The length of the Iguazu is 792 miles, the Itapicuru flows 990 miles, the Juguinon measures 1670 miles. The Doce, or Sweet River, if it could be lifted to our country, would reach from Washington to Cleveland.

This world of Brazil is one of enormous resources, and its crops include almost every product grown upon God's green earth. The highlands are temperate and they will raise wheat and corn. The lowlands are tropical and fitted for sugar and tobacco, while between them we have the vast coffee fields that tickle the stomach and stiffen the backbone of the human race every morning. The coffee plantations cover more than 5,000,000 acres. The cattle number something like 30,000,000 and the possibilities in cotton, cacao, sugar and tobacco are enormous. The country is growing in manufactures. The capital already invested in industrials is something like 250,000,000, and of this the cotton factories alone have a capital of \$90,000,000 and more. There are 194 cotton mills now working.

The New World of Brazil. By Frank G. Carpenter.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, September 4, 1915.

Many of the Brazilian industries are operated with foreign money, and the country is open to Americans as never before. The amount of foreign capital already invested is more than \$1,100,000,000, and to this must be added \$500,000,000 in Brazilian stocks and bonds. The amount invested in railroads alone is estimated at over \$225,000,000, and more roads are being surveyed and some are under construction. At present the State of Rio de Janeiro and parts of Sao Paulo and Minas Geraes only are well served by rail, and tens of thousands of miles of new tracks will be required to open the country.

In the future I shall write as to the timber lands and mineral resources of Brazil. The country has some of the greatest forests yet unexploited. The woods of the Amazon alone cover 2,000,000 square miles, a territory as great as two-thirds of the United States proper. There are pine forests in Southern Brazil, and the highlands of Matto Grosso have woodlands intermixed with their pastures.

The mineral regions of the country are practically unexplored. The republic contains everything from gold and diamonds to iron and graphite. Almost 2,000,000 pounds of gold have been taken out of the mines and gold is known to exist in nearly every one of the States. There is a town in Matto Grosso where the boys look for gold in the gutters after the rains, and on the highlands of Minas Geraes the gold mines are now paying well. Brazil has enormous deposits of iron, an option on some of which is now held by the millionaires of the steel trust. The Southern Star, one of the fine diamonds discovered, weighed 254 carats. It is now the property of an Indian Prince. Baby Republic.

Brazil is the baby among the democratic governments of the world. It became a republic only thirty-five years ago, at about the time that Garfield was elected President of the United States. Its constitution was made as late as 1891. Shortly after the organization of the government financial experiments were undertaken, which caused the people to speculate. The result was a boom which collapsed in 1892, halting all public works and setting the country back for about ten years. After that came a civil war. The navy revolted and Rio de Janeiro was in a state of siege for six months. The foreign powers intervened, and finally in 1894 President Moraes, the first civil ruler, took his seat.

Since then Brazil has been moving straight onward. It has been growing industrially and politically, and it is now on a firm financial and industrial basis. The country has a constitution like ours. The government has three branches. First is the legislative branch, consisting of a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate, corresponding to our Congress. Then comes the executive, whose powers are exercised by the President of the republic. And third is the judicial branch, constituted by the Supreme Court.

The republic of Brazil consists of twenty States and one Territory. Some of these States are enormous, others compare in size with the smaller States of the Union, although none is as small as Maryland. Amazonas, which includes the western half of the Amazon basin, is bounded on the north by British Guiana, Venezuela and Colombia; on the east by Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. Its southern boundary touches Bolivia.

This State is one-fifth as large as the whole United States, including Alaska. It would make eight States as big as Kansas or sixteen the size of Kentucky. It has thousands of miles of river navigation. You can cross Amazonas on steamers from east to west and the largest ocean vessels can come from the Atlantic to its capital, Manaus, which is more than 1,000 miles from the mouth of the Amazon. Manaus has 50,000 population. It has telephones, electric lights, electric street cars and a beautiful theater. It is a great rubber port. Amazonas has some of the finest rubber forests on earth. Much of the country is low and covered with woods. It has also highlands. It has a network of rivers, many of which carry more or less gold.

State of Para.

The big State east of Amazonas is Para. This State is ten times the size of Pennsylvania and about eleven times as big as Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky. It comprises the eastern part of the Amazon basin, and it has one city named Belem which has over

100,000 inhabitants. Belem has been one of the death spots of the world. It has been noted for its yellow fever and other diseases, but they are now inaugurating sanitary regulations like those that cleaned up Panama, and it will eventually be as safe as any tropical city. The total population of the State of Para is not half that of Greater Boston, while you could put all the people who live in Amazonas into Buffalo and still have room for something like 100,000 more.

Just south of these two States and bordered on the west by Bolivia and Paraguay is Matto Grosso, a great undeveloped region which is bound to boom in the near future. This State is a vast plateau nine times as large as either Illinois or Wisconsin and more than six times as big as either Minnesota or Kansas. It is in the tropics but it is so high that it is healthy, and parts of it are already feeding millions of cattle. The country so far is inaccessible by railroads. Its capital, Cuyaba, has to be reached from Rio de Janeiro by traveling several thousand miles. The steamers go down to the mouth of the Rio de la Plata and thence up the Parana and Paraguay to Asuncion. From there the trip is by smaller steamers up the Paraguay to Cuyaba. When the railroad is completed Cuyaba will be reached from the Atlantic as easily as Cleveland is reached from New York. The distances are the same. Then the trains will bring the Matto Grosso cattle to the packing-houses that are now being erected for the purpose at Sao Paulo.

The State of Matto Grosso contains more than half a million square miles. Americans who have recently traveled over it locating the railroad routes tell me the land is excellent. The population of Matto Grosso is now only two-tenths of one person to the square mile. You could drop its population into New York, Chicago or Philadelphia and neither city would notice the difference.

The Future Capital.

Just east of this State is Goyaz, where the future capital of the country is to be located, plans having already been made to that end. Goyaz is the center of Brazil. The State is bigger than Texas, and its population is just about one-tenth the size of the latter. A great part of the country is high and the land is rough. It is rich in minerals and is said to have iron by the hundreds of millions of tons. It also yields diamonds.

One of the most interesting States of Brazil is Minas Geraes, which is more than four times as big as New York. It lies east of Goyaz. It is bounded on the north by Bahia and on the south by Sao Paulo, while separating it from the Atlantic on the east are the small States of Rio de Janeiro and Espirito Santo and a bit of Bahia. This State is high and healthy and has one of the best agricultural and pastoral districts of the republic. It supplies the butter and cheese of the capital, and quantities of eggs, poultry and bacon as well. It exports 300,000 head of cattle a year and a great number of pigs.

The State is noted industrially, its manufacturing establishments turning out a product of something like \$250,000,000 a year, and its factories being numbered by hundreds. It is rich in mines. It has vast iron deposits, for which American capitalists are now negotiating.

The State is the most thickly populated of the republic. It has 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 inhabitants, but no towns of more than 40,000 and only two of over 35,000.

Rio and the Coffee States.

Rio de Janeiro is one of the small States. It is a little bigger than West Virginia and almost as mountainous. It has over 2,000,000 people, of whom half, or more than 1,000,000 live in the capital, the city of Rio de Janeiro. This State is noted for its factories, leading the republic in that respect. It is the chief State in commerce and is agriculturally rich.

Espirito Santo, at the north, has only 17,000 square miles, being next to the smallest of all the Brazilian States. Its population is 400,000.

The chief coffee States of Brazil are Sao Paulo, Minas Geraes and Rio de Janeiro, with Sao Paulo far in the lead. (Sao Paulo is more than twice as large as Illinois and its soil is said to be equally good.) It is the best farming State. It produces three-fourths of all the coffee used by the world, and in addition almost a million bales of cotton, hundreds of thousands of sacks of

sugar and some millions of pounds of tobacco.

The whole State has just about as many people as Chicago and of these perhaps one-fourth, a little more than 500,000, live in the city of Sao Paulo. The State has many millionaires, and it is altogether about the most progressive State in Brazil.

South of Sao Paulo are three States of considerable size, all of them high, healthy and fitted for the homes of white people. This includes what is known as West Deutschland, or German Brazil, some parts of the country being largely settled by Germans and the chief farms and industries belonging to them. These States are known as Parana, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul. They border on Uruguay and Paraguay and have vast pastures and wheat lands. They are being largely developed by the Brazil Railway Company, which is pushed by Americans.

In addition to the States I have named there are nine others situated in the great cotton, tobacco and sugar belt of Northeastern Brazil. Of these the most important is Bahia. Bahia is about as big as Massachusetts and California combined. It has 166,000 square miles and its population is 2,500,000. The capital is the Port of Bahia, which was once the capital of Brazil and which now has about 300,000 population. Bahia is noted for its tobacco. It raises about 50,000,000 pounds a year and turns out more than 60,000,000 cigars. The State is said to be rich in minerals and agriculturally it is only partially developed.

North of Bahia is Pernambuco, a State noted for its cotton; and still further north is Ceara, as big as Ohio, which produces cotton, cacao and coffee.

The State of Paraiba is about as big as South Carolina. It yields cotton and sugar. Alagoas is another little cotton State, and so is Rio Grande do Norte.

Maranhao, which lies next to Para, is bigger than any State of the Union outside Texas, and it has only one railroad, about fifty miles long. Its land is fitted for cotton. The same is true of Piauhy, another large State which adjoins it on the east. All of these States are now raising more or less tobacco, cotton, sugar and cacao. Much of their soil is rich and it may be that they will some day compete with the cotton lands of the Union.

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Chompers and Swampers.

SOME TERMS USED IN THE HEMLOCK BELT EXPLAINED.

[New York Sun:] "I was in the lumber company's supply store, way back in the hemlock belt, not long ago," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman, "and a native evidently from still further back came in."

"Well, Simon," said the storekeeper to the newcomer, "what's the prospec's up on the barrens?"

"Why, I tell you, Joe," replied the citizen from the barrens, "both kinds o' chompers is goin' to come in fair to middlin'. Swampers, though, looks as if they was goin' to run a lee-e-e-e-tee shy this season. Ex for black crackers, socks abustin'! they're bound to come in thicker'n hair on a poodle!"

"O' course!" said the storekeeper, with a snort that seemed to denote contempt for black crackers, whatever they were. "We kin always count on them for a crop. Well, what do ye calc'late the rulin' figgers is goin' to be?"

"Why, I tell you, Joe," said the man from the barrens country, "We'll hef to tax ye ex much ex six fer chompers, an' fer swampers, way they'm lookin', can't be laid down to ye for less'n eight. But ex for black crackers, now—"

"Never mind the black crackers!" exclaimed the storekeeper. "We'll talk black crackers when the time comes for 'em. Jag in all the chompers ye kin git from now on, an' ye can't git too many swampers."

"The man from the barrens said all right, and after a little trading he went his way. My curiosity got the better of me, and I took the risk and said to the storekeeper:

"I'm just goat enough, Joe, to want to know what kind of goods it was you ordered from that man from the barrens?"

"What kind o' goods?" replied Joe, plainly astonished at the question. "Why, ye don't mean to say ye don't know huckleberries? I've heard o' folks that didn't know beans, but I never see nobody afore what didn't know huckleberries?"

"I know huckleberries, all right," said L

"but ain't chompers and swampers and black crackers queer names for huckleberries?"

"Not for huckleberries," said Joe. "They mought be for buckwheat cakes, but not for huckleberries. Chompers an' swampers an' black crackers is all different styles o' huckleberries, the way we know 'em in this here lay o' timber. Fer instance, why chompers? Well, sir, that style is the high an' low bush 'ary blues, the fast ones to come along in the season, and fast rate stayers at that. They're the ones that folks 'll stop ex they pass along by 'em to pick jest fer to chomp, an' if berry pickers wants to eat while they're pickin' they'll give all t'other kinds the go by an' chomp the 'ary blues. So that style o' huckleberry got the name o' chomper ex long ago ex the fast settler in this garden spot o' Pennsylvania ever chomped.

"Then ex to swampers. Swampers is them big reddish black fellers that with a leetle sugar on 'em and drowned in cream comes jest about ex nigh to makin' a dish better'n stewed prunes with pits outer 'em ex nigh kin be—an' twixt me an' you, John, an' don't let it go no furder, stewed prunes with the pits outer 'em to my likin' is 'way ahead of any p'serve that grows!"

"Swampers grows on bushes so big sometimes that yev got to climb 'em 'fore ye kin pick the berries, an' in swamps so thick that some on 'em 'd make a weasel sick to think o' havin' to squeeze through 'em. I dunno what they'd call these big, juicy berries if they didn't grow in swamps—taters, mebbe, fer they ain't 'exactly sweet nor 'rac'y sour, but a sort o' betwixt an' between. Then ag'in, swampers is so lickin' good that if they didn't grow in swamps an' was easy to git at mebbe they'd be the chompers themselves, an' then the question 'd some ex to what the 'ary blues 'd be, an' that 'd kind o' onsettle things; so th' ain't no doubt but what matters is jest about right the way they lay."

"Which fetches us along to black crackers. Them fellers come late an' stays with us till 'way along in the fall, an' if they had ex much flav' to 'em ex theyhev seeds they could give the chompers an' the swampers nine p'nts an' win easy. This style o' huckleberry grows on a high bush on the barrens, an' the hotter the sun is on to 'em the blacker an' seedier they git."

"Ex ye pass along through this here stretch o' kentry ye'll git black crackers set out to you with milk an' sugar lots o' places, but ye mought jest about ex well pitch in an' gobble a sasser o' glass beads. But in pies the black cracker goes good enough, an' I never go back on it when th' ain't no chomper puddin' or swampers an' cream."

"Yes, yes, John! Chompers, swampers an' black crackers. They mought be queer names for buckwheat cakes, but not for huckleberries. An' so ye see ye didn't know huckleberries arter all!" said Joe, and I had to own up that I didn't."

Black Sheep Needed.

[Army and Navy Journal:] One of the difficulties to be met in the selection of a natural mottled brown for cloth for the army is the shortage of black or brown sheep. In the experiments conducted in the Quartermaster Corps, under the direction of Brig. Gen. Henry G. Sharpe, it has developed that it will require 70 per cent. of brown or black wool for the cloth under consideration. A less proportion of dark wool would produce too light a color of cloth and would not meet the requirements of the army.

In peace time, with the present strength of the regular army, there will be no shortage of black wool, but in the event of war it would be necessary to use dyes in producing the cloth for the uniform of a large army. To provide for this contingency Gen. Sharpe is now conducting investigations to determine whether a domestic dye can be secured for coloring cloth. Unless this can be done the position of the War Department will not be improved by adopting the new cloth.

The European war has called attention to the War Department to the fact that the present cloth uniforms cannot be produced without the use of German dyestuffs. This fact is responsible for the effort that is now being made to secure a cloth that can be produced without the importation of any foreign material. Not until the cloth can be found which can be manufactured without the use of such material will there be any change in the uniform of the army.

[Woman's Home Companion:] Kenneth: Your daschund must have had a close shave. Emmerley: He did. The train surely would have got him if he hadn't had enough sense to get off the track sidewise.

The Labor Cost of Living From a Garden.

By M. V. Hartman

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Braunton.

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes.

Plantsmen Gather.

ENTHUSIASTIC OVER THE BOTANICAL BEAUTY SEEN IN LOS ANGELES.

T HURSDAY, August 26, 1915, will be a day long remembered by plantsmen and parkmen from nearly every State and section of North America, for on that day half a hundred automobile loads of them were entertained in and about Los Angeles. The Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists, and the American Association of Park Superintendents had just held their conventions in San Francisco, where Angeleno delegates had appeared and invited all to participate in a day's pleasure in local territory. Nearly every State and also the Canadian provinces were represented. And they came, saw and were conquered! Also concurred—that Southern California was the finest spot on this old terrestrial sphere!

That is who and what they were. And who were we? Leaders and laymen of the same classes and callings from local territory, under command of Capt. Fred H. Howard and Frank Shearer, with Mayor Sebastian a captive bound (bound only by ties of good-fellowship.) Starting from the business center promptly at 9 o'clock a.m., the long line went spinning southward to and through South Park, Exposition Park, E. L. Doheney's gardens and glass plant palace, thence to Westlake, Sunset and Griffith parks, arriving at the picnic grounds on the north side of the latter just as the sun crossed the meridian. There all partook of a genuine Spanish barbecue, supplemented by the side of Los Angeles lemons and the aid of the beverage that made Milwaukee famous. All present being loyal plantsmen, the market price of neither lemons nor hops suffered a reduction on that memorable day.

At 2 o'clock p.m., the cry of "All aboard" was heard and the procession started for Pasadena, Busch's Gardens and the magnificent grounds of the H. E. Huntington estate, and at the latter place light refreshments were served by Superintendent Hertich and his staff of assistants. From there delegates and other participants were brought back to homes and hotels, just as Old Sol tinted Mt. Wilson and the other peaks with his matchless glow of copper hues and cast purpling shadows into canyon depths, all to be later enveloped by the more somber shades of eventide.

Pages could be filled with the praises and thanks of the visitors. One said that in pleasure and comfort, in instruction and permanent educational value in plant life this day had eclipsed all his former California experiences. In the palatial glass house at E. L. Doheney's, where are assembled the world's choicest and rarest tropical plants, the horticultural experts stood enraptured at the vegetative luxuriance. Theodore Wirth, superintendent of parks, Minneapolis, who next to John McLaren of San Francisco, is recognized as America's most noted park builder, said: "I feel extremely thankful and happy that I have lived to see this, the world's richest collection of plants of a like number of specimens. Would that I could spend a week in this wonderful house."

H. W. Merkel, superintendent of Bronx Park, New York, said to the writer: "Words cannot express my feelings. I must simply take off my hat to this house and its contents, and let that act express my appreciation." Similar words of praise were heard on all sides and were reiterated times almost numberless while the visitors were viewing the multitudinous charms of the extensive Huntington estate. Just before leaving the latter place, Mayor Sebastian addressed the assembly in a few words of mingled welcome and appreciation, and invited all from other points to come again and again until finally they should be merged into permanent residents of our wonderful Southland of parks and gardens; words that evoked a hearty response of applause from all.

Native Sumacs.

IN RIDING over local foothills and mountains one cannot fail to be impressed with the vigorous green foliage held all summer by species of *rhus*, or sumac, es-



A QUARTER-CENTURY PLANT.

Our illustration shows one of two plants mentioned two or three weeks ago in an answer to questions regarding century plants in general. This one is 38 feet high and just 25 years old. It is a very attractive and interesting specimen in that it has a number of lesser or subsidiary flower spikes about the base of flower spike major and these are fully as attractive as the main shaft. The age at which the so-called century plants bloom in local gardens seems to range from fifteen to thirty years, more perhaps near to the lesser than the greater age.

pecially *rhus laurina* and the variable species that masquerade under the dual names of *R. ovata* and *R. integrifolia*. Both are fine evergreen species of great value in dry, hot, or neglected parts of parks and gardens. For shrubby masses everywhere they are equally effective, and in addition to these *sumacs* California has scores of shrubs of equal value for all purposes noted. The editor of this department has persistently advocated the use of this material for a quarter of a century, has induced Payne and other dealers to specialize in native shrubs and plants until of late years the demand has often exceeded the supply and each year marks a greater popularity. Procure a catalogue of native plants, study it well and you will find therein listed those suited to every need of the garden.

About Pot Plants.

A LONG mislaid letter from J.H.L.H., Los Angeles, asks: "Are earthworms in flower pots injurious to the plants?" It is good practice and one generally followed in large nurseries to set potted plants in sand on the benches?

Earth worms cannot benefit potted plants, and do injure them; then, why tolerate the "nawty" creatures? There are several good reasons for using sand under or around flower pots. If one has but few plants he should bury the pots in sand up to the rim. This will result in a great saving of water and time and labor of applying the same. In commercial establishments this method requires too much time, and if trade is good the plants change so fast as to prevent so much attention being paid to the benches. So two or three inches of sand is placed on benches and in beds before they are filled with potted plants. This keeps both soil and air from rapid extraction of moisture. Weeds do not grow in sand as readily as in common soil, pots do not bring away sand when lifted, as in the case of soil, and the general appearance is much improved. Sand looks clean, presents a uniform color, texture and surface and does not make dirty the plants or pots when splashed with water from hose or sky. These are reasons enough for using sand but there are still others, sanitary and otherwise.

The Resourceful Cedars.

A LL OBSERVANT plant students marvel at the resourcefulness and sufficiency of the Cedrus, or true cedars. These are three in number: Cedrus Atlantica, the Mt. Atlas cedar; C. Libani, the cedar of Lebanon, and C. Deodara, the Indian or Himalayan cedar, the giant of the group and the one most commonly planted everywhere. Whether planted in sandy washes, swamp muck, clay or adobe, or rocky hillside or mountain this wonderful tree is ever thrifty and beautiful, the most ornate cone-bearing that grows. Every year greater numbers are in demand and they will become more and more a dominant feature in California landscapes. Nor will their presence add monotony to the landscape, as do the formal Norfolk Island pine, Araucaria excelsa, for who has seen two cedars that were just alike? Or who has seen one not beautiful? Or who has one that he would gladly part with? As echo answers "who," all best plant one or two.

Make Mountains Accessible.

WE HAVE in California some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world. Our mountains, moreover, are "livable," not subject to great dangers, and should be used for pleasure and health yearly by hundreds of thousands in place of the few thousands that are now able to visit them. Switzerland has spent a vast sum to make her mountains accessible, but has received back many times that sum from tourists. Our mountain scenery in the high Sierras is as magnificent as that of Switzerland, but thus far California has done very little toward opening up this great treasure of beauty and inspiration to the inhabitants of our State and the tourists of the world.

For a Recreation Center.

WITH THE moving of the State Normal School to its new quarters, the city comes into possession of the old Normal School site. The Playground Commission strongly recommends that the gymnasium building be utilized for a recreation center. The building contains an excellent gymnasium, showers and lockers, and a great many rooms of varying size that could be used for all kinds of social purposes. It is located so centrally that it would command a very large attendance. The use of this part of the Normal School plant for a recreation center would in no wise interfere with the original idea of making the property the site of an art center.

Beware the Grass Fire.

AT THIS season of the year dry grass is as tinder to the fugitive spark; therefore be careful of all fires. So, too, is nearly all plant life more easily injured by fire than at any other time. For this reason fire should not be allowed to approach trees or shrubs. The writer would gladly support a law making it punishable by imprisonment only, to punish those vandals who allow grass to burn around plants of any sort, whether privately or publicly owned. Some people need protection against themselves, and their plants stand in still greater need of protection from criminally inclined owners.

Plant More Acacias.

WHILE the aspiring eucalypt largely dominates the landscape views of the valleys and foothills there is no family of trees better fitted to the demands of the public or private parks or cottage doorway than the varied and variable acacias. Whether in flower or wearing their quiet summer dress of grayish or bluish green all bear a sufficient shade-yielding head that marks them as desirable subjects for building attractive and comfortable places of rest in all classes of gardens. During the summer days, when "all round the languid air doth swoon," the value of these plant emigrants from the Antipodes can be appreciated, for during the long, hot days, though they both hunger and thirst, they fail not.

Need of Recreation.

THE MANAGERS of large concerns, such as department stores and factories, have themselves assumed the task of providing decent, clean recreation for their employees. Very large sums have been spent by such concerns as the Dayton Cash Register Company, the United Steel Corporation, the Pullman Car Company, the Hershey Chocolate Manufacturing Company, Wanamaker's, Marshall Field's and the Emporium, in providing amusement for their employees. All this is not done merely for altruistic reasons, for employers are just as anxious to assure themselves a class of employees who shall be permanent, happy, clear-headed and always on the job, as to give these employees recreation. They find that this welfare work pays in increased dividends and in decreased labor troubles. They realize that the girls and young men who spent the idle hours in pursuit of the wrong sort of amusement are restless, listless, inefficient and often useless.

Phoenix for Shade.

NOT PHOENIX, ARIZ., but Phoenix Canariensis, an ornamental date palm. On this hottest day of summer, Friday, August 27, there is no other plant or tree casting such a dense and inviting shade. The spread of the one in the writer's yard, as stepped off by Theodore Wirth of Minneapolis but yesterday, is just 38 feet, and that doughty park superintendent stated that for density of shade no tree could match it. (The palm is a plant, but not properly a tree.) The leafy top of the palm is twenty feet high and through the thickest of this the sun never penetrates. In this is shown one of the chief missions of this gigantic palm—to provide the densest shade for suffering humanity and had it no other mission one could, on a hot day, without rising, called it blessed.

Tree Wardens to Meet.

WORD comes that the Executive Committee of the Arboricultural Association of Southern California has postponed the autumn meet from the first Thursday in September to some time in November, the exact date not yet determined. When the time arrives delegates will assemble in Redlands.

Let Us Away.

OH, THESE vast, calm, measureless mountain days, inciting at once to work and rest! Days in whose light everything seems equally divine, opening a thousand windows to show us God. Nevermore, however weary, should one faint by the way who gains the blessings of one mountain day; whatever his fate, long life, short life, stormy or calm, he is rich forever!—[John Muir]

What Will Evolve?

What will evolve from out this hellish strife
The loot, the pillage, and the mad rapine?
Some final good, some lofty goal serene,
Must be for all who here inherit life.

What world-wide sunlit revolution rife
Of liberty and love doth lurk unseen?
The body-politic is foul, unclean,
The fester sputters to the surgeon's knife.

Perchance the peasant and the toiler low,
May rise to stature of enfranchised men,
Europa's humble millions soon may know
Fair freedom breaking over bog and fen.

If it be so, dear God, not all in vain,
The vast procession of the maimed and slain.

—[Robert Loveman, in September Nautilus.]

FOR FIGHTING FIRE USE

GARSTANG GRASS BURNER

For the city lot owner, or rancher. Designed solely for fighting dangerous and uncontrollable brush and woods. Clears off city lots or vacant acreage. Kills the seed of weeds and rank vegetation at the right season. Safe, inexpensive and an efficient safeguard against accidental fires. Burns oil, distillate or gasoline. Prices on application.

Richard Garstang, Paterson, 224 W. 30th St.

that the diversity of breeds of the city and get assured supply houses of the country. Look up the ad- where they are located. Go into the poultry breeders of the country. And the next ad- of next, in every locality, and the next ad-

THE A. P. A. MEETING.

An Educational Convention for Poultrymen.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

and one must visit white, black, buff, speckled, big and little, before he can tell which one he would prefer. An all-white fowl in a favorable location is a most beautiful bird; poorly kept he is unsightly. A glossy black bird appeals to many, and a buff bird to nearly everybody. The color one likes should lead him. The breeder of the speckled birds will pull out wings to show the beautiful markings of his pets. If this appeals to one as being more beautiful than a solid color, then that kind, because one of the finest fowls is the Barred Plymouth Rock. Again, one should notice if he likes the big, stately, slow-moving fowl, or the slim, quick, graceful fellow, who half flies over ground. Each kind has special virtues, and no one bird all the virtues. Personally we cannot see why so many choose Leghorns for a family fowl, but people do so at a profit, and they are the egg-machine of Petaluma. They lay a medium-sized egg and many in the springtime, few in winter, and are poor eating when the laying age passes to one who has the larger breeds.

When color and size of fowl have been decided upon, dictated by personal taste, a best breed for an adjustable person is not far off. To ignore personal taste in the start is a calamity. If one does not possess personal taste do not breed anything, but buy what is wanted from the market. However to be more specific, our choice for a family flock would lead to the selection of a breed that would supply eggs and also a good carcass for a family dinner, and yet find local climatic conditions and environments congenial. This leads to the American and English class—the Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Wyandottes, or the Orpingtons and Dorkings. Either will afford sufficient range in the selection of color of plumage, head and leg points, to meet the requirements of individual tastes for beauty and the gratification of one's artistic sensibilities.

Recent Observation on Moult.

THE MOULTING period is more or less one of anxiety to breeders and fanciers. And though a quite natural process, poultrymen are nevertheless anxious to bring their birds through as quickly as possible in order to restore normal egg-production. In a recent bulletin Mrs. Whitaker, of the poultry department of the Washington State Agricultural College, takes the position that time and food for the renewal of her robe is the due of the good layer, but cautions poultrymen against mistaking the early moulters for the profitable egg-producers. Mrs. Whitaker states that in general the profitable pullet is the one that begins egg production not later than November, and continues her first laying period during at least ten months, or up to September 1. The pullet that along in June or July stops laying to shed her feathers and set about dress reform has cut short her period of profitable egg production to seven or eight months. Early in July, hens that have quit laying for the season should be culled out and marketed. The profitable birds to hold over the second year are those pullets that proved themselves winter layers, and, moreover, continue egg production throughout July and August, when strictly fresh eggs always command a good price.

Trap-nest records show that hens require from seventy to ninety days to complete moult. During the first one-third of this period, when merely shedding old feathers, good hens continue to lay, ceasing only when their food is required to supply the materials out of which to fashion the growing feathers. Average layers, properly fed, should not be out of laying due to the moult for a period longer than fifty to sixty days. The older and weaker in vitality the hen the slower to moult. Generally the hen that drops a few feathers at a time, replacing them one by one, is not as good a layer as is the hen whose feathers all seem to drop out at once, leaving her bare for a time.

Although the growing of the feathers in the latter case is no negligible drain on a hen's vitality.

It is possible to induce an early moult by selecting a warm period in June, feeding no mash, little if any grain, but the usual supply of green food and water during a period of from three to five days. This checks egg production and causes the rapid shedding of the feathers. This moult, however, is unnatural, and, as a rule, the hens require a longer time for the growing of new feathers than when allowed to moult naturally. Moreover, the poultryman, who hopes by this method to bring his old hens into early fall and winter laying, is often disappointed by the second moult of the fowls along in November or December. Forcing the moult is not, therefore, as a rule, advisable.

The ration for the moulted hen should supply protein and ash generously. The supply of tender, juicy, green food should be abundant. Oats, fed when the shoots are one-fourth inch in length, and milk in the form of cottage cheese, are excellent and safe foods to force feather growth.

The mash should contain ground oats, barley or corn meal, wheat middlings with some bran. Beef scrap, if milk is not available, should be used to make up about 10 per cent., by weight, of the mash.

The poultryman should specially guard moulted hens from dampness and draughts, provide sanitary, roomy quarters, feed generously and regularly. The four-pound hen that has laid 150 eggs has manufactured five times her weight in food for man. It will repay the poultryman to acknowledge the moulted hen's right to new raiment and give her a square deal.

Sins of Legislators.

THE ENACTMENT of law by the average legislator has indeed much to answer for, which is invariably the result of ignorance—a total want of learning on constitutional law, of government, and of State,

Federal and international obligations and relations. Thus the so-called Chinese-egg law is already under legal scrutiny questioning its constitutionality. Though in force only since August 7, it is in the shoals of legal verbiage and opinion. Those opposed to its enforcement claim that it is unconstitutional, and hence no law at all.

Commenting on some of its phases, it is true that laws compelling the correct labeling of goods have stood the test; but this law is somewhat different. It is not a case that hen's eggs are being sold for duck eggs, but that they might be labeled as "fresh" instead of Chinese. But so might many other articles be penalized along similar lines. As a San Francisco authority on poultry products well says: "The question will then arise whether the Legislature has power to compel such advertising of imported eggs, while not requiring advertisement of imported cloth or other commodities."

"But there is still another aspect of the matter in that the law is an interference, whether helpful or harmful, with foreign commerce, and the treaty-making power and all that sort of thing lying without dispute in the domain of Federal jurisdiction. And might not Canada, whence these particular eggs come, retaliate by requiring all who deal in California fruit to advertise the fact on a sign a foot high and six feet long, with the intent to suggest that it must be bad fruit from having traveled so far? We suspect that if the Supreme Court of the United States ever gets hold of this law it will make hash of it. It is a law calculated to produce friction with countries otherwise friendly."

And still, the justice of the law is apparent, it is an imposition on the public to parade Chinese eggs as fresh California ranch hen fruit, hence it is to be hoped that its provision to compel the labeling of the product for just what it is will not be denied by the courts.

Knowledge and Skill Needed in Turkey-Raising.

By M. M. Stearns.

TURKEY SENSE.

ONE OF THE biggest turkey-raisers in California, located now in the San Jacinto Valley, and who formerly raised turkeys on a large scale in the Sacramento Valley, was recently quoted as saying that there were no secrets to turkey raising—that all that was necessary for success with turkeys was ordinary care and common sense.

The statement is in a measure true, yet it is quite safe to add that many of those who embark in the turkey industry feel that something more than these general directions are necessary. Though most of the precautions that may be taken to safeguard the well-being of turkeys are based, naturally, on common sense, no little skill is required to determine the condition of the birds, and just what it is that they require for the time being.

To be able to tell at a glance the condition and requirements of a flock of growing turkeys is the open sesame of turkey success. Those who fail to make money with their turkeys, and who yet exercise all reasonable care in caring for the birds, can safely attribute their failure not to lack of common sense, but to lack of that peculiar skill which comes readily to some and only slowly to others, that for want of a better term we may call "turkey sense."

How to acquire this knack of determining the condition of turkeys at a glance is the most trying problem that confronts not a few of those who still have real success before them in the turkey industry. Only recently a lady, who has been raising turkeys for some years, told me that she had absolutely no confidence in her ability to make the birds do well; some years, she said, she would have fairly good luck, and during other seasons her work would be attended only by the poorest of results. "I am going to keep on," she said, "until I can raise a good proportion of the poulties every time I set out to."

She knew all that most turker-raisers ordinarily know. She had read directions for caring for turkeys, for treating turkey diseases, and whatever other turkey literature was procurable. She had also had several seasons of turkey experience of her own. Yet she felt that turkey raising, with



BRONZE TURKEY-HEN.

With new feathers after the moult. The alert attitude and appearance indicate good health.

her, was still a gamble, and had no confidence, whatever, that the venture of any particular year would necessarily prove successful.

The only thing that she lacked, as far as could be ascertained in a half-hour's conversation, was the ability to tell at a glance the conditions and needs of her birds. She was not able, by merely looking at her young turkeys, to tell whether or not they were hungry; she could not readily determine at feeding time whether they were in danger of over-feeding, or close to the danger point in the opposite direction, so that they were close to being unhealthy from under-nourishment. In other words, she lacked "turkey sense."

There is no one prescription as to how to obtain this turkey skill in short order. But certain hints may be found exceedingly useful.

Never feed turkeys, old or young, without noting their actions carefully, to see whether or not they are eager for the food. The avidity with which they gobble down whatever is thrown before them is one

pretty sure indication of their wellbeing, or lack of it.

By learning always to notice the birds with particular care at feeding time, and then connecting results of such observations with the subsequent condition of the birds, one can do much to acquire proficiency in "turkey sense." When turkeys are not scrutinized carefully at feeding time, a sudden descent of sickness or weakness upon the flock comes as a total surprise—as one of those mysterious scourges which are commonly supposed to descend upon turkeydom without any real reason. But if one is noticing the flock carefully at feeding time there are usually to be seen certain changes that precede the departure of health from the covey of birds. Almost invariably preceding loss of condition there will be a marked decrease of activity at feeding time. After a few such experiences, of noticing this decrease in activity, and then the subsequent loss of vitality of the flock, one comes into the ability to prophesy, to a certain extent, what the condition of the flock will be after a few days' time, and take whatever steps may be necessary to forestall disaster.

The condition of the crop is always a pretty sure indication of health and vigor. By learning always to feel the crop, on any occasion when one is handling turkeys, old or young, one can obtain surprising insight into the state of their well-being.

The condition of the crop can be taken with other things—the bird's activity, appetite and so on—as a definite indication of the turkey's health.

An empty crop is usually an indication of an over-fed turkey. A full crop usually shows good health. When the birds are being fed very scanty rations and show great hunger, an empty or only partially filled crop, of course, indicates that they are not getting enough food. This is not a common state of affairs, however, as turkeys ordinarily get, even when being decidedly under-fed, enough food to keep their crops from being entirely empty.

Just as a full crop in an active bird means health, so a very full crop in an inactive bird usually means impending trouble. Birds that have been under-fed or fed just as to a nice point of adequacy, can easily be over-

fed; they will gobble more food than they can assimilate with the greed which they have carried over from the preceding days of health, and it is then that they show, for a day or two, a tendency to listlessness with a full crop. Following this condition there will be, almost invariably, the usual one of listlessness with a fairly empty crop, that signifies the over-fed condition and loss of appetite.

The crops should be empty when the birds come from the roost in the morning; they should be full when the birds go to roost at night. A crop in which some food remains after the night period shows an unhealthy bird, usually one that has been over-fed.

One can learn readily to observe the actions of turkeys and tell much from the movements of the birds. A healthy, hungry turkey walks about rapidly when on the hunt for food—almost at a run—and stops innumerable times to scrutinize or peck at bits of growth or foodstuffs.

A bird greedy for food, traveling at such a rate, and with a crop that contains quite a bit of food during the day, and is filled up at night, is sure to be a pretty vigorous turkey.

Over-fed turkeys have a slow, listless walk when left to themselves, and peck at bugs or growing things infrequently.

A bird with a full crop, and this seeming lifelessness, is one that has just come into an unhealthy, over-fed condition.

A listless bird, with a crop nearly empty, is one that has been over-fed for some time.

An exceedingly active bird, with a crop almost empty, or entirely so, is, except when the condition is noted only the first thing in the morning, decidedly under-fed, and in danger of suddenly "going weak" on account of such under-feeding.

An exceedingly apathetic bird, that seems on the verge of actual sickness and has no food whatever in its crop, may be in this condition either as a result of over-feeding or under-feeding. If the former, the condition has come about gradually, the bird getting sicker each day, while if the latter, it comes suddenly, developing usually in a single forenoon, following a day of great activity and not enough food.

Progressive China as Seen at San Francisco.

By a Special Contributor.

Saturday, September 4, 1915.

LOS ANGELES TIMES
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

Fiesta of Mission Indians at San Diego.

By A Special Contributor.

QUAINT CEREMONIES.

IN STRONG contrast to the Indians of the Painted Desert are the Mission Indians who have been holding their annual fiesta on the tractor field of the exposition at San Diego. More than fifty families of the Pala, Rincon and La Jolla Indians came from their reservations to hold their annual festival, play games and perform their dances. Tourists expecting to see Indians dressed in their war paint or native garb were disappointed, for the men, women and children were all decorously dressed in white man's apparel, having learned from long years of training under the mission fathers to dress and work as the white man does. But if not so picturesquely garbed as the Navajos, Apaches and Hopis these Mission Indians were quite as picturesque in many of their old customs.

True, the great dog feast, a part of the annual fiesta, was tabooed by the relentless Humane Society officers. When the members of this society read the shocking advertisement carried in the daily papers for "dogs for the dog feast" of the Indians, they hastened to prevent the sacrifice of any dog's life for such a purpose. There was no ban, however, on the fascinating peon game, the great gambling game of the Indians, nor on the war dances of the old men of the tribes at night.

The opening of the fiesta Wednesday morning was most impressive. The Indians, gathered about a temporary altar, sang mass which their beloved priest, Father George Doyle, celebrated. The priest then in a kindly talk told the Indians to "play," to enjoy their games, dances and feasting.

The scene of the Indians kneeling reverently about the priest in the ramada built of reeds and leaves made one think of the days of the early mission padres, when the ancestors of these Indians were guided by the priests.

The peon game, the gambling game of the old men and women of the tribes, is a great feature each year of the fiesta which is held in honor of San Luis Rey. Old men and women sit about a camp fire and chant weird songs, while in their teeth they hold the edge of a blanket. In one hand hidden behind the blanket, a small black stick is passed and the gamblers guess where the stick is. The Indians played all night long while here, so interested were they in the game on which there were high stakes. The young bucks, who do not engage in the peon

games, held several pelote games, the Indian football. Two teams play this, although as many may be on a team as desired if the same number are on the opposing team. They can run with the ball or bat it with a stick, and if one runs his opponents are allowed to tackle him anywhere they can gain a hold. There were no casualties in the game in spite of the lack of Spalding rules.

But if the games and tribal dances of the old men were of interest to the white visitors to the fiesta, the exposition and the stores of San Diego were equally enjoyed by the Indians. The Indian housewives, for these are not "squaws," so civilized and domestic are they, at once visited the shopping district upon their arrival here. Here stores for the next year, gingham, silks, and all manner of things were purchased. And the buildings of the exposition and the amusements of the Isthmus were not passed up by the Indians, young and old. But whatever they saw and what they thought will not be known until they return to their reservations, for nothing could surprise & look of wonder or draw out a question from any of them.

The Eagle dance of the old men Thursday night was the piece de resistance of the fiesta in the estimation of the Indians. Danced by old men of the tribes to their own chanting before the camp fires and garbed in beautiful head dresses and decorations of eagle feathers the Indians seemed to have learned the secret of perpetual motion as they twirled and danced to the endless chant.

Whether envious of the newcomers, who shared the interest of tourists at the fair, or for some other reason the Indians of the various tribes of the Painted Desert remained aloof from the Mission Indians and never one paid a friendly call on their more civilized brothers.

Don't Worry.

[Puck:] Mrs. Wullaby: De agent says if we ain't got de rent nex' Monday we's got to git out.

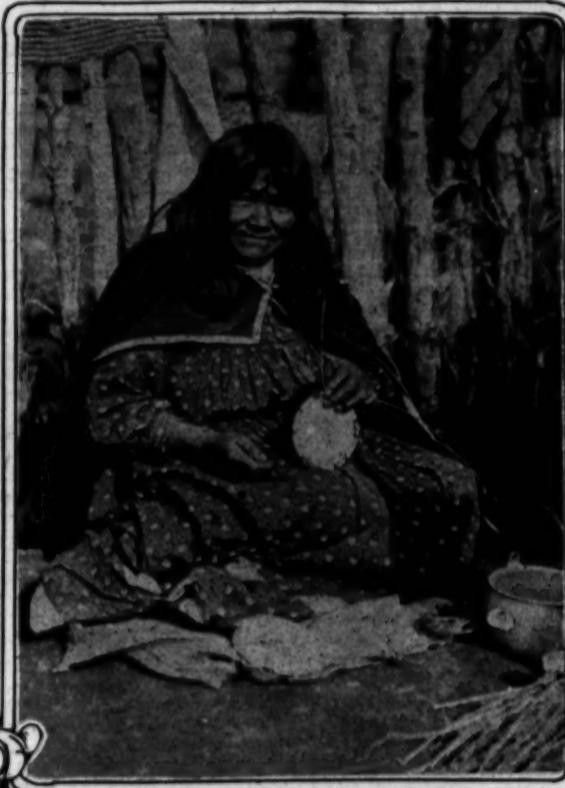
Sam Wullaby: Nex' Monday? Den we doan' need to worry fo' de nex' fo' days.

[Hobart Herald:] "What do you think of this second-hand auto which my father picked up at a bargain and sent me to use at college?"

"It sure is a rattling good car."



Manuel Daro in ceremonial dance.



Wah-Ho-Gan expert basket-weaver.



Religious ceremony at opening of Indian Festival at San Diego Exposition.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

THE NOVEMBER MEETING.

Altho the growing of the feathers in general and intermediate oblique and vertical relations, thus the so-called Chinese-egg shell is already under legal scrutiny and the latter case is no negligible drain on the supply of green shell to the market. Those who oppose to the enforcement of this claim do so in the interest of egg production and hence no law is unconstitutional, and hence no law is needed.

THE NOVEMBER MEETING.

One of novelty to breeders and raisers which one would prefer to a more costly and time-consuming method is a new method of breeding birds through a process of feeding them only once a week, but the result is not as good as the normal egg production.

THE NOVEMBER MEETING.

It is possible to induce an early molt by feeding a warm period in June, feeding force only since August 1. It is in this month the most comfortable. Through its action the bird loses weight rapidly, and though it may be a few days earlier than the normal, it is still a valuable service to breeders and raisers.

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An Educational Convention for Poultrymen.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

THE A. P. A. MEETING.

A RECENT visit to San Francisco showed that affairs are progressing along healthy lines that presage a brilliant meeting at the thirty-first annual convention of the American Poultry Association, and also a large entry at the forthcoming International Poultry Show—both events being scheduled for the week of November 18. The time for entering birds is limited to October 15, which admonishes breeders to not only get their best birds in condition but also to be getting in their entries. The indications are that there will be a splendid showing of birds from the Pacific Coast States.

The programme that has been provided for the convention is one that no poultryman, be he a commercial breeder or only a fancier, can afford to neglect. It is practical to the core, each of the different speakers being a recognized authority on the subject treated on. In so far as completed, it embraces the following salient features:

Monday evening, November 15, reception to all members of the American Poultry Association.

Tuesday, November 16, 9:30 a.m., fortieth annual meeting of the American Poultry Association called to order by the president. Address by Lyman C. Byce, president of the American Poultry Association of California. Address by D. O. Lively, Chief of the Department of Livestock. Address of welcome and presentation of the exposition medal, Charles C. Moore, president of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Response by E. B. Thompson, Amenia, N. Y., president of the American Poultry Association. Address, "History of the American Poultry Association," by S. T. Campbell, secretary, Mansfield, Ohio.

3:00 p.m. Dances at California Building. Address, "The Poultry Industry, Present and Future; What it is and What it Should Be," by Grant H. Curtis, Buffalo, N. Y., editor of the American Poultry World. Address, "Breeding and Feeding for Egg Production." C. T. Patterson, pathologist at the Missouri State Poultry Experiment Station, Mountain Grove, Mo., illustrated.

Wednesday, November 17, 1915, 7:30 p.m., address, "Open Air Housing of Poultry," Dr. Prince T. Woods, Silver Lake, Mass., managing editor of American Poultry Journal. Address, "Methods That Have Made Possible the Getting of a Living Out of Poultry," W. Theo Wittman, expert poultryman for State of Pennsylvania. Illustrated.

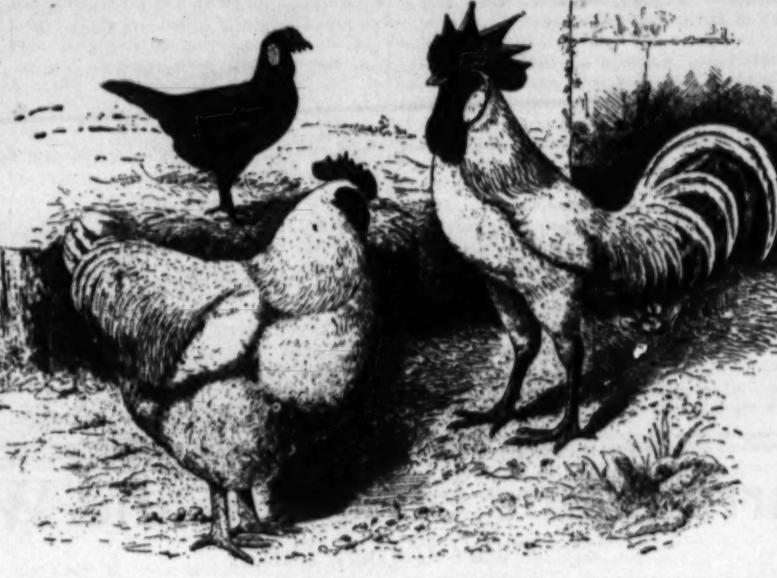
Thursday, November 18, 1915. Opening of the great Panama-Pacific Universal Poultry Show.

Saturday, November 20, 2:00 p.m. Blackboard chalk talk, "Science of Type," W. H. Card, Manchester, Ct. Illustrated lecture, "Chicken Pox with Special Reference to Preventative Vaccination," Dr. I. R. Beach of the University of California. Lecture, "Conclusions Drawn From Fifteen Years' College and University Work With Poultry," Prof. W. R. Graham, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada. Lecture, "Demonstration in Caponizing," Illustrated with live birds, George Beauoy, Cedar Vale, Kan.

Monday, November 22, 2:00 p.m. Lecture, "Ohio and the Day-old Chick Business," Prof. F. S. Jacoby, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio. Lecture, "Selecting the Layers," results of experiments at the Oregon Station, illustrated, Prof. James Dryden, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Ore. Lecture, "Economics of Poultry Feed," Prof. M. E. Jaffa of the University of California, Berkeley. Lecture, "Demonstration in Selection of Laying Hens and Breeding Stock," Walter Hogan, Petaluma, Cal., originator of the Hogan system.

Tuesday, November 23, 2:00 p.m. Lecture, Prof. J. E. Dougherty, Davis, Cal., "Some Problems of the California Poultryman." Lecture, "Waterfowl and Their Management," Judge Charles McGlave, New London, Ohio.

Other interesting lectures and demonstrations, and special exhibits of an educational nature are being arranged for. During the hours when the convention is not in session



A WINNING TRIO OF BREEDS.

In the above picture are depicted three of the most popular breeds of poultry, all of which possess a wide following in California. The top bird to the left is a Black Minorca hen, a breed that is recognized for laying the largest white-shelled egg of all our domesticated fowls; the bird to the right is a White Leghorn cockerel, English type, showing a rather larger comb than the American birds of the same breed; and the blocky bird is a White Orpington male, a breed that several years ago experienced a veritable boom in this country, where it still remains a prime favorite.

there will be entertainment provided by the local poultrymen, consisting of auto trips, boat rides on the bay, visit to special points of interest, etc. Undoubtedly there will be an adjourned meeting held in Los Angeles, particulars of which we hope to announce in these columns at the proper time.

Selection of a Breed for a Family Flock.

Mrs. J. B. S., of Fresno, writes to this department of the Times Illustrated Weekly asking our opinion as to the best breed for a family flock of poultry. On more than one occasion we have dwelt upon this subject, treating it from more than one point of view, and only to return to it again at this time from the fact that our correspondent is evidently a newcomer to California with an intense desire to enjoy outdoor life and get close to the soil. In writing on this subject we may unconsciously be guilty of repeating opinions that have on more than one occasion been already exploited in this department. Broadly speaking it does little good to tell the novice who wants to break into poultry culture, either as a fancier, a city lot operator, or as a commercial breeder, that there is no best breed. If there were only two breeds, or even six, and any person had bred all of them for twenty years, with their separate needs in view, his advice would be valuable, no doubt. Yet his personal experiences would not be those of his neighbor because of different environment. A caretaker who has a small hole in the back of his poultry house, and a small, continual draft at night across the perched poultry, will find his breed delicate, when it is really not so, but will not stand a draft any more than another breed. Little things make or unmake a personal estimate. The caretaker who thinks good, reliable poultry do not mind such a small thing as a hole in the back of the house, will always be changing his breed, and he will always be unsatisfied.

There are so many different good breeds, no person lives long enough to try them out and write down his estimate for the benefit of the novice. A visit to a big poultry show, or even a small local show, is a splendid experience. To see the different birds with the different caretakers, and to know that the finest birds of the breed are on exhibition, is a strong leader to what will become the best breed to the observer. Each caretaker will show a decided preference for the one he exhibits, and he seldom shows more than two. The novice should never try more than one breed at a time. It becomes a question of importance as one looks the exhibits over, and considers the numbers of each breed on exhibit. Is popularity of a breed a real index of value? The numbers of persons showing the same speci-

mens indicate the value of that breed. One who has visited shows for twenty-five years can look back and see that popularity of one class of poultry, through its breeders, has indexed well the value of that particular variety. No popular breed has ever gone out, though it may be better adapted to limited localities, and not grown universally.

But shows cannot be visited this week,

Foothill Feather Farm

TRUE SILVER CAMPINES the Poultry of the Distant Past, the Fowl of the Future, long established in Belgium, England and Canada, but comparatively rare in the United States. Selected and mated breeding birds for sale.

Crystal White Orpingtons, selected Barred Rocks, White-faced Black Spanish (Rowan's sweeping prize winners), Black Minorcas, (ribbon getters), "Red" R. I. Reds, and the always on-deck Single-comb White Leghorns.

Poults and eggs supplied. Day-old and 10-day-old chicks for sale. Choice of above breeds.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Pigeons, Deer, Goats and Dogs.

FOOTHILL FEATHER FARM, No. 7059 W. Franklin Ave., Hollywood District. A picturesquely spot, 30 minutes from the city, 15 minutes from Van Nuys, 45 minutes from the San Fernando Valley generally, via the Cahuenga Pass. Phone Home 5727.

or next, in every locality, and the next best thing to do is to go visiting the big poultry breeders of the country. Look up the advertisements in the papers and find out where they are located. Go into the poultry supply houses of the city and get assured that the advertisers are worth visiting—poultry supply houses are the gossip shops of the country, but facts are at the bottom of all male gossip. You meet the big breeders at the supply houses and learn from the literature of things in general.

As one walks up to a pen of beauties, if he does not long for a dipper of grain to feed the expectants, he is no good as a prospective breeder; he had better buy his poultry flesh from the market crate, and his eggs from a labeled basket in the stall. If one instinctively turns about and wonders if he may get just a few grains to toss to the beautiful birds, he may be sure he is a fellow of poultry craft and needs only the opportunity to succeed with poultry. But the emotions will not do the breeding.

Midland Poultry Food No. 4

The greatest, moulted food ever manufactured. It keeps your fowls in perfect condition while laying. It keeps them laying while moulting. If your birds are not laying try Midland No. 4. Price \$2 per sack.

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[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The Yaqui Indian Outbreaks of Southern Sonora.

By Isaac Campbell Kidd, Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

AMERICAN INTERESTS.

THE Yaqui Indians, who have of late attained prominence by their dastardly raids upon the Mexican and foreign settlers inhabiting the rich lands of the Yaqui Valley, and the foothills of the Bocatete Mountains of Southern Sonora, now virtually control the entire State, politically and otherwise. Little is generally known concerning the activities of this nation, especially by the people of the United States, but since it now governs the policy of one of the richest States of Mexico, and has recently declared war upon the United States and Mexico particularly, and upon all foreigners in general, a brief glance at the Indian operations may be of interest.

Although closely resembling the Apache in their activities, especially as to subjecting captives to severe cruelty, the Yaquis belong to the Nahuatl family that inhabited northern Mexico before the coming of the Aztecs and not to the Athapasca family to which belong the Apaches. The tribe language is the Cahita, but Spanish is spoken by many members of the tribe, especially the tame, or "Manso," Indians of the nation, who occupy the villages along the delta of the Yaqui River.

The operations of this tribe extend from the Bocatete Mountains and upper Yaqui Valley, north to the American border, and consist of unexpected attacks upon pack trains going to and from the mines in the Sierra Madre Mountains, and upon outlying villages and farms. These activities have recently increased with alarming rapidity and the cause is directly due to the present chaotic condition of the Mexican republic with its absolute lack of law and order.

Since the days of Montezuma this tribe has been notorious as being a warlike people, but the Mexican government has been more or less capable of holding them in subjection, and especially was this the case during the latter part of the rule of Porfirio Diaz.

During the years of 1905 and 1906, Diaz inaugurated an active campaign against the Indians of Sonora, killing off many of the warriors and driving others into the inaccessible mountain fastnesses; and to prevent further outbreaks a chain of blockhouse forts were erected from the seaport town of Guaymas up the Yaqui Valley into the very heart of the Indian country. All Yaquis captured, men, women and children, were either executed or exiled to the far-off peninsula of Yucatan. Peace and quiet then reigned in the valley and farmers harvested their crops unmolested.

The warriors, or Broncho Indians—as the fighting men of the tribe are called—were reduced to about three hundred in number by this campaign and fear kept these secluded, and their operations were limited to infrequent attacks upon mountain pack trains in the wild regions of the Sierras.

Opening to Irrigation Projects.

Among the many concessions granted by President Diaz for the development of the rich government lands, was one to a Mexican engineer named Senor Conant, who conceived the idea of irrigating the barren land contiguous to that bordering the Yaqui River, and which was then an unproductive desert save for cacti and chaparral, with here and there an Indian trail from the upper valley to the famed oyster beds in the Yaqui River delta. This was to be accomplished by diverting the water of the Yaqui River in the upper valley, and as calculated, this would open to irrigation somewhat over one million acres of rich agricultural land. Appreciating the feasibility of the project, the Mexican government commissioned Conant to make a survey of this district and the headwaters of the Yaqui River, for which he was to be compensated by receiving a grant consisting of a concession amounting to one-third of all the land surveyed, with the privilege of purchasing one-third additional. This land the Indians considered as being their property, but the efficient operations of the Diaz rurales prevented any active opposition to the project.

The question of capital then became paramount and on this account a company was formed under the Mexican law, and operations were begun at once. A main canal, twenty feet wide and five feet deep, was constructed from the Yaqui River at Los Hornos

to a point twenty-five miles directly south. Unfortunately the company's capital was not sufficiently large to cope with the successful handling of the undertaking and it became financially embarrassed to such an extent that the company was taken over by the creditors and sold by them to the Richardson Brothers, a Los Angeles company, who were then operating a large mine in the back country of Sonora. A new company was then formed, in 1903, and called the "Compania Constructora Richardson," or Richardson Construction Company, capitalized at \$20,000,000, the bonds being sold in the United States to the extent of \$3,000,000 to such men as Harry Payne Whitney and John Hayes Hammond.

The main canal was then extended, laterals were constructed and the land was cleared and opened to cultivation. So fertile was this valley that its remarkable annual output of three crops of rice and six of alfalfa and its adaptability for growing in abundance almost any known crop, brought many American settlers into the country to invest all of their worldly wealth. An experimental station was erected by the company on its cultivated farm of 3000 acres at Ontagota, and the results of the experiments were distributed in pamphlet form to all the settlers. Prosperity and quiet maintained until the overthrow of the Diaz government at the outbreak of the Madero revolution, at which time there were approximately five hundred American farmers in the Yaqui district. The railroad had been extended so that it now ran from the American border through the valley, and a state of general prosperity prevailed for Mexicans and foreigners alike. Then the seed of destruction was sown.

Given Spoils of War.

Appreciating the value of the Yaqui as a fighting man, bands of the Manso Yaquis, as the tame Indians are called, were formed into military units by the revolutionary party and upon the overthrow of Diaz, one of the first official acts of Madero was to grant an audience to a committee from the Yaqui nation arriving at the capital for the purpose of conferring with the President concerning their share of the spoils of war. At this conference it was agreed that each warrior was to receive a plot of ground along the Yaqui River amounting to about ten acres. The commission departed apparently satisfied, but upon its return to the tribe, the representatives became aware that their negotiations had been rendered valueless, for the nation considered the agreement unsatisfactory. Madero finally sent a special envoy to the Yaqui country and it is said this representative has been the only white man to enter the sacred stronghold of the tribe and the first to be granted an audience by the venerable old chief, Juan Jose Sibalaume, who, though now 85 years of age, commands all branches of the Yaqui nation and rules with a mailed fist.

More land was granted each warrior as a result of this negotiation, and the small plots of ground were to be stocked at government expense. The prospect of having a Utopian settlement appeared to have been attained, but as is generally the case with plans for the theoretical uplift of the downtrodden, the personal equation of the individual was not considered. The Indian for years has preferred to have the "Yori," or white man, till the fields while he looked on, unseen from afar, until the harvest time, unseen from afar, until the harvest time, with all its splendor, stirred the anarchistic spirit into action and, unexpectedly, with other braves, he would raid an outlying ranch, carrying off the harvested crops to his mountain cache. The farms apportioned by the government to the Indians were soon either sold or deserted; but carefree, the warriors were content; preferring to come and go as they saw fit. Demands were soon made by the Indians upon the government for food, and promptly carloads of provisions were dispatched from Guaymas by the Constitutional Governor of the State as tribute to the fighting men.

The fighting ability of the Yaqui was undisputed, and appreciating this, during the second revolution, the Constitutional chiefs, such as Obregon and Villa, endeavored to use them to the best advantage.

Arms and ammunition were furnished by the government without limit, it was and is now a sight not in the least unusual, to see a swarthy, sandal-footed warrior have three belts of cartridges around his middle, with additional belts, carried bandolier-fashion across each shoulder. The rifles now in the possession of the Indians are, with few exceptions, 30-30 Winchesters, but most of these show signs of careless treatment. One thousand Mauser rifles were captured from the Federal troops when Gen. Ojeda, the Federal commander of Guaymas, was badly defeated on the outskirts of town in June, 1913, and it is known that most of these were secreted to the mountains together with much ammunition, before the Mexican officers of the Constitutional army realized what had happened.

Getting Ammunition.

The "Broncho" Indians of the tribe are supposed to look upon the "Mansos," or tame Indians with hatred, but it is generally known that the Mansos are the source of arms and ammunition supply for the Bronchos, as at frequent intervals, a Manso member of the local Guaymas garrison will disappear after having been supplied with his allowance of ammunition. Emissaries are also dispatched at frequent intervals to the United States for the purpose of purchasing arms and ammunition and these are secreted across the Arizona border at points where unfamiliar Indian trails cross the line.

Although excellent fighters, the Yaquis will not submit to discipline and frequently revolt against the Mexican officers in immediate control. If an effort is made to subdue the offenders, the officer or officers in question are generally murdered. This is especially the case when the Indians are called upon to operate at any distance from their native haunts and at points where their women and dogs are not permitted to accompany the expedition. Many instances of this deplorable condition during the last year have been brought to the attention of the American naval forces operating along the West Coast of Mexico. One instance in particular is worthy of note, as it exemplifies the absolute disregard the Yaquis have for discipline.

The mining town of Santa Rosalia, squatted in a dry, shrubless valley of Lower California, ninety miles across the gulf from Guaymas, where it is said rain has not fallen for seven years, was enjoying the usual simple festivities of midweek, and many of the town people had gathered at the waterfront to watch the lights of the many belligerent merchantmen, riding peacefully at anchor waiting for the great war to end. The mining company's steamer, Korrigan III, quietly got under way from its moorings in the inner harbor preparatory to making its routine provision trip to Guaymas.

The Indian garrison of two hundred Yaqui warriors had evinced signs of unrest and rumors had become current that they were tiring of Lower California and desired to be returned to their native haunts. This caused the Mexican officers some concern, but as yet there had been no outward demonstration.

Steamer Held up and Officer Shot.

The Korrigan III had almost gained the harbor entrance when the stillness of the evening was shattered by sounds of scattering shots coming from one end of the massive seawall, and loud shouts sprung from the same direction, demanding that the steamer stop and give passage to the garrison. The military commandant, Maj. Aguayo, a forceful-looking young Mexican of Spanish descent, who had been educated in the States, hearing the commotion, buckled on his pistol and proceeded to the scene post-haste. His arrival was followed by a momentary silence, which was broken by the crack and whine of a rifle bullet. The major fell wounded and his collapse seemed to be the signal for deviltry. Warhoop-shrieks of satisfaction were general signals for mutiny. Three or four warriors dragged Aguayo along the seawall until the customhouse was reached, and there, after bolstering him up against the building, the bloodthirsty savages cut the rings from his fingers and filled his body with holes after which they kicked the remains down the street with shouts of glee.

The customhouse was looted and several officials were arrested, including the German Consular Agent, a Mexican, who was later released upon payment of 1000 pesos.

In order to avoid further trouble, M. Pliouin, director of the Boleo Mining Company, offered to permit one of his steamers to carry the garrison to Guaymas, and this was immediately accepted with the result that all of the Indians set sail the following day.

Fighters but Unreliable.

That these soldiers that form the major part of Maytorena's Sonora army are fearless is not to be doubted, but their stubbornness, displayed when least expected, makes them most unreliable fighting men.

In January of this year, the Carranzista forces of the State of Sinaloa were advancing rapidly to the northward and as a counter-move, it was decided that an expedition of the Yaquis be sent from Guaymas by water to a point on the gulf coast and from there assail the enemy from the rear. The scheme was apparently launched with success but just as the two transports were about to sail, the Indians mutinied, killing four men and wounding two officers and twenty men. The mutiny lasted four hours and three or four thousand rounds were fired, but as unexpectedly as it started it stopped and the ships proceeded to the southward. Heavy weather was encountered after a few hours out, and not being good sailors, the force aboard the smaller vessel decided that it was time to come about, so about they came and made for Guaymas, the Indians declaring they could make better time traveling overland. Whether or not the expedition finally reached its destination is not known.

Not the least important of the numerous peculiarities of the Yaqui is his apparent disregard for self. Although, like most savages, he will retreat before a show of force and endeavor to lead his adversary into ambush, yet once cornered he will fight to the last. The writer was surprised at the remarkable fortitude of these Indians during the numerous assaults upon the Federal fortifications surrounding Mazatlan during the months of July and August, 1914. There, one thousand Indians under a Mexican colonel named Fructuoso Mendez, who had been raised in the Indian country and whom they apparently held in awe and followed faithfully, attacked the Federal trenches unexpectedly one night, rushing the troops with knives, but the sweeping fire of the machine guns left the rising ground strewn with dead warriors. Hundreds of wounded were seen the following day, lying in box cars near the scene of attack, having been given little or no medical attention, but not a sound of suffering was heard, although the wounds were, in most cases, serious. It was then learned that the Yaqui, if suffering from intense pain, would commit suicide unless closely watched, rather than give vent to his feelings; and that this was a tribal characteristic.

Causes of the Recent Uprising.

The present uprising of the Yaqui nation has been due to various causes, but primarily to the nonfulfillment of promises on the part of the Constitutional leaders to return all the Indian land to the tribe in accordance with the Indians' proclamation of July 16, 1914, and to the inability of the Maytorena government to supply food as had previously been done.

The present outbreak against the foreign settlers in the Yaqui Valley, who now numbered seventy-two stalwart frontiersmen—the others, disheartened by three years of revolution, having returned to the United States—became first evident about the middle of April of this year, when a band of Indians appeared around the ranch belonging to John Hays Hammond and operated by two young Americans, Waldo Sheldon and Barrett Jones, both of Greenwich, Ct. Anticipating an attack during the harvest season, the ranch, like all the others in the district, was protected by barricades and watch-towers, and all of the peons were armed. The band was sighted from the tower as it was winding its way toward the settlement. Preparations were immediately made to give battle, the rifles were served out and everyone took his prescribed post.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

An Adventure in Fruit. By Dan O'Malley.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

time in building a fire and cremating the body. When the crematory fire burned low it suddenly grew dark. The earth trembled violently and all were thrown prostrate. Then, in the midst of a mighty convulsion the earth parted, leaving a great chasm where the cremation had taken place. Down this chasm came a rush of water that had no end. This was the birth of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon. The waters carried away the ashes of Mutavella, forever hallowing the shores of the newly-created river and rendering its water wholesome and blessed.

Mastemho remained with the Indians for three days. He gave them the mesquite bean and taught them how to prepare it for food. He also gave them other seeds and plants, the quail, the rabbit and the mountain sheep, and taught them to make earthenware and garments from the bark of the willow. He then apportioned the land among the several tribes, giving the Mohaves and their kindred, the Yumas, the land along the sacred Colorado from the canyon to the sea. When he had done this he bade them farewell and returned to his kingdom in the stars.

The tradition does not tell what became of Emechike, the false wife, who brought

the disaster. But the Mohaves assert that Nevathee still lives among the sand dunes south of the Needles Mountains, where he has some springs of water and raised melons and corn. He never leaves his domain except at night and being four feet tall and equally broad, he travels very fast, like a rolling ball. They assert that he searches at night for Mohaves to carry them away to his home. Probably for this reason they are all arrant cowards at night.

The Mohave belief in Nevathee is general and insistent. While only a few of the old men will talk of Mutavella and Mastemho, all speak unreservedly of Nevathee and many claim to have seen him.

I have made more than a score of trips between the Parker Agency and the town of Needles, in row boats, with Indian oarsmen. At a point a little south of the Red or Mohave Canyon, some twelve miles below the Santa Fe bridge, is a spot that I do not remember ever having passed without hearing the Indians mutter the word "Nevathee." They always hasten by the place and time their stopping and starting so that it may be passed near mid-day. As nearly as could be learned they believe that point to be the place on the river nearest Nevathee's domain and the spot where he visits

the river. On one occasion a young oarsman, a reckless iconoclast, just after passing the place, called out in a loud voice, "Nevathee-pee," the suffix being a term of derision and defiance. This bravado not only frightened the other Indians but seemed to make them very angry, and they shunned him during the remainder of the journey. Perhaps a year later this young Indian was thrown from a horse he was racing near the agency and instantly killed. A great crowd of Indians soon gathered, but they held aloof and it was not until both urged and threatened that they took his body from where it lay in the broiling sun and prepared it for cremation. They seemed to regard the dead man as Nevathee's own and to expect the evil one to carry him away.

Earth's Costliest Gems.

[Pearsons:] American women are greatly excited over the magnificent show of black opals which the Australian government has sent to the Panama Exposition.

These exquisite gems, which were practically unknown up till comparatively recently, cost more, carat for carat, than do diamonds even, while experts declare that they are infinitely beautiful.

And in this connection it may be pointed

out that the term "black opal" is distinctly misleading. It was coined to distinguish it from the familiar "light opal." As a matter of fact the black opal is alive with myriad shades of flaming splendor, from brightest tints of green glowing fire to meteoric gold or lavender, that in an instant quivers to crimson, or slips into molten ruby or sapphire, as the angle of light alters.

Black opals are so dear, not only because they are so beautiful, but because they are so rare. They are found only at one spot, a comparatively small tract of ground in New South Wales, adjoining the Queensland border.

The field is called Lightning Ridge. It is a wild and desolate spot. The nearest towns to it are Walgett and Collarendabri, and it is about 500 miles from Sydney, as the crow flies.

Black opal mining is about the biggest gamble extant. There is really nothing to guide the miner in selecting a likely spot. The work is hard. The shafts average forty feet in depth, and all rock has to be "bucked" to the top. Water is scarce, food almost unobtainable. On the other hand, the prospector who is lucky enough to stumble upon a "pocket" of fair-sized, flawless stones reaps a fortune forthwith.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

A DISCOVERY.

"Look, dear," excitedly. "Isn't that a light in our apartment?"

"Jove, that's right!" Warren paused on the steps and gazed up at the lighted window on the eighth floor.

"What is she doing in the front room?" Helen's voice shrilled with indignation. "She's telephoning! I told you she phones when we're out."

"Oh, well, what's a few calls?"

"It's not a few—it's every time we go out. That's what makes the bills so high. No one would allow a maid to use the phone that way. I'm going to speak to her to-night!" emphatically.

"Mrs. Edwards is upstairs," drawled the elevator boy, as they stepped into the car. "She's been waiting since 9. She got the superintendent to let her in—she said 'twas all right."

"Carrie!" gasped Helen.

"Hope nothing's wrong," Warren muttered. Then to the boy, "Yes, of course, that was right to let her in."

Carrie in her apartment for two hours! Helen's mind whirled. She thought of the sewing that strewed the library, of her disordered bedroom, of the waist she had cleaned—and the odor of gasoline.

It had been the maid's afternoon off. Warren had come home unexpectedly early, made her drop everything and go with him to the beach.

"Hello, there! Nothing wrong?" was Warren's brisk greeting as he strode into the library where Carrie was calmly reading.

"Oh, no, only I missed the last train. Didn't even have a toothbrush—so I couldn't go to a hotel."

"Hotel! I should say not," with hearty hospitality. "We're mighty glad to have you."

"Oh, of course—of course," murmured Helen.

"It was a stupid thing to do, but I had last month's time table. Since the first the trains leave fifteen minutes earlier."

"Where's Lawrence?" Warren asked.

"Didn't he come in with you?"

"No, he had to go to Albany yesterday. I just came in to get some things for the children."

"Have you called them up? They know you're not coming?"

"Oh, yes; I just had the maid on the phone."

"That's all right then." Warren drew a chair to the window. "Well, how'd you like it out there, anyway?"

"Oh, we love it! It's so much cooler than the city. Seems stifling here. You don't get much breeze in these windows, do you?"

"We've been very comfortable," retorted Helen, who always bristled under the critical air of Warren's sister.

"Well, of course, if you can stand the heat, I can't—it weakens me."

Helen rose. "I'd better see about the room."

"Now don't go to any bother," Carrie called after her punctiliously.

They had no spare room. They were not fixed to have any one stay over night, thought Helen rebelliously. There was only the couch in her room. She had dressed in a hurry—everything was in disorder. The chiffon waist, still smelling of gasoline, hung on the chandelier. And those old slippers. Had Carrie locked in here?

Hastily Helen thrust out of sight the things she did not want her to see. A soiled kimono and an old petticoat she hung far back in the closet—hanging the better looking things in front.

If only she could lock that top bureau drawer! There was not time to straighten it, and she did not think Carrie above looking through her things.

She scrutinized the sheets on the couch. They were only rumpled, but Carrie might say that she had been put into a bed with soiled sheets.

The couch remade with fresh linen, Helen laid out her best nightgown, her new bedroom slippers and pink silk kimono.

Then the bathroom—a cake of guest soap and fresh towels. Some bottles on the window sill she crowded into the medicine chest. Carrie's bathroom was always immaculate.

"Now, you're not going to any trouble?" Carrie appeared at the door.

"It's no trouble. I only hope you'll be comfortable."

"Oh, you don't allow her on the bed?" as Pussy Purr-Mew jumped up on the clean spread.

"I'll take her out." Helen always resented Carrie's dislike of Pussy Purr-Mew. "Well, good night. If you want anything—let me know."

"Oh, wait; have you a boudoir cap? I always sleep in one."

Helen got out a dainty lace cap and then hurried to the kitchen to see about breakfast. There was only one cantaloupe.

"Anna!" knocking at the door of the maid's room. "Anna!"

"Yes, ma'am." Anna, in her nightgown, opened the door a few inches.

"Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Curtis's sister, will be here for breakfast. You'll have to go out the first thing and get another cantaloupe. I'll leave some money on the kitchen table. And you'd better get a half pint of cream for the coffee. The top of that milk's not very rich."

"Must I have bacon and eggs, just the same, ma'am?"

"Yes, only have everything very nice. Put on a clean cloth and the good napkins. We'd better have cereal; there'll be enough cream."

It was after 12 before Helen got to bed. Warren was already asleep, but she was too tired and too irritated to sleep.

Their apartment was too small—they needed a guest room. There was always this upheaval when anyone stayed over night. And Carrie—nothing ever escaped Carrie's scrutiny.

Would she open the top drawer? Had she been in the room before they came? Had she looked through the whole apartment? It was another hour before Helen drifted off into a troubled, distorted dream.

She was awakened by some one moving about in the library. Her thrill of terror subsided into the realization that it was Carrie.

Out of bed she opened the door. Carrie, tall and lank, was spreading a sheet over the library couch.

"Oh, did I awaken you? I just couldn't sleep in there—not a breath of air. I thought it might be better here."

"That's too bad. It is close tonight. But you won't be comfortable on that hard couch. You go back and I'll bring you the electric fan."

"Oh, no. I can't sleep under a fan—it always gives me a cold."

"What's the trouble?" called Warren, aroused by their voices.

"Carrie's going to sleep in here—it's too close in my room."

Warren, in his bathrobe, appeared at the door.

"See here, Carrie, you can't lay on that thing. You come in here with Helen—I'll go in the other room."

"Oh, no; I wouldn't think of driving you out of your bed."

"That's all right. There's a good breeze here. That back room's on a court—it is pretty close."

Carrie made a faint protest, but Warren was insistent. Helen said nothing.

To sleep with Carrie! It seemed like an unwanted intimacy. She felt curiously defiant and self-conscious.

The moment of getting in was an awkward one. She let Carrie lie by the "ow, while she lay on Warren's side, her face to the wall.

"Yes, this is better," sighed Carrie. "You get a little breeze here."

Helen did not answer. It was like Carrie to secure her own comfort at the inconvenience of others. In some ways she was utterly selfish.

It was dawn when Helen awoke from a restless, troubled dozing. With a chill shock she saw the unfamiliar figure beside her.

Carrie was lying on her back, her mouth slightly open. How strange she looked—how different from the dressed-up, haughty, arrogant Carrie. In that gray light she looked homely and old.

Her hair! Helen caught her breath. Always she had envied Carrie's thick, lustrous braid. Now the cap had slipped, exposing only a short, thin wisp.

Still dazed, Helen raised herself on her elbow and stared down at that scant tangle of hair against the pillow. So all these years she had been admiring a false braid—a switch. How cleverly Carrie had concealed it. That was why she slept in a boudoir cap.

There was something pathetic in the way

she lay there, looking older than Helen had ever seen her, and with that pitiful wisp of hair. She stirred uneasily, as if conscious of the appraising gaze.

With a guilty feeling of having stolen her secret and a dread of her awakening, Helen slipped out of bed.

Softly she tiptoed into her own room, where Warren was asleep on the narrow couch, under the buzzing fan.

"Eh?" Yawning he turned as she crept in beside him.

"Sh-sh, dear."

"What the devil? This thing's too narrow—you can't get in here."

"Yes I can. Sh-sh, it's only 5—don't get woke up!"

As Warren dozed off again she nestled closer, drawing up the covers as the fan breezed over her.

She would never let Carrie know that she knew. But vaguely she felt that one of the rankling thorns of her married life had been removed. Carrie's superior, critical arrogance could never irritate her as it had.

There is nothing more subtle and complex than the dominance of one woman over another. There was no logical reason why Carrie's ascendancy should suffer because she wore a switch and looked old and unlovely when she slept. But women are not logical.

Helen only knew that she would never again stand in quite the same awe of her sister-in-law. It had been a revelation—that glimpse of her in bed, in that pitiless morning light.

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Turkeys In Summertime.

Turkeys in the summertime, with azure sky above them,

Bronze and blue and scarlet, too, upon the velvet plain;

All the joy of living when the world is at its sweetest,

Kissed with golden sunshine and with fragrant silver rains.

Turkeys in the summertime, with gentle breezes blowing,

Silence deep like restful sheep, and shadows on the grass;

Waves of peace that settle down upon the trampled pasture,

Birds that swiftly flutter by and murmur as they pass.

Turkeys in the summertime, a mass of vivid color,

Throats cries and beady eyes—they do not guess their fate!

Turkeys in the summertime, a living, glowing picture,

But—turkey in the wintertime upon a steaming plate.

—[Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in Christian Herald.]

The Yaqui Indian Outbreaks of Southern Sonora.

By Isaac Campbell Kidd, Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

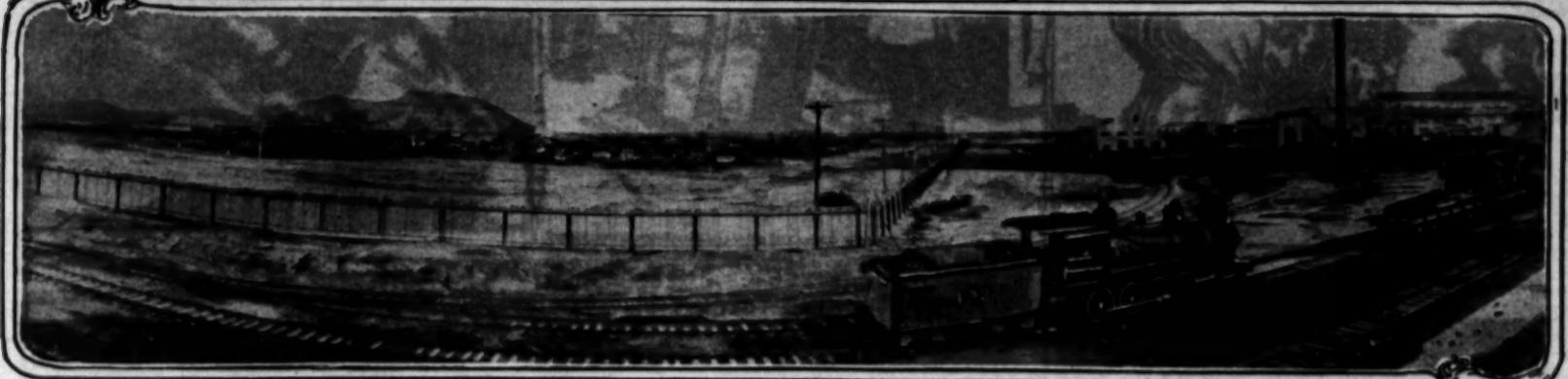
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

Scenes of Some Recent Yaqui Activities.



Guaymas garrisoned by a band of Yaquis.



Southern Pacific town of Empalme, Sonora, showing shops and residential section.



Portion of Constitutional army.

Accompany of Diaz Rurales.



Col. Francisco Madero (white shirt) looked upon as a great Chief.



The relief party finding the body of J.J. Dorrian.



Bruce American settler returning to Yaqui Valley aboard Cruiser Colorado from Guaymas.

Breastworks on roof of experimental station of Richardson Construction Company at Orizatlán Yaqui Valley, A.M. Robertson of the Colorado making a semi-official inspection.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

An Adventure in Fruit. By Dan O'Malley.

BELLEZZA AND TONY.

FACING San Pedro street is a quadrangle of cement market stalls, standing cool in the summer sun. Chinese and Japanese are in the majority, but occasionally sandwiched between, an Italian holds forth, his stalls filled with the grown things of the earth. In one of these stalls, doing a thriving wholesale and retail business, was Guglielmo Camelatti. His assistants were his daughter, Bellezza, and Tony Angelotti.

And Tony Angelotti—or was it Bellezza?—engineered a deal which—according to his own confession—made him rich.

It was a happy family for a while. It is true that Tony did not belong to the family, although he lived with them—and had hopes. He had been the son of a neighbor in the old country. . . . he came out. Camelatti had given him a job—\$6 a week and board and room. To Tony it was a magnificent sum. Never before had he made more than that per month.

He felt grateful to Camelatti and made no hesitancy, when his employer wished to expand his business, in lending him \$200 which he had saved. Tony took no note for the security of his loan, and he observed as time went on that collection was difficult.

He saw a chance for investment and went to Camelatti asking for his money.

"What for you wanta the money?" roared Camelatti. "I have it not yet a year. I borrow for a year. Besides why should you wanta the money?"

"I buy the little fruit stand," said Tony.

Foolish Tony. Any answer would have been better than that. It was not Camelatti's aspiration to aid his competitors, or those who were likely to become his competitors.

"It is much better that I keepa the money here in the business," he made answer. "Here it is safe. It ees mos' likely that you go into business you maka the break."

Once a month regularly Tony asked Camelatti for his money, and once a month regularly it was impossible to "take it out of the business." So there gradually sprang up between the two men a feeling that was tinctured with ice.

In the rear of the stall, behind a stack of sacked onions, Tony and Bellezza sorted over-ripe apricots. They worked, when they worked, from the same lug box.

"Come, come! Hurry! Have you not make the feenish yet?" called Camelatti from the front.

"It is almos' feenish," replied Bellezza.

But somehow the work dragged. One's fingers become sticky in sorting ripe fruit. Almost every time—at least every other time—when Tony and Bellezza drew their hands from the box their fingers were sticking together, and a tingling thrill shot through them. Bellezza's little heart went

pit-a-pat, and Tony's brain swirled in a delirium of ecstasy.

Time—there was no time for Tony and Bellezza. What had they to do with time? But to Camelatti time dragged, and he rushed to the rear and peered over the stacked onions to get at the cause of the delay.

He was staggered. He looked upon the scene at moment when the fingers of Tony and Bellezza were unusually sympathetic in their agglutination; and Bellezza's moist curls were mopping Tony's forehead. Nature was at work. Tony was strong and good looking, and Bellezza—in all the Latin colony there was no such head as hers with its black curly hair. Besides they were young—Tony and Bellezza.

When Camelatti caught up with his breath the ice in his heart melted in the heat of passion. "You leave my place!" he shouted at Tony. "You go—now! Never to come back some more. And never you speak to Bellezza again, else will I have you arrest!

You, who have nothing, to try to make the love with your betters. And when you know well that I have Bellezza make the marry with Signor Catalina. Go!"

"Give me my money," said Tony, "and I go."

The apricots were dead ripe, and so was the scheme Camelatti had upon the tree of his mind. He plucked it and handed it to Tony to swallow.

"You speak foolish," he said. "What money you talk about? I pay you for this week, which I theenk is all I owe you."

Tony clenched his fists and took a step toward the sacks of onions, but Bellezza commenced to cry, and he turned with a shrug of his shoulders and went up to his room to pack his belongings.

"Bellezza," said her father when Tony was gone, "if ever you maka talk again with that Tony, the next day you maka the marry with Signor Catalina. You hear me?"

Bellezza nodded her head.

On Saturday morning Tony visited with his friends at the various stalls. Abruptly there was a great commotion along the street.

"What is it?" asked Tony.

"It is the strawberry," said Gus Cellini, a dealer in cabbages. "Never before have they been so cheap. They sheep them in town ver' fast this morning, and they sell heem for two-bits a crate. Never before have they been so cheap."

"I think, maybe, it is a chance to make the money," said Tony.

"It is sure, I think," answered Gus. "They say this is the las' big sheepment for the day; and I think in two hours the price will climb back to 50 cents anyway. Double the money, eh?"

"I have \$55," mused Tony. "Perhaps it is good for me to buy?"

"I think so," answered Gus. "If you buy

you can keep in my stall and sell heem out from here."

The chance of making money seemed so bright that Tony yearned for the \$200 out of his possession to add to the \$55 in his pocket.

"It will be a gran' thing to double \$250," he said to himself. "I will go to Camelatti again for my money. If he does not give it to me I will shake heem like a rat when the dog has heem."

"Go from my place!" shouted Camelatti, when Tony stepped into his shade.

With clenched fists Tony was for following the shade inside, but Bellezza's pleading eyes met his and he turned and left Camelatti to his shade and his shady thoughts.

For \$50 he bought 200 crates of berries, and commenced his first day as a merchant. "Surely," he thought, "berries will climb back to 50 cents," and he had hopes that they would reach 75 cents. "Ah, what a nice profit, and Bellezza, she would—"

"How much for strawberries?" asked a prospective customer.

"Fifty cents a crate," replied Tony.

"Too much," answered the would-be buyer. "Very cheap today."

But Tony held to his price, and, as he expected, the market stiffened and by noon he had disposed of twenty crates at 50 cents each.

Then the crash came, and the street was in an uproar. A huge shipment had just arrived and another was on the way. The market became demoralized. Berries could be had for almost the asking. It was Saturday and they must be got rid of.

Tony sat disconsolately by his fruit. His hopes had dropped lower than the price of the berries. It seemed likely that he would lose the money he had invested. Gus tried to cheer him up, but he sat with his head in his hands, till a shadow darted past the doorway and behind a pile of sacked cabbages. Then a black, curly head came over the top of the sacks and Bellezza said:

"Tony!"

The boy jumped to his feet and went to her.

"I have heard the news, Tony, that you have buy the fruit; and the market it is veree bad. I do not think you can sell the berries here. It is best that you take them out to where the people live and peddle them."

"You have maka the good suggest," answered Tony. "I will go and hire the horse and wagon."

"Listen!" said Bellezza. "You know my cousin, Zucca, who lives back of the Courthouse, is in the express business and he has been sick for two days, and the horses he do nothing. We can get it very cheap. I think two crates of berries will hire heem and the wagon."

Tony's face brightened. Again he began

to see visions of wealth.

"In five minutes you meet me around the corner, Tony," said Bellezza, "and we go to the Courthouse—that is, back of it to where my cousin lives."

Two crates of berries were accepted as pay for the horse and wagon, and Tony, getting back to his place of business in the early afternoon, but perhaps a little later than he should have been, loaded on his berries and started for the residence districts.

"Strawberries! Strawberries! Fifty cents a crate!" called Tony, as his horse crawled along street after street.

It was slow work. In an hour's time he had sold but two crates at 50 cents each. Many of the women with whom he haggled wished to buy just enough of the small baskets to last them over Sunday, and Tony saw where it was wise to break the crates and sell in smaller lots. But that was slow work. He had started with his wagon piled high.

"Strawberries! Strawberries! Forty cents a crate!" called Tony as he passed down the street. Then: "Strawberries! Strawberries! Thirty cents a crate!"

A vanishing sun commenced to darken the windows of day and, as the purple shades of evening were being drawn over the city, gloom, with its hungry beak, plucked at Tony's heart. He still had the greater part of his load to sell.

"Strawberries! Strawberries! Fifteen cents a crate!"

At 9 o'clock Tony got back to the cabbage stall, all his berries disposed of, and began to count up the results of his day's adventure. Under the glare of a gas jet by the cabbages he figured, then figured again, the profits of his investment. With a sigh he closed the book. Then his face beamed. Happy thoughts were his portion.

"Three cents have I made today," he murmured. "It is well that I could not get the \$200."

"Hah! There you are, you son of a thief!" It was Camelatti. He stormed in and shook his fist in Tony's face.

"Where is Bellezza? You have seen Bellezza, eh? She is not at home. They tell me she is here."

The black curly head of Bellezza bobbed up from behind the sacked cabbages where she had been helping Tony with his accounts, and she modestly stepped forth.

"Come with me!" thundered Camelatti, and he grabbed at her wrist. "You shall marry the Signor Catalina!"

But Tony pushed him aside and said: "What for you think is the Courthouse? Don't you know it is there they keepa the license, and it is there belongs the justice of the peace? So you maka the get-away queek."

Then, turning to Bellezza, Tony said: "You maka me veree happy—and veree rich."

A Remarkable Legend of the Mohave Indians.

By Charles S. McNichols.

CREATION OF DESERT.

THE Mohave Indians, living along the Colorado River in Arizona and California, have one of the most remarkable traditions of any of the American tribes. It involves the creation of the desert and of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is also suggestive of the biblical story of the Garden of Eden, of the Tempter and the Fall and of the coming of the Savior, in the person of the Son and of the darkness and terrestrial disturbance following the crucifixion.

This is all the more remarkable because of the fact that up to the time this tradition was secured from them (in 1898, while I was serving as their agent,) there had been no missionary work among them. I made special effort to learn if there had not been at some remote time a Spanish Padre among them, from whose teachings they might have received some suggestions in building their tradition, but the Mohaves asserted that there had not. They declared that up to the fall of 1897 there had been

no attempt by any one to teach them the Christian religion.

Curiously enough the advent at this time of their first missionary, J. M. Hersey, brought this story to my attention. He had labored with them but a short time when they told them of their religious tradition. With the help of Mr. Hersey and the government interpreter I, in time, got the story from them and put it in writing as it appears herewith:

Ages and ages ago all mankind dwelt on the Great Southwestern Plateau, prosperous and happy. The whole land was a paradise of fruit and flowers. There was plenty for all without effort or contention. The people were ruled by the god Mutavella, who from the beginning of time had presided over his people, both Indian and white, and provided them with everything necessary for their happiness. All dwelt together, carefree and in perfect harmony.

But there came an end to this happy condition. Emechike, Mutavella's wife, learned the art of sorcery from Nevathee, the evil one, and, at his instigation, cast a spell on Mutavella, from the effects of which he died.

The death of Mutavella produced the greatest consternation among all the people. They were as helpless as little children without their ruler, whom they supposed to be immortal. All day the Indians prostrated themselves by the dead body and wept, while the whites held aloof and counseled.

During the night following, the whites stole away across the mountains towards the east, taking with them all the fire and all the water. In the morning there was left only the desert instead of the former paradise, with the Indians hungry and heartbroken by the lifeless remains of Mutavella. The pitiless sun beat down upon them, as it has ever since, and vegetation withered and died.

Thirsty and hungry as the Indians were their greatest concern was the lack of fire with which to cremate the remains of Mutavella. Their first duty was to the dead. So, after much counseling, the older men decided to send a coyote to a bright star that seemed to be resting on the top of the Virgin Mountains, far to the northwest, to procure some fire.

The next day the coyote returned tired and hungry, without having secured any of the coveted fire. During the renewed grief caused by this fresh disappointment and before the Indians realized what was doing, the hungry coyote sprang on the dead body, tore out its heart and ate it.

This new horror not only greatly added to the sorrow of the Indians but led to a custom that since then has prevailed among the Mohaves and their kindred tribes—that of cremating the dead as soon as life is extinct, in order to prevent the recurrence of such a mishap.

The distress of the Indians was now supreme. Prostrated upon the ground their wails of agony ascended to the stars, where they were heard by Mastemho, the only son of Mutavella, who ages before had gone up to rule the stars. Inspired with pity, he left his realm in the skies and came down to the now desolate land of his youth to comfort and succor.

Perceiving their greatest need, Mastemho gathered the dry bark of the willow and showed them by rubbing it very briskly fire could be produced. The Indians lost no

The Cop and the Cur. By Vlasta A. Hungertoed.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Recent Cartoons.



Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

Joaduiin Murrieta, Famous California Outlaw.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

A Drama Within a Drama. By Isabel Blend.

REFLECTED LIGHT.

ANNE LEIGH, the night reporter of the Recorder, made her way through the narrow, dark stage entrance of the theater up to the canvas city, whose denizens were rushing hither and thither hoisting up the painted trees and twining around their painted trunks the fabricated roses and vines touched with gorgeous autumn tints of red, yellow and brown.

She dodged the stage hands, climbed over the canvas castle and smiled whimsically as she saw a mountain rise with volcanic simplicity from the stage, poised an orange colored moon artistically upon its summit. The stage manager, in his shirt sleeves, came forward to meet her, grasping her hand cordially.

"Tell me of her," Miss Leigh cried impulsively.

"I don't know," he answered slowly, his tired eyes meeting hers. "I don't know, but she must appear tonight for her own sake."

"Yes," the reporter responded, "yes, she must appear tonight."

"I have failed to arouse her from her apathy. It is so cruel to try to talk to her now. In fact," he continued, "I have waited for you. I had not the heart to speak to her after I had seen her face. There are some crimes—my God—" Here he made an effort to control himself and then went on. "Do what you can. I will see you in a few minutes. Remember, my first thought is to protect her, and her appearing tonight is the only way. She must for the sake of her future, silence the criticism and it is a crucial moment. We must save her now."

Miss Leigh made her way to the entrance of the dressing-room which had been assigned to the star who was to appear in "As You Like It" that night. She did not knock but went in, softly closing the door. It was within a half-hour of the time for the curtain to rise and yet Mary Meadowcroft sat there in her street gown, her dull eyes staring into space. The reporter hesitated a moment and looked intently into the lovely face that stood out in strong relief against the dark velvet of the chair.

It seemed such a short time ago when they, together, had walked across the college campus telling each other the dreams they had of the future, of the fame that each had set her eyes upon. As they all expected, Mary had gained the stellar heights. At the time she and Anne Leigh had met in the far-away western university she was preparing for the stage. The daughter of a famous actor, her native talent was far above the average. Anne likewise had aspirations toward the stage. Possessing an artistic temperament that found expression in many ways, she was, for a time, deceived in her talent. She had a strong imitative faculty that had been confused with the creative force, but when she met Mary the disillusionment came and she realized that she could never be a great actress, and she would not be a mediocre one.

As a member of the college dramatic club she found much recreation and pleasure; but soon she discovered that all of her good work was done when she reflected Mary's genius. It was in their senior year that the class had given "As You Like It," and Anne had been cast for Orlando, all the parts being taken by the women students.

The play had been given in the upper campus, where the pepper trees and palms and the rose shrubs had formed an unrivaled setting for the Forest of Arden. On commencement day Mary Meadowcroft had thrilled her audience by her interpretation of Rosalind. Now on this night she was to appear again in her favorite role, giving her version of Shakespeare's capricious heroine—yet there sat Mary Meadowcroft with a white, frozen face, seeming incapable of effort. By her side lay a newspaper, whose extra edition had smothered the light of her life.

"Mary," Anne whispered as she took the gloved hand in her own. "O Mary!"

The leading woman lifted her tragic eyes toward her friend with no surprise, no seeming interest in her coming.

"Mary," Anne pleaded, "the curtain goes up in half an hour and you must, Mary, you must play tonight."

Mary Meadowcroft seemed not to hear, world by the announcement that she was true!

and a fearful thought flashed through Anne's mind. The actress read it in her frightened face and she smiled wearily and said:

"No, not that, Anne; don't worry; I only want time. I am numb. I have no feeling. I cannot act, or do, or think. My senses are locked up some way or other. I promise you, Anne, that I will not give way, but I must have time to face it alone."

Mark Farley, the stage manager, had entered the room and stood beside her. His face was pale with suppressed emotion, but he dared not sympathize with the suffering woman—not then. Mary gazed at them both and settled her head back in the chair with the mechanical movement of an automaton, and when she spoke her voice seemed to come from a far distance.

"You can both trust me," she said wearily, "but, Anne, you must take my place tonight. We are of the same type and height and the maid can do the rest. You remember when I sprained my ankle the second day of the class play you took the part of Rosalind, and they did not know it until after the play was over. You said, don't you remember, that you had shone with a reflected light. It is often most effective. You will save me tonight, Anne, my friend. You have never failed me. O merciful God, I am so tired, so tired! Deep down where I live I am so tired!"

Through the veins of the reporter the blood surged with a rapidity that overwhelmed her as she realized the full force of the words of her friend.

"Save me," the pitiable voice went on, cold and toneless. You can do it. Do not think of the audience, nor of the critics, but of me. O Anne," and the star leaned forward and grasped her friend's hand, while her eyes seemed to burn their way into her soul. "Think we are back on the college campus and that you are I. Please with her, Mr. Farley; I can do no more."

Farley turned toward Anne.

"Yes," Ann answered, "I will do it for her."

Farley thrust a volume of the play into her hand and went out to send in the maid.

"As if I needed a copy of that sweet poem," she thought as she glanced over the page hurriedly and lovingly. "Long ago I assimilated its beauty and its charm and I have seen Mary so often as 'Rosalind' that the words are in my memory better and more lasting than in this book."

Soon, in that miraculous way known to the histrionically trained, Anne Leigh was changed into a being, outwardly at least, who was Mary Meadowcroft. The maid swirled her red-brown curls about her head and drew over them the wig of Rosalind. She penciled her brows to give them the up-turning curve characteristic to the star. As the reporter, as Anne Leigh, she seemed to have lost her identity. She was not in the dingy city where the Recorder was published, but she had been transposed to the Forest of Arden. The painted trees were living and the flowers were growing. The moon she had watched earlier in the evening being perched on the mountain top glowed with living splendor. Seeping through her senses was the beauty and charm of "As You Like It;" she seemed to inhale the beauty of the pines, the fragrance of the green of a great and much-loved forest, and her emotions cried for expression through the medium of Shakespeare's immortal words.

The theater that night was packed to its doors with an audience that had come with a varied curiosity to see Mary Meadowcroft rather than the great play. Not one of the vast assembly but who had read the extra—the same one that Anne Leigh had seen in her stricken friend's hand when she had come to the dressing-room of the theater.

Mary Meadowcroft was 28 years old, in the perfect flower of her art and womanhood, and was counted then the greatest emotional actress on the stage. She was beautiful, of fine culture, and gentle breeding and gracious address. The critics predicted a lasting and glorious future for her and, indeed, it seemed that everything she touched was by the alchemy of her genius turned into pure gold artistic expression. With the promise of a brilliant career, a future that touched the stellar realms, she had suddenly astonished the world by the announcement that she was true!

to leave the stage. In vain her duty as an artiste was presented to her, but she met all arguments with a happy, inscrutable smile.

It was while taking a riding trip the summer before through the Yosemite Valley that she had met John Trevor, one of those big, clean, handsome blonde men, made to be protectors of women. From the first their acquaintance had been more of a recognition than an introduction, and in the sweet natural life of the enchanting region, where nature has paused a moment to give a glimpse of her majestic beauty to mankind, they grew to love each other. Trevor was an engineer and his work took him far from the paths of civilization.

With all of the selfishness of elemental manhood he had demanded that Mary sacrifice her career and follow him to the wilderness. This he did, not in so many words, but his attitude of mind dominated her, and she knew that she must follow wherever he led. He asked her plainly to give up her work forever. She had demurred at first, not because the footlights held an obsessing fascination, but there she had found expression for the thoughts wrought into crystallization—her part of the world's work that she could do better than her fellows in that line.

When he intimated that she loved the work more than she did him she gladly put it aside in her heart, happy that she had so much to give up for him. What did it matter if she went afar on the desert, away from all she had always known, if she were by his side? The face of the whole world seemed changed since first she had realized the strength of his love and all of its gentleness. Was she not blessed among all women? She had found herself sorry for all other women because they could not know him as she knew him and his pure, clean soul. The days were too short to contain her happiness and at times when she caught a reflection of her face in the mirror she half caught her breath, wondering if others read what she saw written there. Alas, humans must not aspire to the happiness of the gods.

It seemed to Mary as if for twenty-eight years she had been waiting for John Trevor, and when he came so gently and so naturally into her life it seemed that a master hand had been placed upon the chords of her heart and swept all of its tangled threads into harmony. Like a child with its head held high and singing in a garden she had demanded from Fate the fullest happiness that can enter a human soul; but her heart beating in its wild free rhythm suddenly crashed its throbbings against iron bars.

The extra of the paper that had told of Mary Meadowcroft's proposed retirement from the stage now told in letters as large and black of the tragedy of John Trevor's life. An Indian wife, long since thought dead, had claimed him. The ugly story, told in pitiful detail, was one all too common of a young man's stumble on life's threshold. Homesick, far from civilization down in Southern Mexico, where he seldom saw a white face and never a white woman, he had met the handsome Indian girl and the inevitable happened. He married her, but she, tiring of the white man's ways, had gone back to her tribe and sent word that she was dead. Trevor had thought the story buried forever when a short time before the date for his wedding with Mary Meadowcroft she had appeared and claimed him, claimed him as the father of a child.

To think of John, John Trevor, with his fine ideals, his clean manhood and gentle breeding, stooping to that most terrible crime against his race was what paralyzed Mary Meadowcroft's being.

Her sense of personal loss she knew she must carry through the desert years that stretched their gray, unbinding lengths before her, that would come later. Now it was of John she thought, every part of her bleeding heart calling to him—him whom she could never, never know again, never feel the touch of his strong, gentle hand, never again know the sweetness of his kiss upon her lips. When the news came she was stricken dumb, but she felt that in some way it could be explained away. Then suddenly she knew it was true. Some strange telepathy that exists between those who love each other told her it was true! true!

In a few moments she thought as she rested in her chair she would take up life's burden again, to bear it to an end—without an audible groan. If God would only take her now to rest. She was so tired, so alone. Alone; the word echoed through the long years to come—alone! alone!

As Anne Leigh stepped on the stage that night she seemed typical of the fresh sweetness of the spirit of spring. Hither and thither she tripped and wandered, irresistible in her changing moods and bewitching in her sweet capriciousness.

Spellbound the audience gazed and wondered. What fervor possessed their beloved Mary into a being so overwhelming that she swayed them at her will. Never before had she acted as she did that night. It was not Mary but Rosalind herself who had stepped alive out of Shakespeare's pages. The critics were profoundly moved and the most blasé among them was confessedly surprised.

John Melville of the Recorder was assigned to the dramatic work that night. He sat with his chin in his hand, puzzled like the rest by the elusive sweetness and the freshness of the interpretation of Rosalind. He watched the leading woman carefully. He suddenly sat up and studied her; then a curious smile curved his fine lips. He leaned back in his chair, watching every move of the fascinating woman before him, while the men and women gathered in the audience forgot the cruel story, whose wounds it had expected to see. It was the actress and not the woman who held them in thrall.

The star had responded to no curtain calls, but when the curtain had gone down on the last act the applause had been persistent and unending. The audience, usually so prompt to go, was remaining in the seats waiting for the reappearance of the star that it might show her its appreciation. Still and again the audience called and recalled.

With Anne Leigh the reflected light had died down. She rushed into the room where she had left Mary, whose face now looked as if some fierce flame had burned the sweet youthfulness from it. She was composed and herself again.

"Let me pin your hat on straight, dear Mary," Anne cried. "No, no; we will talk of it later. Go out on the stage as you are, the same beautiful Mary the public loves. Mary! Mary! go; your work lies there and there is peace. Go! Go!"

She pulled her to the door and out in the corridor. The manager was coming toward them.

"Take her out there where she belongs."

Anne saw Farley pull back the curtain and lead Mary Meadowcroft out before the audience, whose tumultuous greeting welcomed her back, unknown to itself, to the only solace then possible in life—her art.

Tears blinded the eyes of the weary Rosalind as she turned toward the dressing-room. Mary was saved. In the psychological moment that had followed her realization of the tragedy that had come upon her she had heard the call of the work.

"Poor, gifted Mary. She had demanded so much happiness, and now her life must read all backward. Poor, proud, sensitive Mary."

Anne Leigh's sensitive heart felt the concentrated pain as she stumbled down the narrow passageway. John Melville, in search of her, was coming through a door at the other end, and as she fell forward a pair of strong, loving arms held her close.

"Oh, John!" she sobbed as she buried her head for a moment on the broad shoulder of the man who loved her. "Suppose it had been you gone from my life as John Trevor has left hers?"

"My own Anne Leigh," John whispered softly as he kissed her trembling lips, and the words fell like a caress upon her bruised spirit.

A Rare One.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] "Your wife seems to be a strong-minded woman," remarked Mr. Batch.

"She certainly is!" replied Mr. Meek. "Why, she can read an entire patent medicine almanac and not feel a single symptom of illness."

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The Cop and the Cur. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

FRIENDSHIP REWARDED.

INGSKI and Patrolman O'Rourke met accidentally. Ingaki was peering out cautiously from the mouth of an alley up a side street. Patrolman O'Rourke was approaching along his beat, gaily twirling his club. Ingaki's first impulse was to "beat it," then some intuitive sense told him there was no danger to run from. Patrolman O'Rourke's smooth, young face was kindly, and his blue eyes began to twinkle when they glimpsed Ingaki. He stopped and stared. Ingaki's solemn brown eyes looked intently into the blue ones, then he answered twinkle with twinkle.

O'Rourke chuckled. "I've seen lots of dogs—but you're the funniest yet," he remarked to Ingaki. The voice was kind and Ingaki wagged his ragged tail appreciatively.

"What kind of a dog are ye, anyway?" inquired O'Rourke. "Ye look like a bundle of black and gray rags."

Ingaki smiled, parting black lips over sharp, white teeth, and wagged some more—all over this time.

O'Rourke, feet wide apart, hands clasped behind his big, broad back, studied the dog curiously.

"Hungry?" he asked finally, guessing at the truth.

Ingaki stopped wagging and, licking his chops, eyed him intently.

O'Rourke chuckled again. "Smart little cuss," he said, "bright as a dollar—here." He took a sandwich from his pocket and tossed it to the dog. Ingaki tried not to snatch at the food. He bit the sandwich in two and swallowed the halves.

O'Rourke looked the canine over again. "You've got a good eye, ye ragged spaldeen, an' you're a tramp, despite that collar an' license you're wearin'. Maybe you're a lost, strayed or stolen dog—come here," He strapped his fingers and Ingaki, very apologetic and painfully humble, crept and slid toward him on his stomach, as much embarrassed dogs are wont to do. He recognized authority when he heard it, and not too sure his obedience wasn't going to be rewarded with a kick—as it so often had been—he lay flat on his back at the policeman's feet. O'Rourke stooped and lifted the prostrate dog by the collar and set him right side up.

"I'm afraid ye ain't got much spunk, ye vagabond. Now, let's see what this says." He examined the dog's collar and license tag, and his face grew sober.

"Ah, he said softly, "so ye were little Jim Crogan's dog, were ye? Poor little Jim Crogan." An' now ye are a little tramp, after all. Ingaki—that's an odd name an' fits ye"—examining the plate again. "To Ingaki, from Jimmy Crogan." He patted the ragged head tenderly, then ran his hand over the small body. Under the shaggy coat there was little else besides bones, and as O'Rourke's hand passed over the ribs Ingaki whined and made as if to bite, also when the policeman's feeling fingers slipped over his bony thigh.

"Bruised, are ye, ye poor little devil? An' I wish I had the mutt that done it." Ingaki, reassured that he wasn't going to be hurt, looked up at him adoringly. O'Rourke mused on:

"An' poor little Jim Crogan managed to git ye a collar an' license, did he? He musta gone hungry, betimes, Ingaki, to do it. Ah, well," he sighed heavily, rising from his stooping posture and wiping his hands on his handkerchief. "Life's a pretty hard proposition for newsboys an' mongrel dogs, Ingaki. Little Jim's out of it—be glad for that."

But Ingaki, feeling that his friendly acquaintance was about to leave him, looked up wistfully and without gladness. O'Rourke shook his head sadly and started on down his beat. From up the street came a noise of approaching rowdies. Ingaki gazed after the broad, blue back of the policeman, then at the advancing ruffians. With lonesome little whine, he turned and limped down the alley out of sight.

And Patrolman O'Rourke, swinging along his beat, was grave and unsmiling. It was a month now since little Jim Crogan had been run down by an auto—the kith and kinless little Jim, picking up a precarious livelihood selling newspapers. And who would have guessed that he had owned a flat on his stomach at the policeman's feet.

dog—a real collared and licensed dog? Little Jim must have indeed loved Ingaki.

It suddenly occurred to O'Rourke that it was pretty tough luck to have anything you loved kicked and abused, after you were gone and couldn't help it. He tried to see himself adopting Ingaki—for Jimmy's sake. But Ingaki was such an undeniably homely little dog. O'Rourke knew Mrs. O'Rourke would not countenance him for a minute. Troubled, and deriding himself for so being, he resolutely dismissed the dog from his mind.

But Ingaki, dog-fashion, had no notion of forgetting O'Rourke. The next day, at precisely the same time as on the day previous, he peeped cautiously out of the alley and down the street toward the approaching O'Rourke. The policeman grinned at the sight of the black and gray bundle of fur and bright brown eyes.

"Hello, Ingaki," he called gaily. Ingaki was beside him with joy at the recognition.

"Thought I might see you about this neighborhood again," O'Rourke told him, "so I got ye a pound of hamburger steak." He unwrapped the parcel and tendered it to Ingaki. Ingaki swallowed it and looked for more.

O'Rourke stared at him quizzically. "You've got a big capacity, all right, all right. I'm afraid ye ain't much good, Ingaki, but, for little Jim's sake, I'm goin' to try to get a home for ye—understand?"

Ingaki did. Not the words, of course, but the friendly intent back of them, and he wagged excessively to show his gratitude.

This time, when O'Rourke left him he no longer felt depressed. There was something stable about a man who fed you and talked kindly to you twice in succession. Ingaki felt an established friendship between himself and the policeman. He determined to make the alley his particular "hang-out" right from then on.

Accordingly, for two weeks, every day at a certain hour, he would peep cautiously from the alley's mouth and O'Rourke never failed him. Then, one day, Ingaki waited in vain. O'Rourke didn't appear. As a matter of fact he had tried to explain to Ingaki the day before, but Ingaki couldn't understand. So he waited all afternoon and well into the night before the policeman finally came. Ingaki went wild with joy. Usually a somewhat reserved, painfully apologetic little dog, he now showed, by short, explosive little barks and much capering about, just how glad he was to have O'Rourke back again.

And O'Rourke was pleased. "I suppose you've been waiting all day," he chuckled. "An' I told ye yesterday that I was transferred to night shift now. It's nights I'll be bringin' ye food, ye greedy spaldeen."

He ran his hand over the small body inquiringly. "You're pickin' up, ye little devil. Another month an' I'll have ye fat as a butter ball—an' I think—" here he winked at Ingaki—"I'll have a home for ye by that time. I've got several strings out for one." He patted Ingaki encouragingly and gave him his dinner as usual.

It didn't take Ingaki long to learn to look for his big friend nights instead of days, and a month later, when O'Rourke told him his tramp days were surely over, he wagged joyously and licked the big man's hand.

"An' bedad, but I do believe I'll miss ye," said O'Rourke, looking down on the little dog. "You're gettin' to be a cute trick—but not much spunk, I'm afraid." As Ingaki crouched at his feet in abject humbleness, Ingaki always did that whenever the policeman deigned to touch him. "Not much spunk, Ingaki, I'm afraid. Why, I've got a bloodied bulldog at home that thinks he's doin' me a favor if he lets me pat him on the head now and then." And Ingaki, knowing the interpretation being put upon his gratefulness, crouched lower still.

The next night O'Rourke came as usual, and with him was a small shock-headed boy of about 10 years. The boy made advances to Ingaki, but Ingaki was suspicious of boys in general and held back. It was only at the command of O'Rourke that he came forward and allowed himself to be petted by the boy, and a rope to be knotted about his collar. Ingaki guessed that he was going to be taken away and he crouched flat on his stomach at the policeman's feet.

O'Rourke stooped, and patting him on the head, drew him to his feet.

"Buck up, Ingaki, an' get more spunk. You're goin' to have a nice home—an' I'll come up to look you over now and then, to see how you're gettin' along. Take him home now, son. You'll find him a lovin' cuss—if not much else." And Ingaki, reluctant and with many backward glances, was led away.

Patrolman O'Rourke, feeling that he had done a good deed, and that Jimmy Crogan would have liked it, swung along his beat, relieved to have the self-appointed task over at last. For it is no easy thing to find a good home for a nondescript canine, whose chief worth lies in his affectionate disposition.

However, the next night, as O'Rourke approached the alley, he felt a distinct sense of loneliness. There would be no little dog to take his caress, humbly kneeling, so to speak. O'Rourke felt of his three bandaged fingers ruefully. The bloodied bulldog had snapped the hand that fed him that morning. O'Rourke sighed, and his roving glance swept up one side of the street and down the other. His gaze returned to the building opposite and lingered there. It was a small jewelry store, and always there burned a night light in the front window and one in the rear. Tonight the rear light was out. It might have been an oversight on the part of the owner, and then again it might portend something else. O'Rourke had been in the store often. Behind a low partition at the back was the safe, where the jeweler locked his better grade of goods at night. Slowly passing along, his eyes fastened on the store across the street, he saw the sudden flint of a match behind the partition.

O'Rourke was directly in front of Ingaki's alley, and as he raised his whistle to his lips, a stunning blow from behind half felled him and he was dragged backward into the dark alley. He grappled with his foe, trying again and again to use his whistle, and using his club ineffectually. His assailant was a powerful man and bore him struggling and fighting to the ground. And then O'Rourke became conscious of a small something emitting sharp, explosive barks, like a bunch of firecrackers, and trying to mix in the fight. He knew it was Ingaki, but was too busy to wonder how he got there. He felt his adversary's leg swing loose from the dog, then kicked out savagely, and with a pained yelp he heard the small body strike the ground several feet away. Half stunned, O'Rourke was no match for his assailant, and was fast losing consciousness under the powerful grip about his throat, when something furry scrambled and scratched across his face. The next moment the hands about his throat loosened and a terrific curse broke from the man on top of him. O'Rourke, partially recovering himself, raised his whistle to his lips and a shrill call for help went ringing down the quiet street. Then he had time to see what had happened. Ingaki had buried his teeth in the heavy cheek of his assailant and was hanging on with true bulldog tenacity, despite the powerful hand that was choking the breath out of him. O'Rourke, before whose eyes a million stars were swimming and whose head felt strangely light, struggled from under the prodding knees of the man and brought his club down on the close-cropped, bullet-shaped head. Then he picked up the little dog, still and limp now, and staggered out into the broad glare of the street light. At the same moment four blue-coated figures arrived panting and breathless from running and full of inquiries.

O'Rourke, swaying on his feet, pointed to the alley. "A frame-up," he said weakly. "One fellow's workin' in the store across the street—an' one a-layin' for me here—three of ye go after the one in the store before he gets away—and one of ye watch the one in the alley—he's laid out for a while. I'm—I'm sort o' dizzy." He sat down suddenly on the curb, with Ingaki still in his arms.

O'Rourke was slowly recovering from the assault upon him, but still too dazed to take much interest in what was happening across the street. His chief concern was centered in Ingaki, who was showing signs of reviving. O'Rourke carefully examined the little dog, twisting one broken little leg back the

way it belonged, and as Ingaki whimpered with pain he smoothed the tangled hair away from the brown eyes as he would have a child's. The rope was still fastened to Ingaki's collar, the loose end of which showed plainly that it had been chewed in two. O'Rourke smiled grimly.

"You're a nervy little cuss, all right, all right!" he told Ingaki, and Ingaki feebly wagged his ragged tail.

Someone had sent for the patrol wagon, and O'Rourke was still sitting on the curb, holding the dog, when it drew up and the law-breakers were hustled inside and driven away.

A little crowd had gathered by this time, and stood grouped about, excitedly plying the patrolmen with questions. O'Rourke alone had little to say, until someone, looking curiously at Ingaki, asked:

"What ye got there, O'Rourke?" eyeing the bundle of black and gray fur in his arms.

O'Rourke looked down at Ingaki tenderly. "That's me dog, boys. He ain't much for looks, but he's sure got pep. An' say—know of anybody that wants to buy a full-blooded bulldog?"

In the Laundry.

[Indianapolis News:] All are familiar with the old rule of putting salt in the water to prevent clothes from fading, but have you ever tried putting a very little pepper into the first suds in which clothes are washed? This tends to keep the colors from running. Many delicate colors, especially pinks, lavenders and blues, are bound to fade more or less each time they are washed. If you dissolve a little dye in the last rinsing water, you'll find that their color will be retained. It is necessary, of course, to use the dye each time the dresses are laundered. If you are washing anything green, a little alum dissolved in the rinsing water will usually prevent its fading. And when laundering sheer white dresses, have you ever tried putting a small piece of gum arabic in the rinsing water? It gives the material a fresh crispness.

Pieces of damask table linen rarely require any starch. If they are carefully washed and ironed while damp they will be stiff enough and will wear much longer. Use irons as hot as possible without scorching the linen, and iron each piece until it is perfectly dry. This gives them a crispness which can be gained in no other way, and the linen will stay clean much longer than if carelessly ironed and put away limp and not entirely dry. Keep the edges straight and the folds even. Handkerchiefs should also be ironed while quite damp with a hot iron.

The Homing Instinct of Bees.

In the Fortnightly Review, Henri Fabre, the naturalist, tells a characteristic story about Darwin and himself. Darwin wished to explain the homing instinct of bees, and he induced Fabre to begin a series of experiments with that purpose in view. A regular plan of campaign was drawn up. Marked bees were placed in a dark box and were carried away from the hive in an opposite direction from that in which they were finally liberated. The box was repeatedly turned about, so that the inmates should lose all sense of direction. Every possible means was taken to render useless any known or conceivable method of obtaining their bearings. The bees were even placed within an induction coil in the effort to confuse them.

The long and elaborate series of tests was without value, so far as getting any explanation of the homing power was concerned. In every case, from 30 to 40 per cent. of the bees found their way home without apparent trouble, no matter how confusing the trip away from home had been made.

Steadiness Personified.

Mike Reagan applied to Mrs. Stone for position as chauffeur, and gave the name of a friend as reference.

Mrs. Stone sought the friend and asked: "Mr. Brady, your neighbor, Michael Reagan, has applied to me for a place as chauffeur. Is he a steady man?"

"Steady!" cried Brady. "Indade, mum! If he wuz anny steadidder he'd be dead."—[Exchange.]

A Drama Within a Drama. By Isabel Blend.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

Joaquin Murrieta, Famous California Outlaw.

By Dr. O. V. Schroeter.

PERVERTED TALENT.

WEST of that region of Tulare Lake where, in 1852, was a great sheet of water formed by the overflowed San Joaquin and the lake, itself, dotted by islands of long reeds, lay in the Coast range mountains one of those delightful secluded little valleys opening by a narrow gorge into the plains between Pacheco and Tejon passes—the Arroyo Cantoovea. Unchecked by the hand of husbandry, it had one spring day burst beautiful in its rolling expanse, lush with the fresh verdure of the season, upon the enraptured view of a young and richly accoutered horseman who, followed by certain fierce-looking and tawny others, had toiled through the defile that led to it. Through the little fairyland trickled a cool stream from the enclosing lofty purple mountains. We may be certain that the youthful horseman's eyes twinkled with pleasure, for here, it was plain, was a nature corral shut out from the broad plains and hidden in a wild country. Standing among the men, accoutered in his rich velvet braided with gold, silver spurs attached to his faultless boots, frilled linen, clean as the snow on the mountains, showing through his vestments and diamonds on his soft and delicate fingers, his long, waving black hair contrasting with the whiteness of his beardless visage, in his eye a stern look of authority, it was plain to see that, though he was yet a youth, he was the leader of these men. He told them that this place should be their rendezvous, their place of meeting, where, at appointed times, they should gather from all over California. Here they would be securely hidden from their enemies—those who sought their lives as enemies of the law. As he finished there was a huzza from the throats of some fourscore men, the rough tribute to the bandit chieftain, whose name now was a terror to Californians from the Shasta to Mexico, the Terror of the Stanislaus—Joaquin Murrieta.

Could we have peeped down into this little valley upon the bandits' camp, we could have seen grazing aloof some 300 stolen horses on their way to Sonora for disposal, where, barely two years previous Joaquin, the gentle Sonoran youth, had dreamed his dream of California. Ah! Had but California never known him! He was but a youth then when he left his father's little rancho, and he was but a youth now, and yet how great was the transformation, and how terrible. Probably there had lain within him dormant the spirit for wild deeds, but the testimony of the schoolmaster, the Maestro, was very commendatory. The bright-eyed young Sonoran was gentle and apt as a pupil. Near the Murrieta rancho had lived Feliz, the packer, with his young son and his beautiful, dark-eyed daughter, Rosita. It was inevitable that Joaquin should love Rosita. Feliz was often absent with his mule trains in the mountains, and thus there was opportunity for many a stealthy tryst between the elegant youth and the beautiful girl. On an eventful day, however, Feliz's pater returned most unexpectedly and burst upon the unsuspecting lovers. With cutting rebuke he ordered Joaquin from his premises and promised him punishment that must be forthcoming upon a due consultation with the elder Murrieta. Contending passions swayed Joaquin. He felt keenly the hot rebuke of the packer, he loved Rosita and he feared the result of his father's wrath.

Now, it happened there had recently before come news from a long-absent half brother in the Californias up north, who, it appeared, lived in a queer little place called Murphy's Diggings. It had been very long since they had heard from him. In fact, they had thought he was dead. Often had Joaquin, lying on the mesa or riding behind his father's cattle, dreamed of California. Often, too, he had gloated over the stories the Americans who had come to Sorona had told him. From them he had acquired a good knowledge, too, of English. So, in the sleepy days, there had grown in the heart of the fiery youth a longing to leave the little rancho, as had done his half-brother before him, for the fast life above in California. Dormant in his nature was the Castilian love of adventure. And now

had come these disturbing incidents to put finality on his course. He would satisfy his longings—he would leave Sonora forever—he would escape the wrath of Feliz, the packer—he would take his love, Rosita, with him. Once again there was a last stealthy tryst and the shrinking Rosita was finally won over. On two good horses they fled in the moonlight from Sonora.

It was in the spring of 1850 that Joaquin and Rosita settled on the banks of the River Stanislaus, in the mining region of California. He built himself a comfortable cabin upon the spot where prospecting in the river below had brought the possibility of an early competence. But circumstance, that so often shapes a positive career, was destined to shape a negative one here. It was the day of the law of the strong arm, of the rabble. Discontent, voiced in murmurs against the foreigners, was heard in the mines. There was a growing feeling of animosity that lodged with particular force against the gentle Mexicano, who had a paying claim, when so many Americans from the distant East had none. "None had a right to the gold from American soil but the Americans," said these. Murmurs grew to acts of violence.

It was one evening when Joaquin had returned to his cabin, tired from his work in the river and had thrown his bowie upon the cot, that a half-dozen desperadoes swaggered in.

"You don't know, I suppose, that the Greasers are not allowed to take gold from American ground?" began the leader insolently.

"If you mean that I have no right to my claim, in obtaining which I have conformed to all the laws of the district, I certainly do not know it," answered Joaquin quietly.

"Well, you may know it now. And you have got to go, so vamoose, get, and that instant; and take that trumpery with you," said the leader, jerking his thumb in the direction of Rosita. "The women, if anything, are worse than the men."

Joaquin stepped forward with clenched hand, while his blood mantled his face.

"I will leave these parts if I must, but speak one word against that woman and, though you were ten times an American, you shall rue it." At this one of the men struck Joaquin a violent blow in the face. He sprang for his bowie on the cot, but Rosita threw herself before him. The intruders quickly thrust her aside and knocked him senseless. When they had gone and he awoke to consciousness, he saw the uselessness of resisting their orders. There was no organized law to which he, a Greaser, could appeal. He must go, and so, packing up their few belongings, they left and soon reached Murphy's Diggings, the habitation of Joaquin's half-brother, who had a small rancho there.

Here Joaquin became a monte dealer in one of the gambling establishments. His frank, genial manner made him popular, and again he prospered. But, if we must believe the narrative of his sufferings, he was not destined to enjoy it long. One day he borrowed a horse of his brother and rode toward the town. On the way he was suddenly accosted by a party of Americans, one of whom claimed that the animal he was riding was one that had been stolen from him. He at once insolently accused Joaquin of the theft. Joaquin protested his innocence. The party returned with him to the rancho of his brother, whom they promptly hanged in sight of the tearful and protesting Joaquin. They tied him to a near-by tree and flogged him. Flogging has been justly condemned by an authority on "mining day" lore as far more productive of harm than of good as a punishment for evildoers, and it must be more so for the innocent, as must have been the case with Joaquin. The flogged one still lives for vengeance, and his hate is intensified by his sufferings.

Ere he sank under the repeated blows of the lash that raised terrible welts upon him, a gleam of intense hate for his persecutors is said to have been visible in the eyes of Joaquin. He marked indelibly in his mind the features of all of them, and silently he made a vow of vengeance. And that vow of vengeance he more than kept. The bodies of most of those that flogged

him were found upon the highways, and some are said to have fled in terror. Under his leadership fortunes in gold and horses were stolen and scores of lives snuffed out. He soon gathered to him the most desperate scoundrels, all older men than himself, schooled in the perpetration of dark deeds, but lacking his gallantry and his education. Joaquin was both outlaw and cavalier; some under him were human butchers. Such was Manuel Garcia, alias "Three-fingered Jack," who slaughtered with glee the Chinamen that came in his way, and for whom no deed was too horrible. He had been a guerrilla in the Mexican War. There was Pedro Gonzalez, an expert horse thief. Joaquin Valenzuela, often mistaken for Murrieta himself, had had experience as a bandit in Mexico and was a good counsellor. Last, but not least, was Claudio, lean, restless, brave and cunning. These were Joaquin's lieutenants, and such as these led his bands over the commonwealth. With divided forces he swept the State in many places at once, until the populace had come to believe in his very omnipresence. Joaquin commanded their respect and enforced it. Treason meant death. Loyally to him they gathered in the valley at Arroyo Cantoovea, while California cried for his life.

Some time after the incident of the flogging at Murphy's Diggings, murders became unusually frequent along the Feather River. Men had been found dead with the noose about their necks in the woods beside the roads. Near the thriving city of Marysville was a colony of Mexicans, known as the Sonoran Camp, a place to which it had been noticed stealthy horsemen came and went. Suspicion was aroused that here was to be found the source of the crimes along the Feather. Sheriff Buchanan of Marysville decided on radical action. He was a brave man. With a friend he rode to within half a mile of the tented colony one night. Dismounting, the men tied their horses to the trees and, drawing their pistols, crept through the brush upon the camp. But, they had not counted upon the watchdog who scented their approach and as they drew near jumped upon the back of the sheriff's companion. Buchanan killed the animal with one blow of his knife and there was silence, but it was too late. Sonoran Camp knew that danger lurked for them out there in the shadows. Warily, Buchanan proceeded to creep through the fence, but he had hardly done so ere a fusillade of shots flashed from behind a near-by bush and he fell to the ground with a bullet in his abdomen. He had seen a well-dressed Mexican anxiously throw his serape over his shoulder just before the shots had been fired and later he learned that this man was Joaquin, and his bullet had all but cost him his life.

From the Feather River region the band now hurried from impending danger into the vastness of the forests in the Shasta region. Here was a wild but most beautiful region. Here Joaquin secured for his desperate enterprise, the stealing of horses from the rancheros, the co-operation of the discontented Indians, who had been unjustly treated by the whites of the region. For months the bandits roamed the forests. On one occasion the bandit chieftain heard a woman's cries and spurred his horse in the direction from which they came, when he met a beautiful girl who, dashing out of the woods in pursuit of an elk, lassoed the animal, only to find herself in turn lassoed by two bandits. Thoroughly frightened, she begged for deliverance, but the bandits only laughed. Suddenly as if from heaven came the words, "Restore that girl to her horse instantly!"

It was Joaquin, and the surprised desperadoes obeyed at once. Many adventures of this little-known and yet most famous outlaw show a character in him that, applied to a noble and useful cause, would have won him a name that would have endured, not notorious, but possibly famous in California annals. Joaquin, however, had chosen the negative career and it was now too late to go back. He knew it. One day he met a friend of better days, Joe Lake, an American, on the road near the town of Los Hornitos. After greeting him genially, Joaquin related to

Joe, as was his wont, the story of his wrongs and, finally, in a burst of confidence, also the character of his life.

"Why don't you leave the country and abandon your criminal life?" asked Joe.

"Too late, Joe. I must die as I live, pistol in hand." And then, after a thoughtful moment, Joaquin continued:

"But do not betray me, Joe. Do not tell anyone that you have met me here. If you do I shall be very sorry," and the young bandit chief knowingly tapped the stock of his pistol.

Joe felt, however, that it was his duty to apprise the authorities of the presence in the vicinity of the notorious outlaw, Joaquin, and soon the pursuit was on. Joe forgot the threat of vengeance, but the next morning, as he rode upon the streets of Hornitos, a portly Mexican came up to him and saying in a low tone, "You betrayed me, Joe," plunged a knife into his breast and rode away. Joaquin had fulfilled his threat.

Many tales of the wild youth's daring deeds and escapes were told in California in the early fifties. After the sojourn in the wilds of the Shasta region the outlaw band again swept the mining region. For a time, unknown to the inhabitants, Joaquin lived in the bosom of the enemy in the little town of Mokelumne Hill. He frequented the gambling room, often taking a hand in the play. One day, as it neared the time for his departure for the rendezvous at Cantoovea, he heard one of the conversing Americans at a near-by table say to the other:

"I would just like once in my life to come across Joaquin. I would kill him as quick as I would a snake."

It was already dark and the daredevil Joaquin, jumping to the top of the table at which he sat, leveled his pistols and shouted, "I'm Joaquin. If there is any shooting to do, I am in."

At once there was consternation and uproar, while Joaquin and his cohorts backed through the door, and mounting their horses rode away into the darkness answering the flashing pistols behind them with a taunting laugh.

He had, too, a way of intermingling with the members of honest communities—of generally injecting himself into the conversation at hand, while his hearers were all unaware that the princely dressed Mexican on the magnificent horse was none other than the famous Joaquin whom all California sought dead or alive. But, on more than one occasion, his daring in this nearly cost him his life. It was probably late in this same year of 1852 that he was talking from his horse to a group of miners near the town of San Andreas, a region which had suffered much from depredations by his band. Of a sudden his quick eye caught the approach of Jim Boyce, who knew him. He dug his spurs into his horse as Boyce, dropping a pail of water which he was carrying, yelled, "Boys, that fellow is Joaquin; shoot him!"

And after the flying bandit chief came a shower of bullets. Here, it so happened, that Joaquin's only avenue of escape lay over a narrow and dizzy digger trail. Over this for a hundred yards he must dash at full speed, but, nothing daunted, he mounted the trail at full speed, riding thus where a slight mist would hurl him to death many feet below. As he rode he was in full view of his enemy, who shot fusillade after fusillade of bullets upon him that chipped the slate on the hillside beside him and carried his plumed hat from his head. And as he rode thus he waved his dagger at the miners and yelled defiantly: "I am Joaquin; kill me if you can!" In a few seconds he had rounded the trail to safety.

But, at last, 1853 had come, and with the opening of the year more insistently than ever the demand that this terrible enemy of the commonwealth must be destroyed. California had now been ravaged for three long years, and murders had been committed until now even the halls of State rang with exhortation to decisive action. The State had set a price upon his head. In Stockton the bandit chief had calmly written under the words of the poster proclaiming:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

ITTY, MOLLY had been very busy this all day. This evening, when her brother decided to have a second talk with his wife, "when you see a cow like that," she said at the door of his bedroom, and met him every body unhappy style. When she first approached the bed, she said to him, "I will never be a better girl and will never want it to be a better girl." She then turned to the door and said, "Oh, I will never be a better girl." The next morning, and met him every body unhappy style. When she first approached the bed, she said to him, "I will never be a better girl." She then turned to the door and said, "Oh, I will never be a better girl."

Good Short Stories Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources.

LOS ANGELES TIMES
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 4, 1915.
A Month for "Tad."

Amelia Annabel and Timothy Tyler.

By Amata Obiah Dunning.

THEIR COURTSHIP.

THE FIRE had not gone out and the cat wasn't purrin' in the chimney corner. The wind had forgotten to whistle and the long-looked-for letter couldn't come, for nobody owed me a cent. I was wide awake and I set down to think because I'd been hit.

My heart was thumpin' up and down and my knees were weak, for the ways of love are past all understandin'. The darts of Cupid fly hither and thither like chain lightnin' and nobody knows who'll be the next one to meet up with a love clap.

I knew I'd been hit when Timothy Tyler Tinklepaugh took to teeterin' himself on my porch railin'.

"Amelia Annabel," he uttered forth one Sunday night, when teeterin' as usual and there wa'n't no moon shinin', but without the sentimental backin' of them romantic rays, he stopped his jigglin' and spoke in a flustered way.

"Amelia Annabel, I—you—was—we—us—what is love?"

I knew it was comin'—I could almost feel the weddin' ring on my finger—and I swallowed three times and my voice went quiverin' in' with emotion.

"Mr. Tinklepaugh," I began in a most charmin' tone which I'd been practicin' for some time, "one kind boils up like maple syrup—powerful hot while it lasts—but it soon runs over, and there ain't much left but a streak of alimony. Another kind—"

That word alimony startled Tim and he most fell off the railin'. If he'd only have set in a chair, his feet wouldn't have been so troublesome, but he soon got 'em twisted again to hold him steady and we were ready to proceed.

"I ain't lookin' for that kind of a model runabout," said he. "I—I can't afford it."

"Then to reason forward," I went on with a warmin' smile to keep him thawed out, "there's placid love—kinder tame and don't git man much but supper on time and—" He broke in again.

"Mealy," (that's his little nickname for me and it sounds better than it spells.) "Mealy," and he let go of the porch post he was glued to and edged over to me. "Mealy," he said for the third time while he was shiftin' his figger, "I don't want to git stirred up with any of them hot syrupy emotions, but if you'll love me in a placid way, I—I'm willin'."

I was overcome with surprisin' ecstasy and it hurried me some to say yes as quick as I wanted to, but I got my heart out of my throat and back where it belonged and he pulled me onto onto that railin' beside him, and—well, I've told you what he said, but I ain't agoin' to tell you what he did. Of course I took him while the tookin' was good.

Until I got hit, I'd never been steady with any feller. I didn't want to be no bleedin' heart left witherin' by the wayside and I wa'n't no violet to blush unseen, but it took Timothy to put feelin's over me.

Gettin' engaged to Tim was an exasperatin' experience. I'm goin' to hesitate right here and note up a few of those harrin' times. I'd lead him up to the brink and then he'd back off. He'd been hit, same as me, but his mind seemed to be teeterin' along with his body.

How well I remember about that time us neighborhood women had a picnic and each lady took a basket to be sold at auction. When mine was set up Tim bid \$1 to start it goin'. Men is such queer critters—if you want four bits to get a can of new paint for the kitchen doorstep they put up an awful holler, but when it comes to dilly-daddles and doughnuts their purse strings are loose enough to drag on the ground. Well, Tim got said basket and marched up to me like a soldier goin' to war and said: "Ain't you hungry, Mealy? Let's eat."

He'd never called me just plain Mealy before, and I got so scared at nobody knows what that I shook like a tremblin' leaf. I must have been hit again. I got my voice up—it had dropped down to about my knees—and stared at Timothy.

"Did you know that was my basket?" I gasped.

"Of course," he answered.

"Well, it ain't worth no 'even dollars."

"Praps not, Mealy, but you was lookin'

and I thought it about time I told you—told you—that—" and then he stopped right there with a sorry bestirred look on his face and clung to my basket with both hands. He gave me an appealin' look that sent my mental bein' topsy turvy for a second time, and I was afraid other people would see what was goin' on and more afraid the goin' "a would quit—and me awaitin' fer eight 'eeks after bein' hit.

Bashfulness ain't one of my everyday shortcomin's, so I got composed and took a birdseye review of the situation. The proposal was on the tip of his tongue and I was determined to get it off.

"What is it, dear?" I said in a meltin' whisper.

"Why—why," he stammered, "did you bring cake or sandwiches? I'm hungry as a loon.

I almost got out of patience but I meekly opened up the lunch and gave him a chicken sandwich.

"My, but these are good!" he mumbled as he tackled the fifth. "I do enjoy good cookin'," he continued. "It seems to go with the heart game."

"Hum," in a frozen tone. "Heart game—I ain't ever seen you take a trick."

"Why, Amelia Annabel!" he exclaimed, but before I could say more the party broke up. I went home with a droopin' spirit for Perdita—she as lives next door to me and calls herself an unclaimed jewel—her gentleman caller was callin' elsewhere and she froze onto me and my feller and ther wa'n't no chance to back up them preliminary words to matrimony.

I was considerably on edge for fear it would take another eight weeks to git him up to the point and my taxes were comin' due on the first. Bein' love hit I wa'n't mercenary but I aim to keep my calculatin' orbs on the level with the almighty dollar. I believe sentiment ought to be flavored with common sense.

All the way home that Dishupp girl monopolized the conversation and kept talkin' about a new kind of fertilizer coffee pot. I knew she meant perkalooter but I didn't set her right. What's the use of castin' the pearls of learnin' into a trap? That's a literary figger from the Bible.

I went to bed that night with disgust. I got up more disgusted, and when evenin' rolled around I was still more disgusted. "Tain't my way to stay downhearted and it bein' bakin' day I 'lowed as how I'd give Tim one more chance. I laid out a nice little lunch and pulled the table close to the window, easy to see from the porch, and I'd no more than got the moskeeter bar spread when he came catty-cornerin' across the lot.

He took to the railin' as usual, folded up both hands and feet, and it wa'n't more'n a minute before he started in on them preliminary nothin's which lead up to matrimony, as I heretofore stated in the begin' of this article.

Our daylight courtin' had took place in a high-heeled top buggy hitched to an old blind-in-one-eye critter which Timothy says he choosed a purpose for them blissful days.

Engaged. That's where the porch railin' and that shamblin' old nag landed us. The engaged set well on my feelin's but that Tinklepaugh name was a sore try to my mental bein'.

Perdita Dishupp, my meddlesome next door, persisted in callin' him Ticklepaw and Tuckerpaw and all the other paws she could think up, when he first began to catty-corner across my door yard. Men is so careless with their feet—don't seem to be no connection between them and their heads.

After gettin' engaged we talked steady for three days and I thought everything was settled when I beheld him comin' up the walk with a whirlin' look on his face.

"Amelia Annabel, where be y'u," he yelled at the top of his voice before he saw me almost under his feet. "He's comin' and we'll take another ride quicker'n split."

"But the horses ain't hitched," I answered him.

"Oh, horses," and he sniffed like a thoroughbred, "horses. There ain't no style to them dumb critters. You be goin' to ride in an automobile keer."

"Tim—" I riz up and leid my mental to the east. Tim was cool as a cucumber

bein' and the words that dripped from my tongue was like icicles and I looked that man square in the face. "You've been thinkin' on this fer more days than we've been engaged. You ain't had Speedometer out of the pasture fer more'n a week. And Tim—"

"Mealy," and his voice trembled—you'd a thought he was married instead of bein' newly engaged. "A man ought to have some style to his career. And—and you'd look so handsome sittin' in a motor keer."

"Mr. Tinklepaugh—" It mollified me some to be reminded of my uncommon good looks and I took one degree of chill off my tone and launched forth, "Mr. Tinklepaugh—I'm goin' to marry you fer better and fer worse. Them's to be the preacher's words. The better may not be any too good, but I never expected such a worseness as ridin' in one of them honky-tonks."

"But Mealy," and he threw an admirin' glance over my figger, "ain't you tired of dustin' buggy wheels with the skirts of your becomin' clothes? You walk right into these automobile keers and there ain't no jumpin' up to hit the seat and a jarrin' of your physical bein'."

"Well, my physical bein' would be some jarred, I'm thinkin' if the thing exploded and I had to clean the grease off your best pants and—no tellin' where you'd be."

At that instant the tonker arrived and tooted one hinge off the gate before Tim could get the door open. I could see by his stirred-up features and pleadin' voice that his heart was set on the ride. Knowin' that a woman's short cut to happiness is agreeableness and me bein' most a bride, I bowed low to the inevitable and follered Tim down the front walk.

We got in, and off that thing went like an eel in a mud pond and I thought I was settin' on a feather bed. And right there I met up with the surprise of my days—and under my breath—I said, "Good-bye, Speedometer, good-bye. The pasture is yours fer life."

The driver beheld the peace that rested on my features and turned more speed into the wheels. My hair riz up straight and pushed my hat off and when I got it back most of the trimmin' was gone. My hair is middlin' too heavy and I don't wear no extra nobs, so I didn't lose any puffs by the way-side. Seems like 'twould be humiliatin' to have your hair blow off.

I'm quite hefty and set still; but Tim—every little while his enthusiastic figger made you think of a knife blade goin' shut. I continued to set still and enjoyable lookin' and took no notice to his bobbin' up and down. He ain't over-handsome—bein' of the long and lingerin' type—and most talkative when he ain't got nothing to say.

We circled around the town—Timothy wanted our friends to see us out takin' the air. He says oxygen is so necessary to the system. He seemed to forget that we'd been out weedin' petunias most of the forenoon, but that couldn't possibly count on the fresh air side of the ledger—mortals is so queer.

Our driver said he was a demonstrator and I didn't pry very deep into his meanin'. There be so many religions nowadays it ain't always safe. That feller's tongue was hung in the middle and he wagged one end at me and t'other at Timothy. I wonder if he knew he wasn't tellin' the truth? The sparkle in his eye was so real we caught the glimmer and our idears got to skiddin' and before the ride was ended Tim bought that keer.

My physical bein' vibrated with joy and I was converted quick. An old nag is all right fer courtin' but a bride feels like goin' some. Without a minute's warnin' that Tim made up our minds that we'd better take a weddin' trip in the new keer. From now on I intend—without his knowin' it—to make up my mind, but this time I excused his for'ardness.

Both bein' of age and some to spare, and normal inside and out, we didn't stay financed long but got married on his next pay-day. I remember that mornin' well. I was that excited I got up early and fed the hens the night before. I was beffuddled like all get-out and wore my new Tipperary sailor with the west side trimmin' lookin'

men is such well set-up critters—and he was soon launched out on the placid sea of matrimony."

The day before we started on our trip was a busy one. Timothy was bound to travel over the L. Komeeny Reel. He says I ain't spellin' it like the posts do, and he also insists that it's Spanish and used to be a foot-path goin' from Mission to Mission, all up and down the Pacific Coast. Sounds Jewish to me and when we get started I'll look into the subject. He ain't much versed in knowledge—I'll always be the leadin' light in our family.

As I said before, our gettin' off was a momentum affair. I got in three meals by eatin' fast and swallerin' quick. I had some shoppin' to do and the weather was good, only there was too much of it. It changed every minute and you couldn't tell what it was goin' to do. That Perdita Dishupp was wiggin' her front lace curtain most of the time and I think she was jealous of my successful on-tray into matrimony.

Her gentleman caller never seemed to call loud enough to be heard. If she'd swap him for a feller she might get a husband—if he got well hit before gettin' acquainted. I was leavin' the house to do some shoppin' when she stuck her head out and hollered me back.

"Say, Mrs. Tiddlepaw—the weather's goin' to be uncertain and you'd better hook on to yer rain stick," and she squinted at the clouds. I don't see where she gets such disrespectful sayin's. She knows how to spell my newly-wedded name and she also knows my new silk weddin' umbrella ain't no cotton imitation pinned onto a stick. I've always noticed that them as ain't invited to a picnic can always see a storm comin'. Her caller is so redoosened in stature he can't get an umbrell over her. Tim may have his faults but his figure ain't abbreviated. She said he looked like a fence rail and I reperteered that a rail was just as handsome as a cobblestone. But, what's the use? A pinched-in nature won't see reason when it's in plain sight.

I went on about my shoppin' and tried to get a motor bunnet. That clerk thought she could read the tenor of my thoughts so she got out a little tubby affair and chucked it down on my ears and in gushin' words said it made me look like a young girl and was so becomin'. I jerked it off quicker'n a wink. I couldn't take a chance of lookin' so invitin'. Why—Tim would get jealous and then breakers would come rollin' in.

I had a sad experience the week before we set sail on the unknown sea of matrimony. I et ice cream with my second cousin's third husband, who had just been rewidowered, and the way Tim acted was disgraceful. I don't know how he found me out but he went right off and bought peanuts and gum and a pound of mixed ectetries for that M-lindy Lewis, said to be the prettiest girl in our county. She ain't near as handsome as she looks, but the men don't seem to know the difference.

Intendin' to keep my bark in still waters, I pulled that drab concra off with all the dignity of my married days, and the people who saw me goin' down the street turned around to take a second look.

Our day of departure came along on the heels of yesterday, and we fastened our front gate with an extra wire and faced the future. I could feel my solar plexis vibratin' up and down, fer Tim is conceited about some things. Because he ain't never had trouble with a wheel-barrel he thinks he can run an automobile keer. He says one-wheeled concerns are always the hardest to manage, and auto keers are easy as rollin' off a log. I wanted to postpone the trip until he'd learned to run it but he said that while he was practicin' I might just as well be enjoyin' the ride.

And so we pulled anchor. That literary figger don't seem to fit land craft, but it has such a goin'-away sound that I'll risk it.

With the masterful hand of inexperience, Mr. Timothy Tyler Tinklepaugh set the sparker goin' and he and his bride—that's me—turned their happy faces to the road of joy which lay stretched out before them, and with a merry tonk started out on their weddin' trip.

Saturday, September 4, 1915.

"Whom the Gods Love." By Mary Stewart Daggett.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Felix: Oui! Oui! the cannon are still! Everyone cries, "Vive la France!" There is news from the Eiffel Tower.

Listoller: I must ascend the lift at once. (To King.) Will you come too? We must hear what is happening.

King: Let me remain a little longer. Perhaps I shall never see her again. I am not afraid to stay alone.

Listoller: Very well. I can tell you the news when I come down again. But take this torch. The electricity might switch off—one never depends upon anything in times like these.

King: Thank you! thank you!

(Listoller and Felix run out to the lift.)

King: (gazing long at the goddess at last speaks:) Oh! I am glad that they are gone. It has been hard to be polite—to talk profanely. Marvelous goddess, speak to me, I implore! What secrets art thou hiding in thy glorious breast? Ignominious is thy bed; yet was it not fashioned by hands that loved you? Great Milo! hear me! Answer a man—an insignificant sculptor who speaks to find out—to know the truth about himself.

(He buries his face in his hands and weeps. Suddenly there is, as it were, a long, weary sigh from the bosom of the prostrate statue. King starts, then sinks behind the sand-bags. He blows out the torch. Another sigh, and a gentle rocking movement on the wooden rack fills him with passionate joy. He waits in breathless expectation. Finally Venus de Milo speaks.)

Venus de Milo: Where am I? Why am I off the rack? Yes, I recall my latest degradation—once more I am cast down.

(The Unknown Woman against the cross-beams smiles, then gravely bows to the de-throned goddess. King waits as one in a dream. The Unknown Woman at last begins to speak.)

Unknown Woman (addressing the Venus:) At last thou art aroused, great goddess! Thy noble presence gives fresh hope in this miserable place. Will thou not condescend to notice one who has humbly prayed for thy first movement of awakening?

Venus de Milo: Who art thou?

Unknown Woman: I am only a statue of the Renaissance. Would that I were pure Greek in thy sublime presence.

Venus de Milo: Thy period is honorable. I have heard much of its passion and the poetry of its art. Tell me thy name. I would call thee friend.

Unknown Woman (sighing plaintively:) I have no name.

Venus de Milo: I am beginning to see thee. Thou art very beautiful. Surely thou wilt explain thy origin.

Unknown Woman: If I should tell thee who I really am my reputation might be lost. If the world knew of my true origin I might be suddenly turned down by an irrational jury and driven from out the Louvre. No, no! Great Goddess, it is best that I keep my own secrets and tease the curious by declining to give my name. I must never divulge the story of my life or let it be noised about in provincial art clubs that my radiant being was evolved through the passion of a comparatively unknown sculptor. The ones who think little for themselves would be shocked at my confession.

Venus de Milo: Mortals are sick! And yet they speak of pagan gods with poor comprehensions, denouncing them as capricious!

Unknown Woman: Wonderful Goddess! Is it not wise to be silent when one is truly great? Thou knowest the subtle charm of mystery, thou who hast been worshiped! I am without a name. For this very reason I have become famous. The erudite edict long ago went forth, proclaiming me inscrutable! My lovers sigh to make me out, when in reality I am simple and only blessed with a perfect sense of humor.

Venus de Milo: Thou speakest with charm.

Unknown Woman: My sense of humor has never gone from me. During most trying periods of existence I have enjoyed the distinction of being misunderstood by art critics who insist on convincing the ignorant. And I have been called inscrutable! Think you, wise Goddess, that in such conditions I could resign my precious sense of humor? No more could I lose it from out my life than could our long-faced Madonnas, in relief—hanging over there against the midnight wall of this prison—lose sorrow from her mouth and shorten the line of her cheek. Sweet mother of Christ! Has the little son clinging to thy breast been born in vain?

Venus de Milo (sighing:) The poor old

world is once more dark! I heard it said the Dove of Peace was flying from ocean to ocean—from zone to zone. Now the dove's wings are broken! Yet why hath the pagan age been questioned? Shall dull, dogmatic men class me as a thing vainly worshipped by unknown gods? (King, rising from behind the sand-bags, stretches forth his arms with protecting gesture.)

Unknown Woman: How stood you this insult? Surely your birth-age is honorable compared with this present time with its filthy carnage! Now men contend beneath the ground in runways, as animals seeking prey? This war is not valiant.

Venus de Milo: Dear child of the Renaissance, I, too, am shocked at the outcome of "higher civilization." I am glad that I was born in an age far from the present one. I am of more noble origin than these barbarians of the so-called Christian era. In my proud period, the gods fought for Love! Now war is waged for greed. I am happy to have been born under the light of Venus, when no bombs dropped from out the sky to sully moonlight. At my birth there was only star-dust and a brilliant fall of meteors! (King, springing up in rapture, almost forgets himself and cries out.)

Unknown Woman (speaks and King sinks back:) Great Goddess! I thank thee for thy generous confidence. I feel strangely safe under thy noble protection. But what dost thou think will happen to us in the end? Will the Germans enter Paris?

Venus de Milo: The Crown Prince, with his army, draws nearer and nearer. Soon they will turn out the light to leave us here in midnight darkness. We shall be smothered beneath sand-bags. I am sorely troubled for our adopted country—for France! I fear these invaders who boast of "Kultur" and sing—killing!

Unknown Woman: If the guards would only let us have a ray of light! Darkness is horrible! Statues were born to a hard life, despite celebrity. During this period of isolation I, too, would feign be laid down with the back of my head against a roll of straw. I tire of staring into blackness. I am tucked in like a sacred relic which has been displayed to the people and soon forgotten by priests of the altar.

Venus de Milo: Dear child! Thy fate is hard.

Unknown Woman: My long neck feels like breaking.

Venus de Milo: The rack on which I now recline was fashioned for my comfort by a dear friend who once loved me. He has been dead a long time.

Unknown Woman: How beautiful not to forget him!

Venus de Milo: I shall never forget him.

Unknown Woman (sighing:) I have had many lovers in France, yet no one of them has thought to offer me a place where to lay my head.

Venus de Milo: I envied long the reclining statues of the Louvre—so peaceful in repose. Yet the gods have been kind. I was not created crouching!

Unknown Woman: I, too, dear goddess, have pitied the crouching Venus.

Venus de Milo: Gay friend, I love thee!

Unknown Woman: Then I am serene, no matter what befals. Answer again if thou thinkest our end will be harsh?

Venus de Milo: If we are splintered to fragments by a bomb from the sky, it were still less tragic to be uprooted from France.

Unknown Woman: Pray thy gods that we may never be taken to Berlin.

Venus de Milo: Nothing can be foretold in this conflict. After the awful fate of Belgium, I tremble for France.

Unknown Woman: In Belgium the sky hath rained down ruin. The sun is red with blood. The Christ and his sorrowing mother have been profaned. Saints and angels are splintered to atoms.

Venus de Milo: The "Kultur" of the War God hath blasted great cathedrals built in centuries of former civilization.

Unknown Woman: Priests of the Holy Church have been murdered. Little children are starving! Widowed mothers pray silently to die with babes close to their empty breasts.

Venus de Milo: Thou art eloquent, dear child. Tell me more of what thou hast heard. I slept deeply after my removal.

Unknown Woman: I listened when the guards came in to secrete the art treasures. Yet I am not wise, like thee! I am only an unknown woman awaiting fate. I crave pardon for speaking volubly in thy noble presence. A statue of the Renaissance may never quite interpret the great spirit of a Greek goddess. I am more susceptible to influence than thou. Thy imperturbable calm is oracular! Show me, I pray, the truth of

the whole matter. Surely thy gods have whispered the solution of this awful conflict of nations?

Venus de Milo: I still hope, dear child, for the peace of former days; the joy of companionship with artists and art lovers. Those quiet, orderly Sunday afternoons and free days in the Louvre were sweet, filled with true religion.

Unknown Woman: When the simple people came, I was always happy.

Venus de Milo: I am sadly missing the little children who came with their hard-working parents for a holiday. The little ones were always good, trying to understand my beauty without arms.

Unknown Woman: The French nation hath loved thee from thy first hour in the Louvre. Surely thou and all statues with thee shall be preserved.

Venus de Milo: The gods are still silent. They do not whisper our destiny. Yet I hope for France, our adopted country. I love the French who are gifted with insight—and have not defamed my form with arms fashioned for a peasant. The French do not assume to restore greatness which is lost only to the ignorant.

Unknown Woman: Would that the war had never been begun!

Venus de Milo: Science hath done this awful thing; Science is the unknown god; Jehovah is no longer worshiped in the world. Science seeketh her own without love—without mercy! Art must soon die in an age desolate and bleeding.

Unknown Woman: Shall the galleries of Louvre be destroyed with bombs from the sky?

Venus de Milo: My gods have not yet spoken to my soul. I feel only the hard clutch of the god of Science holding on to war. All nations clamor for battle-craft. Armored ships in air, armored ships beneath the surface of the sea, have made hell upon earth! Leaves of autumn are turned early—with blood stains. Birds are flown and dumb cattle low pitifully. Rivers run red! Yet at last I begin to hope—the blackness before my eyes is lifting! (prophetically.) My gods are speaking! Now I will show thee what they foretell.

King (springing forward:) I must not lose a word! Oh, that I should live to know the truth! (He kneels behind the Venus, who is lost in silent communion.)

Unknown Woman: Great goddess, I await thy pleasure. I will trust thee. But I, too, feel strange—something whispers to me, also. I hear wings brushing. "Victoire de Samothrace" I doubt not is being brought down from above. The Germans may even now be approaching! Pray! dear goddess, pray for Paris!

Venus de Milo: Thou, too, hearest wings of destiny brushing above us? Then thou also art immortal! My gods have indeed spoken. Yet soon thou shalt hear song! A great song swelling into volume-reaching from Paris far into the country—across the English Channel.

Unknown Woman: I hear the song! I hear it! It wells stronger, nearer. It is not the song of killing—not yet the song of the enemy without our gates. It is the "Marseillaise!"

Venus de Milo: My gods whisper tidings of joy! My prayer hath been answered: Paris is saved! Know that the army of the enemy is even now retreating! Samothrace—our great victory—awakens every statue in the Louvre! The guards all join in the far-reaching song. Paris is weeping at last in joy. For the song is swelling, swelling! All France hears it! The enemy hath ceased to approach. Soon from the black ruin of Louvain shall rise an angel of light, compelling PEACE for the world. We whom the gods love have been remembered.

Unknown Woman: Great art thou, De Milo!

Venus de Milo: Child of beauty, thou, too, shalt dispense joy in a Renaissance not yet born. There shall arise a New France! When nations cease to kill love and art must again triumph! (A tumult outside. Listoller and other guards of the Louvre shouting "Vive la France! Vive la France!")

Unknown Woman: They are approaching with news!

Venus de Milo: Our period of indulgence is ended. Farewell! (Listoller, Felix, guards and workmen rush in, again shouting. "Vive la France! Vive la France! The army of the Crown Prince shall never do the goose-step in Paris. An aeroplane has dropped the news! The enemy is retreating!" (Lucien King, the sculptor, tries to rise, to come forward; but staggers, sways, then falls senseless among the sand-bags.)

Listoller (springing to the side of his prostrate friend:) He has fainted, poor boy,

We must get him out of here. (To Felix:) Relight the torch—he has blown it out. (Felix obeys, holding the light above King's face while Listoller examines his heart.) Yes, he has only fainted. I should not have left him in this lonely place. (To the men:) Stand back—give him all the air we have. We must carry him above.

King (suddenly regains consciousness, sits up and smiles:) I am all right now. I only grew dizzy with joy.

Listoller: Then you hear? Heard us say the Germans have retreated! The Crown Prince has decided not to spend Christmas in Paris.

King: I knew all before you came.

Listoller: Impossible! You could not have known down here. You must have been dreaming.

King (triumphantly:) Great Goddess de Milo heard the glorious hymn, the "Marseillaise!" The song reaches far into the country across the English Channel.

Listoller: The boy has lost his reason.

King: The gods who love art answered her prayer. Paris with its treasures has been saved! From the black ruin of Louvain there shall rise an angel of light, compelling PEACE for the world.

Listoller (catching him as he falls:) Come, come, you must get out of this foul place. I will help you into the air. The sun is sinking in wonderful colors—the streets are filled with happy people!

King (gently:) Don't take me away! not yet! not yet! Perhaps she will speak once more—to me! to me! (He is again unconscious.)

Listoller (carrying him out tenderly in his arms:) To the lift! To the lift! He has had a vision. He shall live to model THE BRIGHT ANGEL OF PEACE; he must not die.

May Revive Lost Art.

[Hartford Times:] If any good can come at all from the destruction of Rheims Cathedral, it might be said to be from the opportunity to study the fragments of stained glass from its famous windows, the secret of the coloring of this glass made in the thirteenth century having been lost in antiquity. M. Chesneau, assistant director of the French School of Mines, has reported through the Academie des Sciences that he has been able to determine many of the chemical processes used to attain the results in the Rheims windows. Among other discoveries he says that the wonderful red glass which has been the despair of later artisans was acquired by covering a bottle green glass with a thin enamel of oxidized copper.

Teaching City Management.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] The University of Texas having led the way with a course in city management, the University of Kansas is preparing to do likewise. It is only a question of time when all the leading American universities will thus recognize the cities' need to be provided with a supply of trained experts for municipal services. It will then be possible for men and women who fit themselves for this work to look forward to life careers in it. City halls will cease to be schools for raw beginners every two or four years. Taxpayers will get the cumulative value of experience in office.

Munitions Board of Old.

[London Chronicle:] There was to some extent a parallel to the new ministry of munitions in the old board of ordnance which dated back to the reign of Henry VIII and lasted until the Crimean war. It was a separate government department, responsible to Parliament alone for its work and expenditure. It had at its head an official called the master general of the ordnance, who was invariably a distinguished soldier. Marlborough, Wellington, Anglesey and Hardinge figure in the list of masters. The work of the board was divided among responsible officers who dealt with fortresses, barracks, armaments, ammunition, etc. And the existing ordnance survey was once a department of the board.

Pointed Paragraphs.

[Washington Star:] Love is doubly blind if the girl is rich.

Don't carry a gun when you are hunting for work.

Charity also uncovers a lot of our neighbors' sins.

No man is afflicted with the love germ if he doesn't act foolishly.

Even a wise man and his money are soon parted—by the undertaker.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Good Short Stories -

Compiled for the Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources.

Following the Father.

THE conversation at a recent dinner turned to the subject of romantic marriages when this little anecdote was volunteered by H. M. Aaker, a North Dakota politician.

One afternoon Green was standing on the corner looking at the jitneys when he was suddenly confronted by an acquaintance of other years. Soon they were comparing notes and recalling happy hours.

"So you were married ten years ago," said the acquaintance in response to a statement made by Brown. "Took place in the church, I suppose, with bridesmaids, flowers, cake and the brass band."

"No," answered Brown, with a reflective expression, "it was an elopement."

"An elopement, eh?" returned the acquaintance. "Did the girl's father follow you?"

"Yes," answered Brown, with something akin to a sigh, "and he has been with us ever since."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Cause for Tears.

THE conversation in a club the other night turned to the question of law and legal lights when the little incident was recalled by Congressman Charles F. Boeher:

"During the trial of a civil case in the West some time ago a lawyer named Smith made an impassioned appeal to the jury, in which at one point he referred to himself:

"My reputation," he dramatically exclaimed, "is all I have on earth. It is the only inheritance that I can leave to my children."

A minute or so later a brother lawyer in the courtroom was observed to be sobbing softly.

"Why, Jones?" exclaimed a friend in surprise, "what in the world is the matter? What are you sobbing about?"

"I can't help it," was the tearful rejoinder of Jones. "It makes me sad to think what a small inheritance Smith's children will have."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Obeying Orders.

F. E. SMITH recently told the story of the captain of hussars who gave a dinner to the men of his squadron the night before they left for the front.

"Now, my lads," he said, "treat this dinner as you will the enemy."

And they set to with a will. After the dinner he discovered one of the men stowing away bottles of champagne into a bag, and, highly indignant, he demanded to know what he meant by such conduct.

"I'm only obeying orders, sir," said the man.

"Obeying orders?" roared the captain. "What do you mean, sir?"

"You told us to treat the dinner like the enemy, sir, and when we meet the enemy, sir, those we don't kill we take prisoners."—[Tit-Bits.]

A Matter of Conjecture.

WHILE instructing his class regarding the early days of the New England States a school teacher asked:

"Do you know that the house of burgesses in those days was so powerful that it controlled the clothes worn by the men? A man who earned \$12 a week and one whose salary was \$50 were compelled to show a distinction in the clothes they were wearing and not go beyond their means."

A bright scholar in the rear of the room piped up: "Teacher, what would a man do if he were out of work?"—[New York Times.]

The Needed Tool.

ANDREW CARNEGIE consented to see a reporter while he was playing golf on the Newport estate, which he has rented for the summer.

"I am better at this game," Mr. Carnegie began, "than I used to be. I remember the time when I was so bad at holding the ball that a fresh young caddie once said to me:

"Shan't I get you a shoehorn, sir?"—[Washington Star.]

A Match for "Tad."

T. A. DORGAN, the cartoonist, was trying to hire a chauffeur the other day and went about it in his usually breezy style. When the first applicant appeared Tad said: "Of course, I want a man who can speak French, play pinochle, carry a horse and make a Jack Rose cocktail."

"Well, I can do 'em all and still have a few tricks up my sleeve," said the chauffeur, with becoming modesty.

Tad looked him over and then said, suddenly: "I don't know. When I lamp your face and see your horns painted up that way it strikes me that you are a hard drinker and I don't want any hard drinkers driving a car for me and running me over some picturesque cliff."

"You are wrong," said the driver. "I am not a hard drinker. It comes easy to me."—[Cartoons Magazine.]

The Boom Town.

RAISING America's growth, James J. Hill said:

"America's growth almost robs the Tin Can story of its hyperbole."

"A tenderfoot visiting the boom town of Tin Can, said to the Mayor:

"Why don't you get out literature about this locality? Why don't you get out booklets, illustrated with official photographs? Is it possible you haven't ever had the town photographed?"

"Stranger," said the Mayor, "Tin Can progresses so gosh-almighty fast that there ain't no camera quick enough to snap her."—[Washington Star.]

How it Happened.

SENATOR CLARENCE D. CLARK of Wyoming smiled the other day when reference was made to the bright sayings of the kiddie folk. He said he was reminded of a small party named Jimmy.

One afternoon little Jimmy had been playing rather strenuously in the street when he returned to his happy home he had an overheated look.

"Jimmy," exclaimed his mother on seeing the youngster, "come here a moment."

"Yes, ma'am," obeyed Jimmy, quickly hustling to his mother's side.

"What in the world have you been doing?" demanded the fond parent. "Your head is all perspiration."

"That's all right, mamma," was the indifferent response of Jimmy. "My roof leaks."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Back Further than That.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, a professor in Oxford University, has gone back to England, leaving behind him at Princeton, the best college story of the year. When the eminent Englishman was to arrive at Princeton a committee of students was appointed to meet him at Princeton Junction. The principal committee man picked out the man whom he supposed to be the English professor among the passengers who disembarked from the through train and approached him politely, hat in hand. "Pardon me," he said, "are you Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"No," responded the traveler, who didn't propose to be kidded by any college boy, "I'm Christopher Columbus."—[Chicago News.]

Why They Wept.

TWO Irishmen entered a restaurant and ordered dinners. They asked the waitress the price of everything she brought in, and on bringing in some tobacco sauce she informed them it was gratis. Mick took a large spoonful, bringing tears to his eyes.

"What are you crying for?" says Pat.

"Oh," says Mick, "it's just twelve months today since they hung me poor old father."

Shortly afterwards Pat took a spoonful of the tobacco, which produced the same effect on Mick.

"And what are you crying for, Pat?" asked Mick.

"Oh," replied Pat, "I'm crying to think they didn't hang you along wid your father."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

The Difference.

LITTLE MOLLY had been very trying all day. That evening, when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed, she said she hoped the child would be a better girl tomorrow, and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper.

Molly listened in silence, thought hard for a few moments, and then said, wisely:

"Yes, when it's me it's temper; when it's you it's nerves."—[Chicago Herald.]

A Difficult Task.

THE government official had been telling a simple old Scotch farmer what he must do in the case of a German invasion on the east coast of Scotland.

"An' ha'e I reely tae dae this wi' a' ma beesties if the Germans come?" asked the old fellow at the finish.

The official informed him that such was the law. "All live stock of every description must be branded and driven inland."

"Weel I'm thinking I'll ha'e an awfu' job wi' ma bees!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

No Wonder He Kicked.

A WELL-DRESSED artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost track of one another.

One day, however, the artist, wandering about the London Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand looking very disconsolate.

"Halloo, Smith," said he, "you don't look very cherry. What are you doing now?"

"Well, I am not doing much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these gardens a'cleaning out the elephants' stables; a nice occupation for me as was one of the twelve apostles, isn't it, sir?"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Then Pat Got Even.

ONE pay day when Patrick Mulrooney reached the cashier's desk, he had forgotten his number, which was "100." So the cashier, a quick-tempered man, angrily told him to wait till all the others had been attended to.

Pat was roused. He meant to get his own back.

So, the following Saturday, when the cashier called out, "Your number, Pat?" the Irishman's retort was quick:

"Twice eleven, six, and seven, four fifteen and foive, sor!"—[Chicago News.]

Where Psyche was Executed.

A NEW YORK man was recently acting as guide through an art gallery for a friend from the country. As they paused before a statuette, the guide said:

"That is Psyche. Executed in terra cotta."

"What a pity!" said the rural one. "How barbarous they are in those South American countries!"—[New York Times.]

Harvard's Viewpoint.

A YOUNG man," said the irate old gentleman at the lunch counter to the hard-looking youth who was inhaling his soup with a gurgling sound and splashing it about the while, "what are you, a Colorado Geyser?"

"Naw," responded the soup juggler, "I'm a New Haven guy, sir!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Missed Something.

MRS. McGREEVEY was a dinner guest one evening where a noted explorer was the attraction. Being of a somewhat languid turn of mind, she paid more attention to her dinner than to the conversation. After dinner was over, she turned to one of the guests and asked:

"What was that tiresome old explorer talking about?"

"Progressive Patagonia," was the reply.

"Really?" asked Mrs. McGreevey with sudden interest. "And how do you play it?"—[New York Times.]

Where Fear Lay.

EVELYN is very cowardly, and her father decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter.

"Father," she said at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'raid'?"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a bumblebee, ain't you 'raid'?"

"No!" with scorn.

"Ain't you 'raid' when it thunders?"

"No," with laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child!"

"Papa," said Evelyn, solemnly, "ain't you 'raid' of nothing in the world but mamma?"—[Short Stories.]

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Past That.

A CLERGYMAN had taught an old man in his congregation to read, and found him an apt pupil. Calling at his house some time after he found only the wife at home. "How's John?" asked he.

"He is well, thank you," said the wife.

"How does he get on with his reading?"

"Nicely, sir."

"Ah, I suppose so can read his Bible comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir. Bless me, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting pages long ago!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

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Would Look at Trains.

A SOMEWHAT inebriated man walked into a main line ticket office recently and, smugly smiling, showed a \$1 bill to the agent.

"Where do you want to go?" inquired the latter.

Reflecting for a moment, the inebriated one suddenly had an inspiration. Broadly grinning now, he asked:

"What trains have you?"—[National Food Magazine.]

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No Stock for Him.

FARMER HARDPATE'S place lay right in the line of the approaching railway survey, and the company was anxious to conciliate the old man. The diplomatic agent went out to see him, and finally thought to clinch the matter, saying: "Our company offers you \$500 in cash and \$1000 worth of stock for the right of way through your farm."

"No, sir-ee!" retorted old Hardpate. "I don't want no railroad runnin' around here. First thing ye know ye'll be killin' some of my live stock an' I'd have to hep pay fur it as a stockholder."—[Chicago News.]

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Certainly Some Voices.

SOME TIME ago the guests at a reception were discussing the relative merits of several songsters, when one of the party turned to a man named Brown.

"By the way, Brown," said he, "you are something of a singer, are you not?"

"Not on your life!" was the emphatic response of Brown. "I never sang a note that somebody didn't threaten to send in a riot call. You are probably thinking of my brother."

"Perhaps I am," was the thoughtful rejoinder of the other. "Has he a heavy bass voice?"

"Yes," smiled Brown, "so durned heavy that it makes him bowlegged to carry it."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

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Sound of Nature.

THE inhabitants of a frog pond close at hand awakened two little girls who were spending their first night in the country.

First came the high, piping voice of a little "peeper."

"What's that?" whispered Winnie.

"I think it's a bird," ventured Susan.

Just then a basso profundo frog sang one of his lowest tones.

"What's that?" came another startled whisper.

"I ain't quite sure," came the answer. "but I think it is either a cow or an automobile."—[Youngstown Telegram.]

TROOP

THE GREAT WAR. [I]TALY INVADE RUMANIA

Balkan States Alter
for New Move.

An Austro-German Rush to
Constantinople Seems to
be Indicated.

Allies Admit They Cannot do
Anything to Stem Tide,
Once Started.

Campaign Resumed in France
and Fierce Fighting for
Riga Continues.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

ONDON, Sept. 4 (9:44 p.m.) — The invasion of Rumania by the Austro-Germans, with or without a declaration of war, is being discussed as a probability in the Balkans, and as no aid could be sent to her in man and munitions until the Particulars were opened. It is expected that the efforts to force the Danube will be further increased by the armies and navies of the Allies. The French, British, and Belgians are continuing an instant bombardment of the German trenches and entrenchments in the west, but thus far the expected offensive has not developed, and the designs of Gen. Joffre, the French commander-in-chief, are not disclosed.

A heavy fall of snow has added to the difficulties of the Italians and

"Friends of Peace" in China and Americans on the Expositions. (5) The Dental against Riga. (7) The Mol

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THE WORLD'S HEART IN IT

THE WORLD'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Sycamore in Beautiful Bouquet Canyon.



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SUMMARY.

THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m. South-west; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer highest, 77 deg.; lowest, 61 de. Forecast: Fair.

THE CITY. Discovery of an important business pressed an early close body of a year, hunt for the slayer a Action of a Vernon man. Taxed, may cloud the legality of stations in this county in 1916 a 1917. A pledge of dry forces to \$250,000 in Southern California to be one of dollars. A \$500,000 crop of sugar beets w being harvested inside the city limits the rate of ten carloads a day.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. A Paidea man 75 years old, is the father a boy, his first child.

HINT TO READERS. It is a volume which the greater part of the more important papers all the country over contain it. Consult the

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